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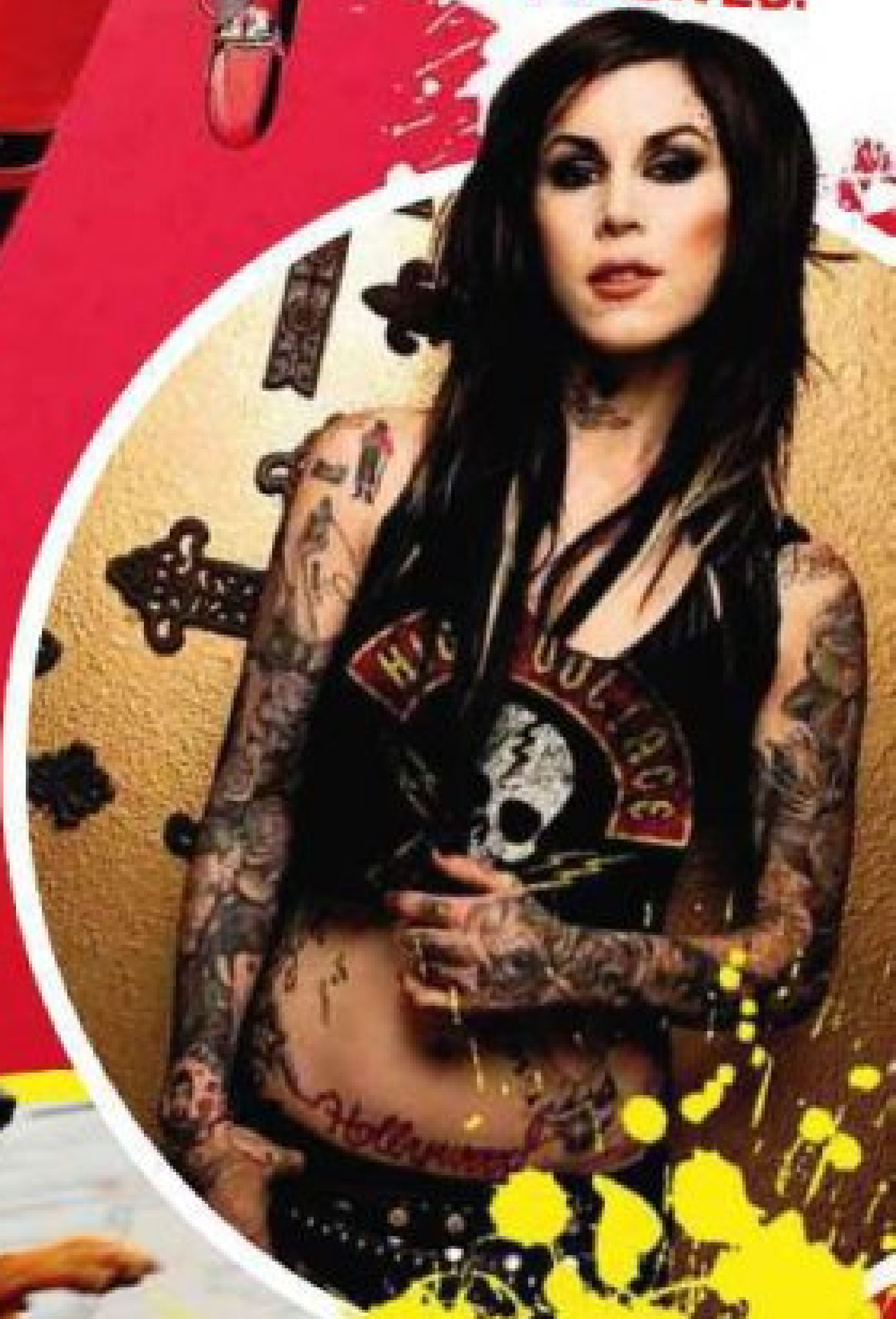


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BIZARRE ROCK HAMMER **kinDeep** **Le Maitre**



WARNING: The Circus of Horrors contains some nudity & language of an adult nature, it is not suitable for children, sissies or chavs. This show contains nuts!

Not the
editor's letter

Glug... Glug... Glug ...Glug...

ELEANOR GOODMAN

Job **Bizarre** Chief Zoo Keeper
Favourite word "I love... (insert any fish/metal-related thing here)"
Say hello to Eleanor at Yourbizarre.bizarremag.com/eleanor_goodman or follow @eleanorgoodman's strange ramblings on Twitter



Hello, my sexy seahorses, super sharks and spunky sponges!

How awesome was the **London Bizarre Ball**? We had a whale of a time watching all the amazing acts, and drinking like a fish! We'll be staging more crazy parties in 2011 and beyond, so keep checking for details in the mag and at **Bizarremag.com**.

If you can't wait until then, why not get yourself along to our free film night, **CUT!**? We're taking a break for December (we'll be too busy necking JD and Jäger at the office Christmas party, not to mention stopping Auntie Den from flashing her knicks on the dancefloor...) but it'll be back in January, bigger, better, and gorier than ever.

And if you're feeling lonely during the winter nights, warm your cockles by meeting like-minded freaks at **YourBizarre.com** and seeing sexy pics at **Ultravixens.net**. Come on in, and let's get wet!

Eleanor

BIZARRE READER OF THE MONTH

This month's winner of a Box Of Crap* from the *Bizarre* office is ApocalypticGodOfWar, from Glasgow, who says: "My left arm tattoo is dedicated to 1980s cartoons, and I like painting my toenails."

WANT TO WIN?

Sign up to YourBizarre.com. We'll be keeping an eye on the photos you upload, and choosing our favourite pic to appear here each month.



what the hell is... BIZARRE?

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3 The greatest parties on earth!

See *Bizarre* come to life at our amazing parties! Our flagship event, the **Bizarre Ball**, will be back in 2011, and we're working on other parties and shows to bring the *Bizarre* experience to every corner of the UK.



TURN OVER TO SEE WHAT WEIRDNESS WE HAVE IN STORE THIS MONTH...

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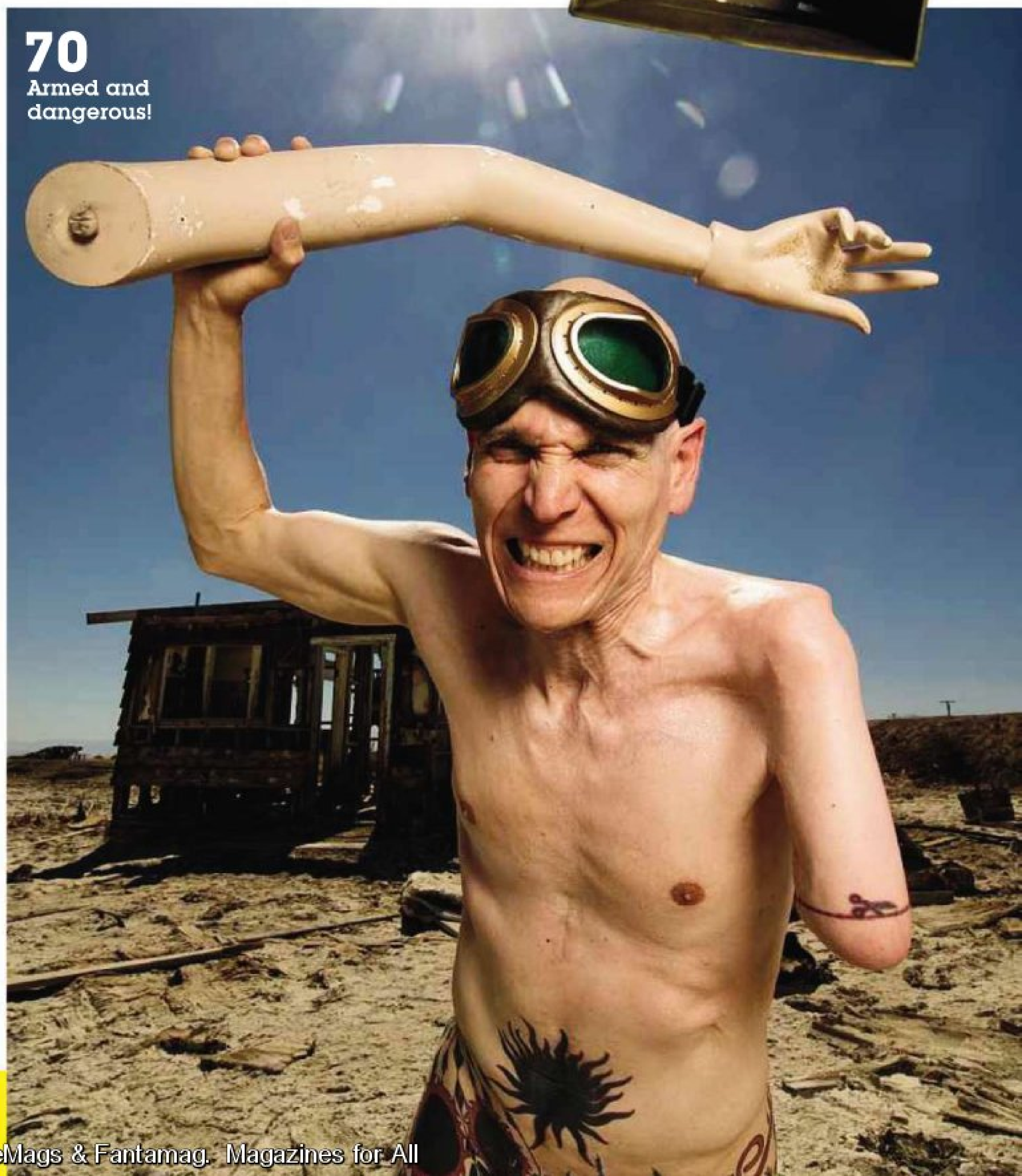
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BIZARRE

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PHOTO ASSAULT

THE WORLD'S MOST
EXTREME
CLOSE-UPS!

HAM STAND

CHINA A two-legged pig in Xincal County, Henan Province, snuffles around looking for snacks. The 10-month-old porker, known by villagers as Zhu Jianqiang, which means 'strong-willed pig', was born without hind legs and was expected to die. Her owner, Wang, persuaded his wife not to butcher the piglet and started teaching the creature how to walk by lifting up her rear end. By the time Zhu was one month old, she was doing trotter-stands on her own. Wang's home is regularly besieged by snap-happy visitors gagging for a gawp at Zhu, and a circus is dying to get their hands on her – but she's not for sale. "She's proved to us that no matter what forms life comes in, it should continue to live on," says Wang.

PICTURE: REX FEATURES

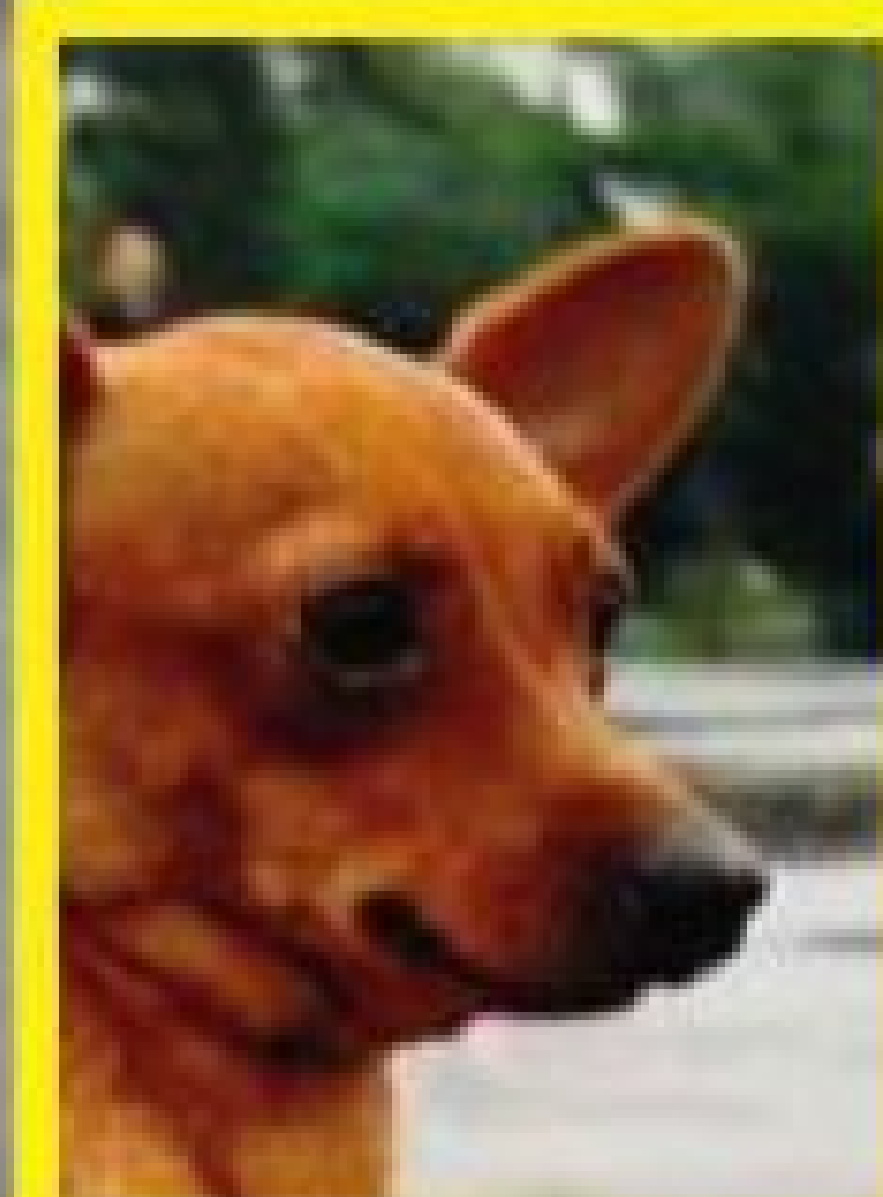




GANG HORROR

MEXICO A forensic expert collects evidence around the scattered body parts of an unidentified man in Ciudad Juarez. It's unclear what happened to the man, but drug-related gang violence in Mexico is out of control, and Ciudad Juarez is the most dangerous city in the country. National Intelligence chief Guillermo Valdes says that more than 28,000 people have died in drug-related violence since Mexican President Felipe Calderon launched a crackdown on drug cartels in 2006, proving that the authorities can't cope.

PICTURE: PA PHOTOS



WHAT'S
DIFFERENT
ABOUT
THIS DOG?

POSING POOCH

CHINA Lu Lu likes to walk on her hind legs, carrying her cuddly bear handbag. The doggie damsel is a local celebrity in her hometown of Zhumadian, Henan Province, and she laps up the attention as she struts her stuff on the dogwalk. She's a Miniature Pinscher, which are known by breeders as the 'king of toy dogs', and are loyal, needy mutts who require more attention than a 20-minute stroll each day. Like supermodels, bored Pinschers will eventually throw a hissy fit.

PICTURES: REX FEATURES

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Lu Lu begs for
woof whistles

The doggie
wears Prada

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WHOSE
APPENDAGE
IS THIS?



Xu has a consultation
with the doctor about
removing this tumour

Xu had several growths across his chest, the largest of which has now been removed

CHEST PAIN

CHINA Xu Yanlin, 23, found pimples on his chest aged seven, and then developed tumours – one of which grew to the size of a closed umbrella. Xu, from Xifeng, Guizhou Province, was abandoned by his mother when he was 13, and lived alone in a mountain forest from 1995-2008. "My health deteriorated each day," says Xu. "I felt I might die at any time, so I went down the mountain and called my mother." Felling guilty for abandoning her son, Xu's mother tried to help him, but she couldn't afford the treatment he needed. Luckily, doctors conducting health checks in the region offered to operate for free and his largest tumour has now been removed.

PICTURES: REX FEATURES



HOW OLD
IS THIS
TUBBY TIKE?

PHOTO ASSAULT

THE WORLD'S MOST
EXTREME
CLOSE-UPS!



He's five times the
size of his muckers



Xiao chows
with gusto

MIGHTY MITE

CHINA This three-year-old weighs 10st and dwarfs his nursery school mates. Xiao Hao, from Guangdong Province, struggles to move around and has been banned from several playschools for being a 'health hazard'. Xiao's mother Lin is desperately searching for help to shrink her super-sized son, but she hasn't yet found out whether Xiao is enormous because he has an underlying medical condition or because he's a compulsive muncher. In China, couples are only allowed to have one child and many young boys – dubbed 'little emperors' – are spoiled rotten.

PICTURES: GENEUPICS/REX FEATURES



Xiao's mum, Lin, changes her big boy's pants



WHY IS HE
SO GRUMPY?

BALD OVER

UK Jambo the "grumpy male" chimpanzee at Twycross Zoo in Leicestershire is as bald as a coot. Aping Victor Meldrew, the churlish chimp started to lose his hair in the late 1990s, and now his son Mongo is losing *his* locks, too. In a bid to help the primate get his prowess back, local amateur herbalist Jean Brown rubbed her secret, homemade cream – made from goat's milk and plants that grow in hedgerows – over his skin, and now she's punting it to bald grouches of the human variety. Vets think Jambo's alopecia was caused by an immune system problem.

**WANT SOMETHING
A LITTLE HARDER?**

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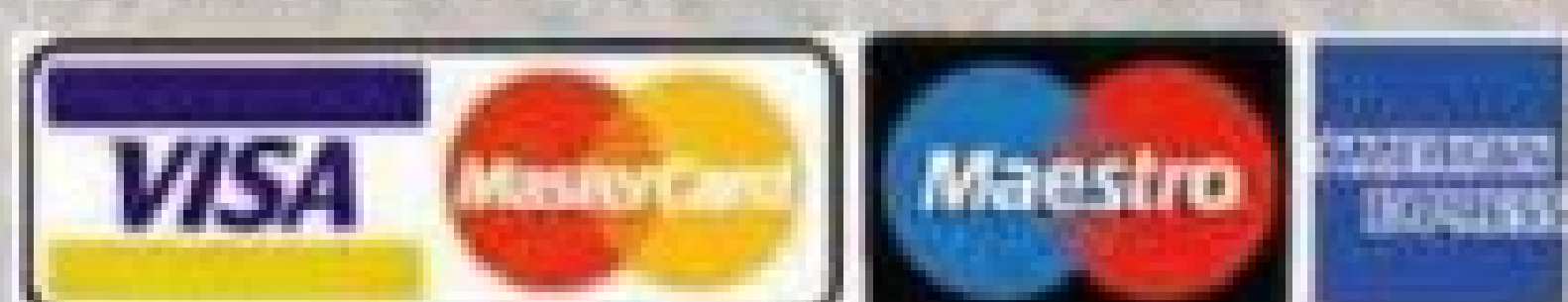
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MEN'S
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(BLACK)

L M S

THE GRINDER

EDITED BY ALIX FOX
ALIX_FOX@DENNIS.CO.UK

Your monthly mash-up of NEWS, VIEWS, OOZE and OOHs!

LAI D BARE

The *Bodies Of Difference* naked photography project explores sexuality and disability, and needs more 'non-normative beauties' to get nude, lewd and rude

WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO HAVE

fully-functioning limbs in order to look and feel like sex on legs? And how does it feel when society has branded you 'infirm', yet you have an exceedingly firm hard-on that you'd like to put to good use? Photographer and friend of *Bizarre*, Ashley Savage, explores these questions in his ongoing naked portrait project, *Bodies Of Difference*, in which he takes pictures of disrobed disabled people and asks them to talk about their sexuality, body image, and self-esteem.

This November marks one year since the project's first photos were exhibited at The Royal Society Of Medicine in London, which coincided with a series of lectures about disability. Spurred on by this first anniversary of his venture – and in honour of one of his most enthusiastic models, Helen (far right), who suddenly passed away last month – Ashley's keen to expand *Bodies Of Difference*, and is seeking more subjects with 'visible disabilities or physical differences' to be snapped while starkers, and interviewed about their erotic lifestyles. "In my photography, I've always been drawn towards representing strange, unique beauty, and documenting atypical bodies that don't conform to generally accepted standards of attractiveness," Ashley says. "As a trained counsellor, I'm also interested in the ways in which nude photography can be therapeutic, cathartic, and liberating."

Want to grin and bare it all for Ashley? Email Ashleysavage@live.co.uk or visit Savaqueskin.co.uk



← PAUL

“ I lost my leg when I was nine and became self-conscious about it. The fear of being seen naked made me withdraw from personal, physical relationships. I moved forward with the aid of a self-help group for physically and socially disabled people called The Outsiders, and when I was approached by Ashley to pose naked, I saw it as a chance to dispel some of my remaining embarrassment. I'm so glad I did it; during the shoot I felt relaxed, and it was sexually stimulating. ”

↑ JUSTINE

“ Although I was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 1985, when I was 23, I didn't consider myself to be severely disabled until I was awarded funding by a charity that provides computers to handicapped people. *Bodies Of Difference* seemed like a good way to prove to myself and others how comfortable I am with myself, despite my MS. When my clothes came off and the camera came out, I felt strong, autonomous, in control, and sexy. ”



← **HELEN**

Helen suffered from a genetic disorder called MPS IV or morquio's syndrome – a rare and painful type of dwarfism which causes the enzymes responsible for building bone, cartilage, tendons, corneas, skin and connective tissue to malfunction. Speaking before her death last month, she said, "I find it hard to stand without support, but I enjoy having my picture taken. Many photos I've seen, which supposedly represent the disabled community, are negative and asexual, but I wanted to show that we can be pretty."

CRAP CRAFTS

DOA DIY FOR SALE ONLINE

SHIRT TROUSERS

Remove the 'R' for a more accurate description.



POOP SUIT WITH FLIES

"You look like shit." "Why thank you, kind sir!"



WOOLLY LINGERIE AND GIMP MASK

Got knits?



See more handicrafts at Regretsy.com

Nice to meat you



Super Meat Boy is our new fave retro-style videogame, so the rest can burger off

WE'VE BEEN OBSESSED WITH playing PopCap's *Plants Vs Zombies* on the iPhone for yonks – and singing the ridiculously cutesy theme tune by Laura Shighihara, who released a new song last month about *World Of Warcraft*, called 'Blood Elf Druids'. But now there's a new contender for our thumb-blister throne: *Super Meat Boy*.

Created by self-confessed college drop-outs Edmund McMillen and Tommy Refenes, it's an indie platform game in which you take on the role of an animated cube of raw meat on a mission to save his Elastoplast-based lady love, Bandage Girl, from an evil foetus in a jar who wears a monocle and a tux.

"*Super Meat Boy* revitalises everything you loved about videogames when you were 13 years old," says Edmund. "It's a satire – a glorious amalgamation of every cliché of the past 20 years, with over 300 levels involving epic big-boss fights, surprise cameos from famous old-school characters, chainsaw-filled forests, salt factories, haunted



hospitals, and secret warp zones that send you into a past where you have to play by vintage ancient-console-style rules. It's a hardcore gamer's wet dream."

Make no mi-steak: *Super Meat Boy*'s going to be big. It's a rare treat! *Super Meat Boy* is out on Xbox Live and PC now, and Wii later this year. Supermeatboy.com

When Ghostbuster Dan Akroyd thought about strawberry jam



Get Shirty

Have you cottoned on to *Bizarre's* amazing new T-shirt range yet, dickwad?



IDEAL FOR THOSE OCCASIONS WHEN you don't want to walk around with your juggernauts/Mini Milks/moobs hanging out – at church, for example, or going for a Sunday roast round at your nan's gaff – *Bizarre* have launched a new range of T-shirts, featuring slogans such as:

I ♥ GIRLS WITH MOUSTACHES

I ♥ TENTACLE PORN

I ♥ MEAT

I ♥ BOYS WHO LOOK LIKE GIRLS

I ♥ GIRLS WHO LOOK LIKE BOYS

MAN? WOMAN? WHO CARES?

YOU SAY 'TOMATO'. I SAY 'CUNT'.

GUESS WHERE I'M PIERCED?

FANGS FOR THE MAMMARIES

ZOMBIES LIKE IT UP THE GUTS

SORRY FOR BEING A CUNT.

AWESOMESAUCE!

Plus, everyone who buys a shirt between now and Christmas will automatically be entered into a competition to win free Ts for a year – yup, a new shirt for nowt every month! Kerching! Check 'em out: go to Bizarremag.com and hit the 'Bizarre Shop' tab.

Legless in Sri Lanka

Amputee soldier's sprint disaster

THIS IS THE MOMENT AN amputee soldier's artificial leg fell off during a sports festival in Colombo, the largest city in Sri Lanka.

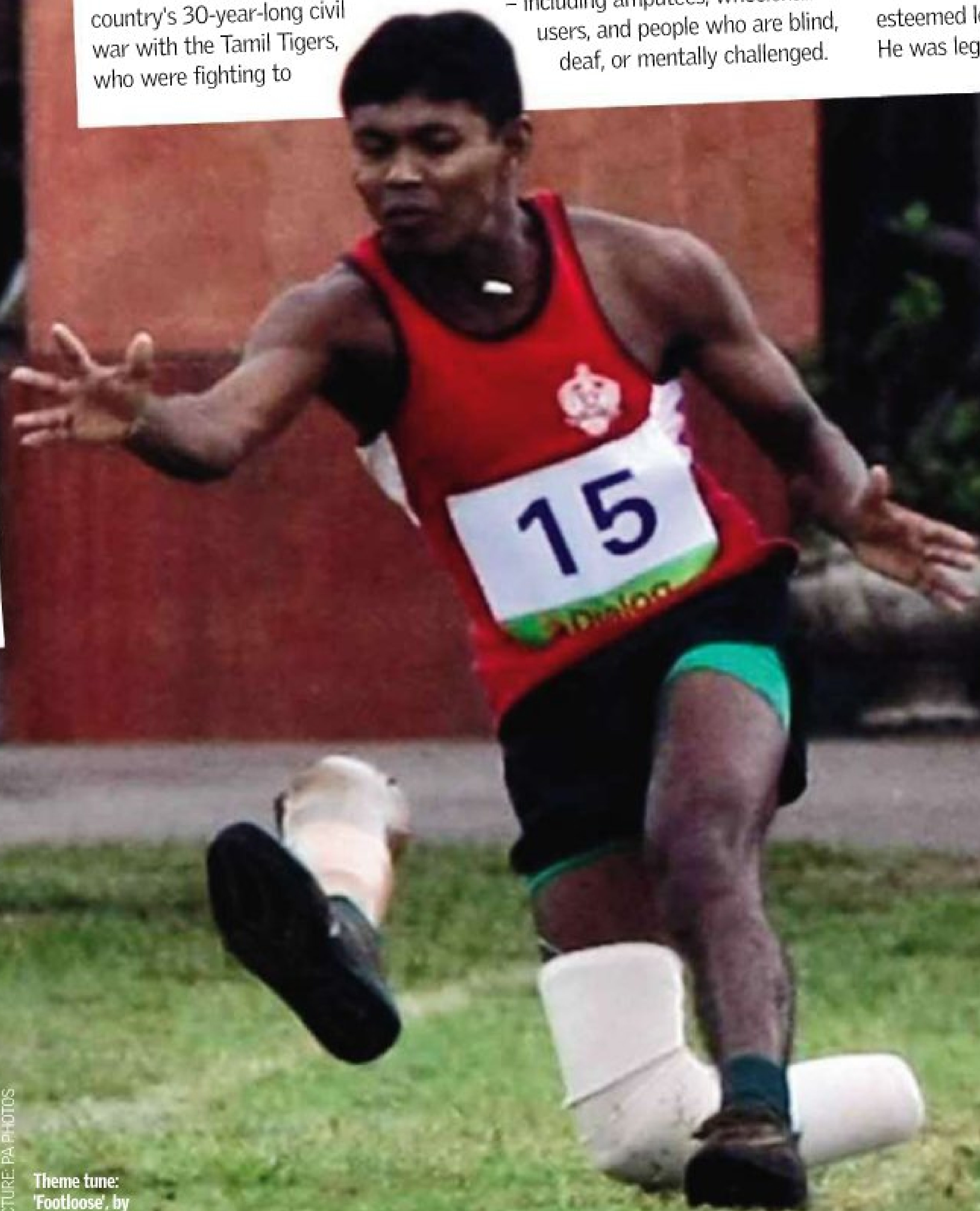
The government organised the event as part of a programme to boost the confidence of ex-soldiers who were injured during the country's 30-year-long civil war with the Tamil Tigers, who were fighting to

establish an independent state in the north and east of the island. The conflict ended last May, but 14,000 who were injured in combat are now living with disabilities.

Over 1,300 disabled athletes took part in the tournament – which is set to become an annual fixture – including amputees, wheelchair users, and people who are blind, deaf, or mentally challenged.

Some soldiers have also chosen to take part in alternative events to give their lives a new sense of purpose, including a group of dancers in wheelchairs who staged a graceful version of *Swan Lake*.

As a side note, this photograph was taken on 23 September 2010, which is the birthday of our esteemed leader, Dr Blackthorn. He was legless on that day, too...



Theme tune:
'Footloose', by
Kenny Joggins

PICTURE: PA PHOTOS

TIME OF THE MONTH

23 NOVEMBER
VIKTORIA
MODESTA
SHOWCASE
Shoreditch, London

Listen to *Bizarre* covergirl-turned-songstress Viktoria belt out her hits. Imagine her hitting you with belts. Cum in your filthy slave-boy Y-fronts.



25 NOVEMBER
WOMEN'S
YONI TOUCH
MASTERCLASS
North London – call Shyama on 07576 366 197

An opportunity to connect profoundly with your feminine core/have a Tommy Tank in someone else's living room.



28 NOVEMBER
ANNA NICOLE
SMITH'S
BIRTHDAY

The troubled sex symbol would've been 42 if she hadn't died of a prescription drug overdose in 2007. Sad face.

4 DECEMBER
NORWICH
ALTERNATIVE
SALE
The Waterfront, Norwich

A raffle to raise money for the S.O.P.H.I.E. campaign and stalls selling freaky stuff, which better be cheap, because we're no'rich. Narf, narf.



UPCOMING STUFF THAT YOU SHOULD GET DOWN TO

18 DECEMBER
CHERRY LOCO'S
TWISTED
CHRISTMAS
The Classic Grand, Glasgow

Hypnotically androgynous, purdy-faced, gender-bending showboy Cherry Loco; smutty circus fuckery, and a load of hot burlesque chicklets getting their barely-pastied baubles out. Ho ho ho!



20 DECEMBER
NATIONAL
EVERYONE
FLUSH THE
TOILET AT THE
SAME TIME DAY
4pm, your bog

If we all get involved, maybe we'll finally be able to flood those pesky Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles out of our sewers.



21 DECEMBER
BIZARRE 171
IS OUT!

Scalpel! Clamps! Tits! It's a medical special with Alex Sim-Wise on the cover! Where did we leave that speculum...?

10% Discount Code: Biz170



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.COM

Models: Kate & Sabrina Sixxx
Photography by Elaine (Left) & Vapour Trail (Right)

MUNCHING ON THE... HAIRY CRAB!

Shellfish diners demand a snappy snack

WHILE JAPAN IS FAMOUS FOR vending machines selling everything from flight insurance to used undercrackers, other Far Eastern countries are lagging behind in what you can buy in a crowded train station for a pocket of tarnished coins. But not to be outdone, the Chinese have just launched a new vending machine that dispenses live crabs.

Found in subway stations in Nanjing City, in China's Jiangsu Province, the machines, produced by Twin Lakes Crab Co, sell crustaceans priced from 15-50 Yuan (£1.40-£4.70), depending on their size. The critters, known as 'hairy crabs', are a regional speciality that's treasured across China, and are traditionally eaten with a ginger-infused vinegar, which is also conveniently available from the machines.

The crabs are packaged inside custom-made plastic cages that are kept at a chilly 5°C, which is cold enough to lull the crabs into a deep sleep, but warm enough to keep them alive. A disclaimer next to the machine guarantees that your crab will be delivered in good health, but there's a no-quibble compensation of three live crustaceans for any dead one that pops out. It's always good to know there's a claws to protect consumers.

PICTURE: PA PHOTOS

Charles Ward



YUMMY! I'M
GONNA START WITH
YOUR CLAWS...

HOW
SHELLFISH!



"These'll stop
me getting
crabby"



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THE FOX HOLE

BLACK & PECKER

Remember Dee Christopher, the illusionist we introduced you to in *Bizarre 169*, who was about to attempt a daring Russian Roulette trick that involved taking an electric drill to his skull? It seems Dee loves 'pulling off' stunts with his tool:



a friend told me she spotted him wanking himself off in porn pictures that were printed in highbrow thinking-ladies' smut rag *Filament*. Nice wand, magic man. But I'll stick to popping a rabbit in my hat, ta.

Holly Andrews
is bringing
sexy bak-e



Stitch D (right):
Smug and
unsmudged
after the
food fight



Edible gash!



Real gash!

2 GIRLS, 1 CUPCAKE

The launch of the Eat Your Heart Out 18+ cake shop we also told you about last month was a bigger hit than a KO punch from Chun-Li. Visitors waited outside for up to an hour to feast on sponges in the shape of Goatse, roadkill badgers, disembodied dead men's hands and pus-filled creaming clunges.

Middle-finger metal band The Defiled – fronted by *Bizarre* cover model Nina Kate's husband, Stitch D – played at the opening party, before getting stuck into a massive food fight, during which one member's hand was accidentally slashed with a cleaver – no-one could tell where the fake gore ended and the real blood began!

I've developed a sticky-knickered girl-crush on hot-as-a-baker's-oven alt.confectioner Holly Andrews, shown here with her 'Bitch In A Blood Bath' creation. I'm also impressed with reader Becky Rhodes, who sent me this snap (right) of the rotting heart dessert she made after being inspired by Eat Your Heart Out. Get in mah belly! You and your cake!



Becky:
Tart with
a heart

SPUNK & DISORDERLY

Sexy stuff reviews
& erotic guff news

THE NUDE TESTAMENT

What do you get if you cross Bible bashers with bashing the bishop? *The Erotic Bible To Europe*, a newly released guide to the sauciest places in the E-oooooh – from nudist beaches to swingers' clubs and sex shops. It's available as an ebook or a hardback and an iPhone app will be available from December. *Bizarre* particularly liked reading about the 'Bibelot Sexuel' collection of kinky homewares by Italian designer Matteo Cibic, which includes a dildo hidden in the shape of a fishbowl.

Eroticbibletoeurope.com



SHE'S GOT THAT VIBE

LoveHoney has extended its cute range of tiddly-but-powerful Death By Orgasm vibrators to include neon-green Zombie and silver-bullet Werewolf 3-speed variants, plus a special 10-speed, jelly-sleeved Scorpion, all of which come in tiny coffins. We also like its new PinUps range of glittery vibes, which come in vintage-style tins, complete with clit-stimulating Bombshell Balm. Fancy yourself as a pin-up? Enter LoveHoney's competition by 30 November to win a £1,000 photoshoot and loads of Kiss Me Deadly retro undies!

LoveHoney.co.uk/pinups



24_BIZARREMAG.COM

Finger Painting

Go out on a limb to see art painted with severed hands



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PLEASE

give a big hand to Morten Viskum, who paints using preserved severed limbs from unnamed corpses. The Norwegian, who studied veterinary science for six years before being accepted into Oslo's Academy of Fine Art, is currently holding his first ever UK solo exhibition at London's Vegas Gallery. Visitors will be able to view his latest digit-ally created canvases, as well as the cadaverous appendage used to make them: the hand that rocked the easel will be on display in a metal box alongside the works.

Viskum has used various people's perished palms as paintbrushes for over a decade. Each collection of his compositions tends to be rendered in a different style, which the artist claims is influenced by the personality of the deceased individual to which each hand belonged. The pictures in the London show were created using a pickled paw



wearing a golden ring on one finger, which Viskum claims "suggests its previous owner may have been vain and affluent". However, he always keeps the carcass' full identity a secret.

It appears Viskum has a penchant for dead things, rather than those that are 'o-live'. In 1995, the artist was threatened with a lawsuit by S&W – a company producing bottled olives – after he surreptitiously swapped the contents of their jars for rat fetuses in brine, in 20 different supermarkets across five major cities. He's

also used dead hands to play rumba tunes on electric organs.

The Hand With The Golden Ring runs until 19 December. Check out Vegasgallery.co.uk

Viskum's local playschool hasn't invited him to demonstrate his palm painting...

PICTURES: VEGAS GALLERY, MORTEN VISKUM



WHO THE
FUCK IS?JASON
ROUSE

Jokes to make you choke

SOD JASON DONOVAN AND HIS TECHNICOLOUR

dreamcoat; *Bizarre* prefers funny man Jason Rouse, and his grubby quilt of dark humour. "My routine's based on a mixture of real-life truths and insane imaginings, which I sew into a mish-mash quilt of filth," Jason grins. "I take a series of stains from different beds in my brain, stitch them together, then smother my audience with the resulting putrid patchwork of gags until they can't breathe anymore. I'm not a deranged psychopath, but I do have a no-holds-barred style of presentation, where not even disability or sexual assault are off limits, and everything gets covered in comical shit, blood and cum."

Jason's divinely dirty, deranged duvet of gags has the blanket effect of amusing anyone with a naughty streak; *Metal Hammer* – for whom Jason has hosted awards shows – call him "dark, twisted, tasteless, and the most metal stand-up on the planet".

The Canadian from Ontario started performing in 1996, and he's appeared on stages everywhere, from the Sonisphere and Download festivals, to the United Arab Emirates. "You wouldn't expect my repertoire to go down well in the Middle East, but I was entertaining ex-pats rather than chatting about fist-fucking nuns at the local mosque," Jason says. "I love doing gigs in the UK though; people here are honest. If they don't like you, they don't just slip you a dirty look; they shout, 'You're a cunt!' That means comedians have to work really hard to make it on the British stand-up circuit, which, as a result, has a strong bloodline of talent. That said, the most difficult crowds to play to are Dutch; a lot of my content is based on fear and taboos, and people in Amsterdam don't have either of those things!"

Now, Jason's touring the UK alongside *Bizarre*'s favourite contortionist Chris Cross as part of the Rock & Roll Circus, which is led by Bob Slayer, fellow comedian and manager of Tokyo metallers Electric Eel Shock. Along with Andrew O'Neill, Aussie Steve Hughes, American Brian Posehn and Canadian Jay Brown, Jason's part of a wave of comedians who wear their metal influences on their leather sleeves.

"Listen to Cannibal Corpse lyrics and you can hear the horror and chaos reflected in my persona," says Jason. "I'm lucky enough to have met most of my heroes, bar Ozzy. I've been studying singing and I'm looking to put together a supergroup. My dream line-up would be Gene Hoglan from Strapping Young Lad on drums, King from Gorgoroth on bass, and Slayer's Kerry King on guitar. I've also auditioned for a role as a drug dealer in an MTV remake of *Skins* in Canada, although I don't trust them not to water it down by taking out all the sex and coarse language – totally pissing all over it."

At least if they do, you can mop up the urine with your fetid comedy quilt, Jason. **Claran McCauley**

**SEE
JASON LIVE**

– Bob Slayer's Rock & Roll Circus featuring Jason Rouse is touring the UK 1-12 Dec. Go to Bobslayer.com/rar for details and Eventim.co.uk for tickets. Watch out for an exclusive 2-4-1 ticket deal in the *Bizarre* newsletter! Sign up by clicking the Newsletter tab at

Bizarremag.com

PICTURE: ZAIDEN

MA'AMARIES!

Filthy art causes a right royal fuss

WE AT BIZARRE DO OUR best to bring you the weirdest and wildest art from around the globe, and the recent *Decadence Now! Visions Of Excess* show at Galerie Rudolfinum in Prague showcased a piece of art guaranteed to shock and confuse one's corgi: Paolo Schmidlin's 'Porno Queen'.

This strangely erotic sculpture – which shows Her Majesty getting her milkers groped by an unseen man – was first shown in Madrid, Spain, in 2007, and outraged fans of the British monarchy. "I was appalled when I saw this. I think it's disgusting," prattled Judy Wade, who penned *Charles And Diana: Inside A Royal Marriage*, while *Sun* royal snapper Arthur Edwards moaned that 'Porno Queen' was "the work of a lunatic".

Sporting a natty new black bra, Italian artist Schmidlin trotted out his manky monarch once more for the Prague show, an event which was designed to shock, inspire and provoke a strong response. It certainly got tongues wagging at Bizarre Towers.

Rick Picman



Fishing for compliments

Stunners vie for first plaice in bonkers Chinese modelling contest

WE KNOW FASHION MODELS OFTEN spend ages standing on the scales... but not like this. Fifty women styled their mullets, plumped their trout-pouts and hoped they had looks to krill at the first ever Anhui International Model Contest, held last month at Wanfo Lake in China's Shucheng County.

The entrants, chosen from over 1,000 hopefuls aged 15-22, posed for red-snappers' cameras in a variety of catwalk-meets-catfish heats, including a round in which they were required to put on a 'mermaid show', and another in which they had to 'look playful and attractive while frolicking with local fish'. The victor won the chance to represent Wanfo Lake at the International Gold Crown Award Ceremony, which will be held in Dubai later this year.

Bizarre's sure she looked like the cod's pollocks, although we can't confirm whether she had any help from the sturgeon's knife.

Wanfo Lake is a huge reservoir, banked by the biggest dam in the world built without the use of machines. It's famous for the 1.5m kgs of fish that are hauled from its waters every year, and home-made stewed fish-head soup is considered a delicacy. It tastes like carp. **Alix Fox**

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Let's get QUIZZICAL!

Our *Body Art 4* book is out now! But how much do you know about odd mod gods?

DO YOU LIKE POKING THINGS INTO fleshy holes? Do you get your biggest buzz from a buzzing tattoo gun? Does the smell of roast beef Monster Munch make you well up with nostalgia about your first branding? Or maybe you're free of markings and metal, but still fascinated by the blood, sweat and tears that go into creating amazing tattoos and modifications on others? Either way, get your mitts on *Body Art 4*, *Bizarre*'s latest annual-style celebration of the world's best ink'n'iron!

Covering all the latest advances in scarification, cutting, stretching, suspension, splitting, sewing and piercing, plus features on traditional and cutting-edge tatt techniques, it's a 164-page, full-colour book of all the stuff you love, and it makes

a great gift for your mates, imaginary friends, or parole officer.

Check out the freakiest inked icons on the planet, including Matt Gone – the man who tattooed his anus – and amputee biking enthusiast Alan Macius, alongside interviews with sexy alt.models Kandy, Sabina Kelley and Amina Munster – not to mention the girls of *LA Ink* fighting it out, plus, 10 of our hottest Ultra Vixens baring their decorated flesh for your pleasure.

To get yourself in the mood for this feast of artistic pain, test your knowledge by matching the modded Bizarrios below to their freaky quotes!

Body Art 4 is available now, from WHSmith and MagBooks.com

QUOTES

1 "I'm aiming to become known as the most tattooed erotic and adult model"

2 "The pain of this mod was so intense that I struggled not to pass out"

3 "My mod's been a labour of love over seven years"

4 "Ashton Kutcher told me he'd love to get me involved with Punk'd"



A

Ben has 70mm stretched lobes



B

Matt Gone sports a chequerboard of ink across his body



C

Sideshow freak Enigma has gory facial cuttings



D

Rob Spence is developing a prosthetic eye containing a videocamera

A LITTLE PAIN IN THE 'ASS

Pint-sized pop-warbling hottie Terra Jolé relives the trauma of filming *Jackass 3D*

JACKASS 3D HIT UK CINEMAS AT the beginning of this month, so if you're thinking of going to see Knoxville and co playing swingball with a bees' nest while dressed in leopardskin loincloths, getting fired into the air on reverse bungee ropes while inside a portable toilet filled with dog shit, or getting head-butted up the arse by a ram while playing the trombone, make sure you keep your eyes peeled during the dwarf fight scene. It stars pocket-sized *Bizarre* darling Terra Jolé, usually known for her tribute performances as Mini Britney Spears and Mini Lady Gaga! When we asked her what it was like being involved in the film, she said, "When I took my hairless pet rat Figgy to the movie premiere, he got more attention than me, even though I'm a 4'2"-tall blonde bombshell! I'm very glad *Jackass 3D* isn't scratch'n'sniff, and you should be, too. I challenge you to watch more than 15 seconds without laughing or violently dry-heaving. Take a sick bag!"

Terra has a type of dwarfism known as Achondroplasia, which develops in one out of every 30,000 pregnancies. Her mum and dad adopted a boy, Bourn, with the same condition when Terra was a year old, via the organisation, Little People Of America. Terra continues to support the charity when she's not watching Steve-O being tasered in the nuts.

Jackass 3D is in theatres now and will



Starlet O'Terra



This disguise is bullshit

Answers: A: 3, B: 1, C: 2, D: 4



THE GRINDER



"MMM" BACON

STEWART PEMBERTON

Impressive performer who creates complex beatboxing-style rhythms by tap-dancing while bouncing juggling balls around on boxes. We'd like to see him ditch the traditional Butlins-style jazzy suit in favour of a more inventive costume, but the man's got serious skills. One to watch.



MATT HENNAM

THE DAILY MASH HALF-ARSED PIECE OF SHIT CHRISTMAS RIP-OFF BOOK

A collection of reet funny satirical news stories about racist grannies, luxury abortions and gay gypsies. We approve.



WILLY WONKA-STYLE CHEWING GUM

Freaky food creators Bompas & Parr (see p19, *Bizarre 169*), recently staged a 'make your own chewing gum' class. The 200 flavours available included humid soil, butter, curry, mould, mushroom and gin.

MINCE MEATER

WHAT'S HOT AND WHAT'S ROT THIS MONTH

STINKY HELMETS

New cycling safety hats that release a foul stench if damaged, so you know if you need to replace them after a knock = WIN! Festering bell-ends = FAIL! ALWAYS A FAIL!

BOGGLE

Scrabble is the only word game that matters, as the winner of the 2010 UK National Championships, 33-year-old transsexual Mikki Nicholson, heads to Malaysia in December to compete in the Causeway Scrabble Challenge.



PREDATORS ON BICYCLES

To promote the DVD release of the latest flick in the *Predator* franchise, members of the 'merciless alien race' pooled around London on Boris bikes, rendering them about as scary as fainting kittens.



"UGH!"

OFFAL!

13

QUESTIONS

Cheeky chappy actor Thomas Turgoose – who insisted that we call him 'Tommo' within five minutes of chatting – is most famous for appearing in the Shane Meadows films *This Is England* and *Somers Town*, and he recently reprised the role of Shaun in TV series *This Is England '86*. In his own words, he was "a little shit and a gabby troublemaker", and he was expelled from school before he auditioned for Meadows and took his first shot at acting. He went on to be named 'Most Promising Newcomer' in the 2006 British Independent Film Awards, and now, aged 18, Tommo's already famous enough to face a *Bizarre* grilling.

1 You demanded a fiver as payment for turning up at your first audition. What would you buy if we gave you five pounds now?

A bacon bun from Goodfillers sandwich shop around the corner from my house in Grimsby, and a pack of ten Superkings. Pork and fags. I've got my priorities right!

2 If you starred in a porno, what would it be like?
I'd set it in a tent, or a disabled toilet so there would be plenty of room for shagging, and those handles on the walls to hold on to. Pixie Lott is the most perfect woman ever so I'd be tempted to cast her in it. But I wouldn't want to ruin her by putting her in a porno.

3 What happened when you were last wasted?
I've got into Strongbow cider recently – I drank a lot of it on holiday in Benidorm with my dad and

his mates. I got wrecked out of my head on it, fell over and cut my knee open, then took off all my clothes and went swimming stark bollock naked in the freezing British sea at seven o'clock in the morning.

4 Everyone's seen your arse during the sex scenes in *This Is England '86*. You're not shy about flashing your buttocks, are you?

Nah, I'm 18, and I'm a lad. If you dared me to stroll around town butt naked in the middle of the day, I would. I've got all of my friends' names tattooed on my ass. Two old local biker guys called Dave and Tony do all my ink for me. My mate got them to tattoo my name on *his* bum, too – 'Thomas' on one cheek, and 'Turgoose' on the other – but he struggled with the pain. He stood up just after the last 'e' had been finished and passed out cold on the floor. It was fucking hilarious.

5 We've heard that you've got the names of the entire *This Is England '86* cast tattooed on your backside, too. Is that true?

Absolutely. They're all amazing people and we get on so well. I swear I could speak to Joe Gilgun, who played Woody, about anything. If I had the worst constipation in history, I'd call him and cry down the phone at him while I was sitting on the toilet, straining and drinking pints of orange juice to try and make my bowels move.

6 Do you read while you're on the crapper?

I swear, I know every word in Irvine Welsh's book *Glue* off by heart, because I've read the same old copy so many times while I've been sitting on the pan.

7 What's the worst thing you've ever had in your mouth?

My mate Andy Ross's ballsack. He teabagged me when I was pissed. He's a hygienic fella, though – he's clean-shaven down there. Well, you have to keep your ballbag looking smart! Andy's good-looking and he plays football for Grimsby Town, so when he gets famous I'm going to sell my story to *The Sun*.

8 What's the last thing that pissed you off?

My friend still owes me £20, which he borrowed for a tattoo, over seven months ago. He's been making

Thomas



Wee Tommo and the rest of the *This Is England '86* riffraff

Thomas:
Swinging
for England

every excuse under the sun not to pay me back, saying he keeps getting horrendous phone bills and all that, but the other day, we were down the snooker hall and I saw him feed £15 into a one-armed bandit. I watched him gamble my money away and I was fucking fuming. I'll be amazed when that bastard finally coughs up.

9 How about the last thing that made you happy?

My ex-girlfriend, Shona, who I still get on well with, gave me my Xbox 360 back after having it for three months. She bought me the new Fifa 11 game, too. I think my thumbs are going to fall off soon from playing it too much.

10 Are you any good in bed?

Well, I'm in bed right now. Ha! I've got a massive bed and I love lying in it as much as I can. It doesn't squeak, no matter what I'm up to, and it's got a leather headboard and a nice duvet cover from InStore, although for some reason there's also an empty plastic Dr Pepper bottle in here with me. I can see Young's fish factory out of my window.

11 Do you whiff of seafood then?

No, I smell of nice Lynx body wash. I scrub up in the shower while singing along to Dizzee Rascal songs, or Florence And The Machine's version of 'You Got The Love'. Maybe I do stink of fish though, and I don't realise it. Maybe when I go to London, everyone I meet is secretly thinking, "What the fuck is that smell?" They know when I'm on my way because they can smell me as soon as my train passes Peterborough.

12 What's your favourite swearword?

I like "Jesus fucking Christ" because you can string it out, like "Jeeeeesus fucking Chriiiiiist, look at the legs on that fit bird!"

Turgoose



The *This is England '86* DVD and soundtrack are out now.

UNLUCKY

13 As a straight bloke, would you find it hard to do a gay sex scene in a movie?

I'd happily flash my knackers, but would I do a gay scene? (Thinks hard). I once kissed a lad when I was really, really pissed. One of my best friends. Me and my mates mess about just to be stupid when we're on the lash, though none of us are actually gay – it's just banter. We're confident and relaxed in ourselves, so we're able to have a lark like that. It's the people who get really het up about gay stuff who usually have issues with their sexuality. That said, doing a gay sex scene on film – that's a lot more serious. Pretty fucking challenging. (Thinks again). Fuck it, yeah, I would.

PICTURE: REX FEATURES

Six pages of the sexiest alt.models,
freakiest art and best body mods!

HOTSHOTS >GIRLS



SEXY SUPER GIRLS

These perfect pin-ups will make your penis do pant-push-ups

Every male member of Team Bizarre who's glanced at these pictures taken from photographer Mike James' new book, *Sexy Super Girls*, has instantly discovered that the Scouts are out and building towering tents in their trousers. By digitally tweaking pictures of real chicks so they tip over into the realm of 'superwomen', yet placing them in believable scenarios, Mike plugs into many peoples' wettest, hottest daydreams. His photographs have an impossibly perfect, Jessica-Rabbit-in-the-headlights, Disney-princess-grows-up fantasy feel about them. "An image has failed if it makes the viewer think, 'What a great artist!', or even 'What a great picture!'," says Mike, "I only want people to immediately think, 'Whoa - what a beautiful girl!'"

Mike's women have mature, fit bodies, topped off with innocent, cherubic faces. "I find the mixture of sweet faces and wicked bodies alluring," he explains. "I treat my photos as illustrations, first choosing models that fit my mental template, then doing extensive re-touching: subtly altering the anatomy, re-colouring the clothing, and changing the backgrounds. I strip away the usual artistic flourishes, such as fancy props and elaborate staging, so my images look like casual snapshots."

Mike's also been selling highly collectable 'garage kits' since 1993; saucy, limited-edition sculptures of scorching vixens, cat-women, space-women, and other pin-up characters that buyers assemble at home and customise by hand-painting. *Sexy Super Girls* is available from Goliathbooks.com with a special 3-D cover, from January 2011. Buy life-sized prints (zoinks!) of Mike's pin-ups at Jamesart.com



HOTSHOTS > DARK ART OFF THE WALL!

Tom 'INKFETISH' Blackford's aerosol art will make you spaff for graff



Tom's been sketching and creating handmade comics since he was a child, but while he always dreamed of working for a design house or animation studio, he started spraying graffiti after being seduced by the sheer size of the city walls and the urban furniture he could use as impromptu canvases. "I never envisioned myself painting in the street, but I got addicted to seeing

"My pieces look like they were hatched in a possessed bubblegum machine in Tokyo"

Who can decorate anything, from a backdrop for an MTV shoot to a snowboarders' bar on the slopes of Val D'Isere, with bright graffiti-meets-anime images featuring cat-eared, kigu-wearing Lolitas suckling pink squid at their breasts? If anyone can, Tom 'INKFETISH' Blackford and his aerosol can can.

The 29-year-old artist is best known for the huge murals he's sprayed in public spaces around his hometown of London. However, he's also exhibited in galleries, and he's been commissioned by companies such as Nike, Carhaart and EA Games to produce illustrations and interior design.

my work on a huge scale," Tom explains. "I don't paint illegally any more, but I started off that way and I've been arrested a few times. On the last occasion, the police were particularly harsh, even though I'd brightened up a building that was due to be demolished a fortnight later!"

JAPANDEMONIUM

Tom's inspired by Japanese pop culture and history. "I like to paint vibrant pieces that look as though they were hatched in a possessed bubblegum machine in Tokyo," he enthuses. "I've been hooked on all things Japanese since I started watching Bruce Lee movies as a child. I'm fascinated by the obsessive creativity of cosplay, the bizarre game shows, the wacky products, the crazy advertisements, and the sexual perversions bubbling beneath Japan's seemingly straight-laced society. When I was introduced to anime in the early 1990s, it blew my mind and changed the way I looked at art forever."

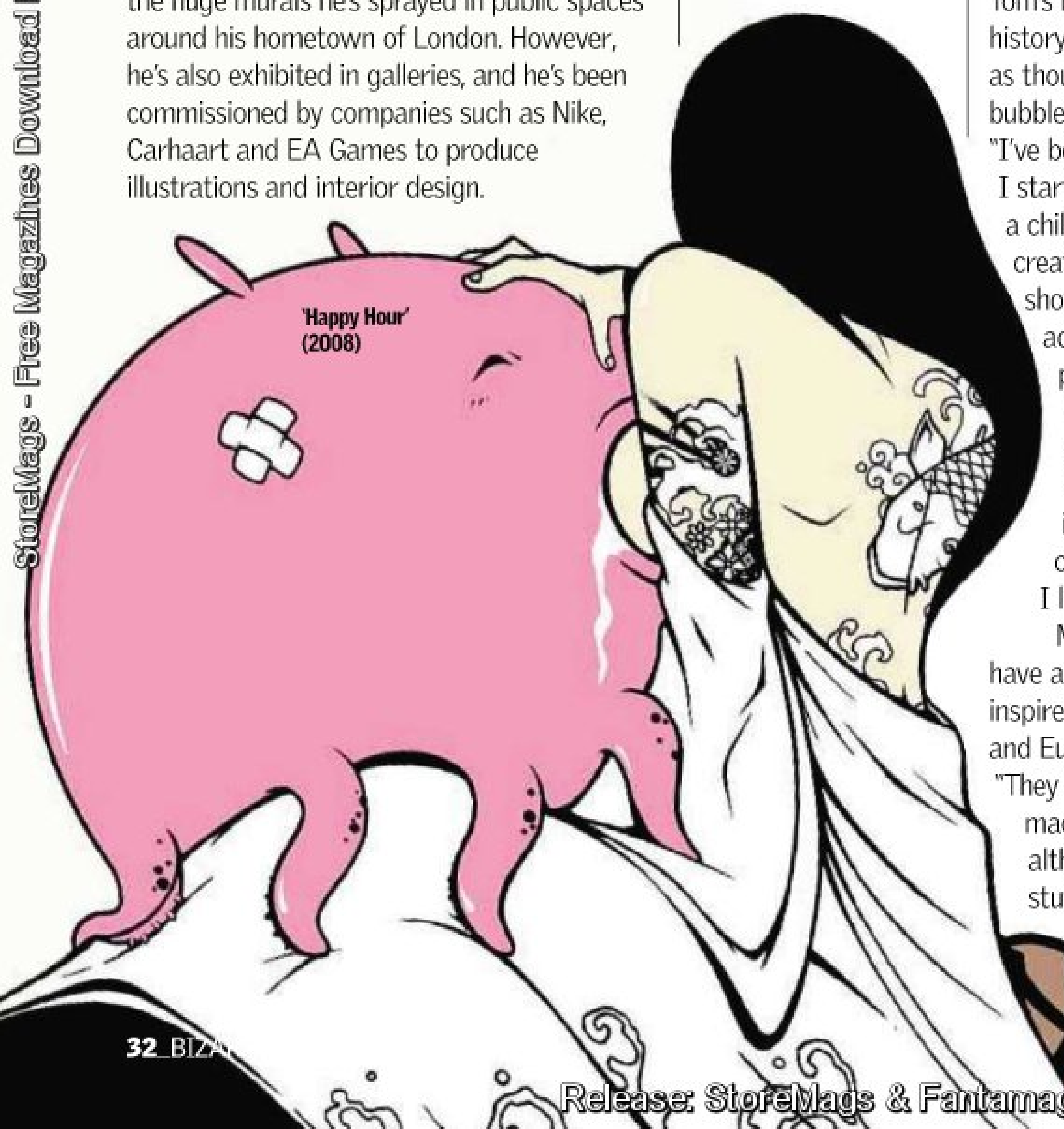
Many of Tom's images have a dark edge and he's also inspired by extreme cinema and European horror films. "They influence my more macabre, twisted work, although my weirdest stuff stays in my private sketchbook," he quips.

SPRAY FOR PAY

Speaking of darkness, we wonder how the graffiti artist keeps his bank balance in the black? "Producing aerosol art is a roller coaster ride, with plenty of lurching ups and downs," he confesses. "I never feel totally secure, but, despite that, I don't think I could slave away in an office, working for the man. I've questioned my career choice many times, but something in my gut always tells me to keep going."

We're glad Tom does, and he's got some sexy plans in the can for the future. "I don't want to offend old ladies, but I'm tempted to see whether I can introduce sexual imagery into my street work, as not many people do it now, probably because rude pictures are quickly removed," he says. Last year I painted a softcore lesbian scene in a trendy nightclub, and an imprisoned sex slave in the basement of a gallery in Brighton, with a satanic whip-wielding demon watching over her."

Tom's a bit of a Devil himself. "In my youth I'd come home from late night street art sessions with my fingers stained with chrome, and I'd have to use my mum's nail varnish remover to shift it. Now I'm older and wiser I no longer have any use for nail varnish remover – although that may disappoint some *Bizarre* readers!" **Alix Fox**
Inkfetish.co.uk

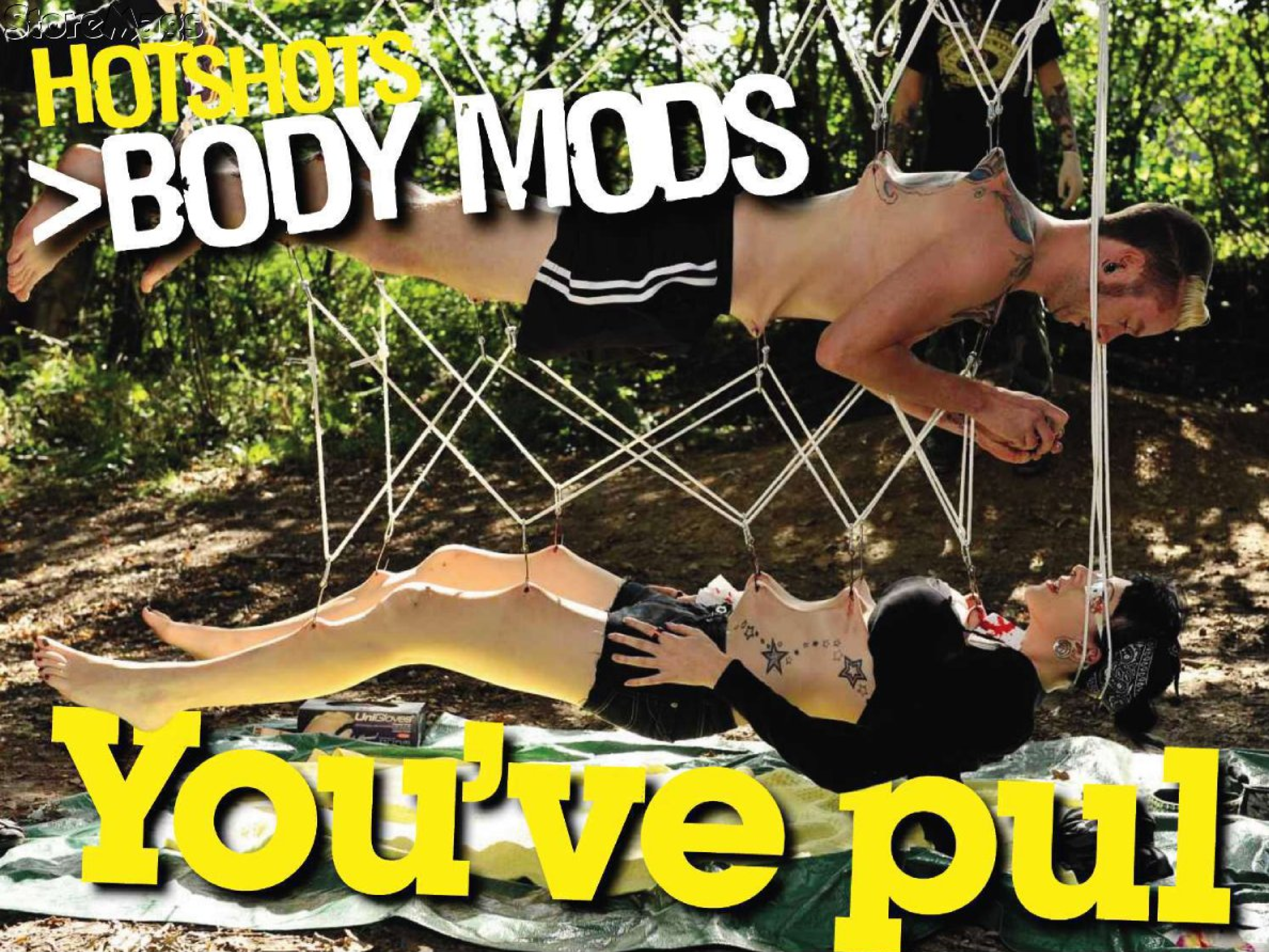




'Alice' (2010)



'Spoonfed' (2009)



Couple to be joined in holey matrimony after marriage proposal during double suspension

What better way to ask your girlfriend if she'll tie the knot than when you're tied together... and hooked on each other? On 12 September this year, Alexis Grice proposed to his girlfriend Kazy Newbert during the pair's first ever double suspension, which was held in the New Forest. Alexis explains, "It seemed appropriate to pop the question to Kazy while we were suspended as one, since it was via suspension and body modification that we met in the first place."

Alexis works as a professional body piercing artist, and he got into suspension five years ago when he saw "a mad French guy in a tutu swinging on hooks skewered through his back at a party". Alexis set up a local group called South Coast Suspensions, which operates in Bournemouth, Dorset. Kazy was at university in the area, and when she approached Alexis about getting strung up, their love affair took off.

The coupled-together couple have both experienced their fair share of unusual suspensions. Kazy got dangled from hooks in her knees just a few weeks before her beau metaphorically got down on one knee, and Alexis once got suspended at a rural train station and spent 45 minutes dangling and waving at dumbstruck passengers as they chuffed by! The twosome also did simultaneous individual outdoor suspensions

in the Lake District. "That was amazing," smiles Kazy. "A deer trotted up to us while we were both swaying about in the foliage, and it stopped and watched us for ages." However, neither of them had ever been fixed to another person in a double suspension before. "We'd talked about doing it for a long time, so when we finally set a date to make the double suspension happen, it struck me

"The wounds at the hooks in my legs and tummy bled everywhere"

as the perfect moment to ask Kazy to be my wife," beams Alexis.

AN ALTAR-NATIVE PROPOSAL

On the day, Alexis pierced ten hooks through Kazy's flesh, which were attached by rope to hooks on *his* body. Alexis's back was then pierced with 20 hooks and attached to a metal rig by Sarge of well-respected Bournemouth modding shop, Metal Fatigue. "I got an overwhelming urge to pee before I got attached to Alexis, so I had to go and hop behind a tree while the

wounds at the hooks in my legs, chest and tummy bled everywhere!" Kazy laughs.

Sarge threw the main rope – which lifted the rig, Alexis and Kazy – over a sturdy tree branch, and pulled on it to haul the pair off the ground. "The bark initially rubbed against the rope and made our ascent a bit juddery," says Kazy. "It took a while for us to balance our weight correctly – at first there was a lot of painful pulling on our shins – but we soon levelled ourselves out.

"Just as I started to get a blissful rush of adrenaline, Alexis called me by my full name. People usually only do that when they're annoyed with me, so my first thought was 'What have I done wrong?'" she laughs. "Then he pulled a ring out of his back pocket and proposed. I had no idea he was going to ask. Of course, I said 'yes'. I had a rope fixed around my head to keep my neck comfortable during the suspension, so our eyes were locked together. I couldn't twist my face to look around, so it was only when I saw the photos that I realised all our friends had been smiling and crying around us."

The lovers plan to wed in Iceland, then have a second suspended 'blessing ceremony' in the UK. *Bizarre* wish them luck in getting hitched and getting hitched up. **Allix Fox**

WANT TO GET HOOKED?

Interested in getting suspended from hooks in the Dorset area? Go to Tinyurl.com/southcoastsuspensions and drop Alexis a line. Newcomers are welcome and we'd love to hear about your experiences

XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXXXXXX

led, love!

Alexis won't leave
Kazzy hanging

BUY CURIOUS

Shop-a-doodle-do!



Skeleton Morphsuit

£40
Morphsuits.com

Ooh, you're all skintight'n'bones!

Christmas Turd

£2.49
Find-me-a-gift.co.uk

Xmas excrement! What next? Santa-itary towels for the 'festive period'?



'Hello, My Name Is' stickers

£4 for 100
Thebench504.com

Our alternative suggestions for names to use: Ray Tard, Agatha Crabs, Al Lowello, Stan Dandy liver, Carrie Onfelching, Dinah Cancer, and Lucinda Beefhole.



Tripe chocolates

£5.99
Play.com

Ten white choccie witchetty grubs, seven containing toffee, and three containing utter tripe. Literally.



Goth bog roll

£9.25 for six rolls

thedesigntoilettrollcompany.co.uk

So gothic you've got a blackside instead of a backside? Don't wipe your shite on white. Clean your crack with black.

**Nerf N-Strike Stampede gun**

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Argos.co.uk

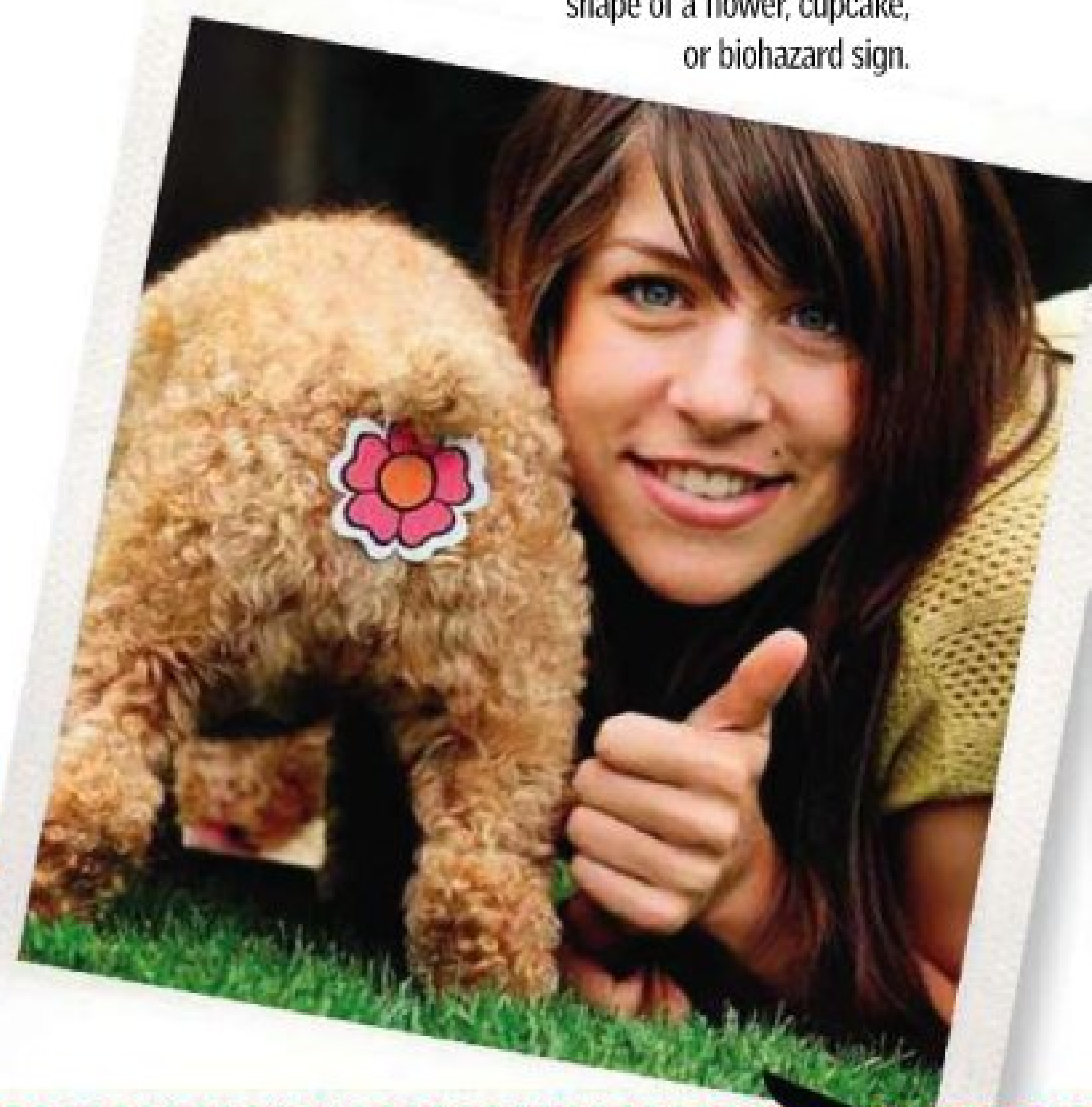
It automatically fires a stream of foam bullets, which pop out faster than ping-pong balls from a Thai performer's pooter. Visit Tinyurl.com/nerfhack to transform it into a steampunk/*Gears Of War*-style beast.

'Rear Gear' Pet Butt Covers

\$5 (£3.00)

Etsy.com/shop/reargear

Sick of your cat or dog lifting its tail and flashing its unsightly, fetid gungehole at your neighbours? Cover its anus with a tag in the shape of a flower, cupcake, or biohazard sign.

**WIN!****A TREASURE CHEST STUFFED WITH 'BUY CURIOUS' GOODIES!**

Will you take anything if it's free? Enter our competition to win a load of products from these pages! Fill in this coupon (photocopies are fine) and send it to: Alix Fox, *Bizarre*, Dennis Publishing, 30 Cleveland Street, London W1T 4JD, for your chance to win. Yep, you gotta use old school snail mail!

Name: _____

Address: _____

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USE THIS SPACE TO DRAW
THE WORST TATTOO YOU
CAN POSSIBLY IMAGINE



THE COMPETITION CLOSING DATE: 21/12/2010. ENTRANTS MUST BE OVER 18. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. FOR FULL TERMS AND CONDITIONS, SEE P5 OR VISIT COMPETITIONS.BIZARREMAG.COM. THE JUDGES' DECISION IS FINAL. WINNERS WILL BE CHOSEN ACCORDING TO HOW MUCH THEY MAKE US LAUGH. *BIZARRE* RESERVES THE RIGHT TO PRINT YOUR DRAWING.

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Do you have an unusual or quirky item or collectible you want to sell? Do you own something you think could be worth thousands?

A new primetime Channel 4 series is offering you a once in a lifetime opportunity to sell it to Britain's top dealers.

For more information please contact Rebecca on

0207 861 8499

Or email a photo and description to

items@talkbackthames.tv

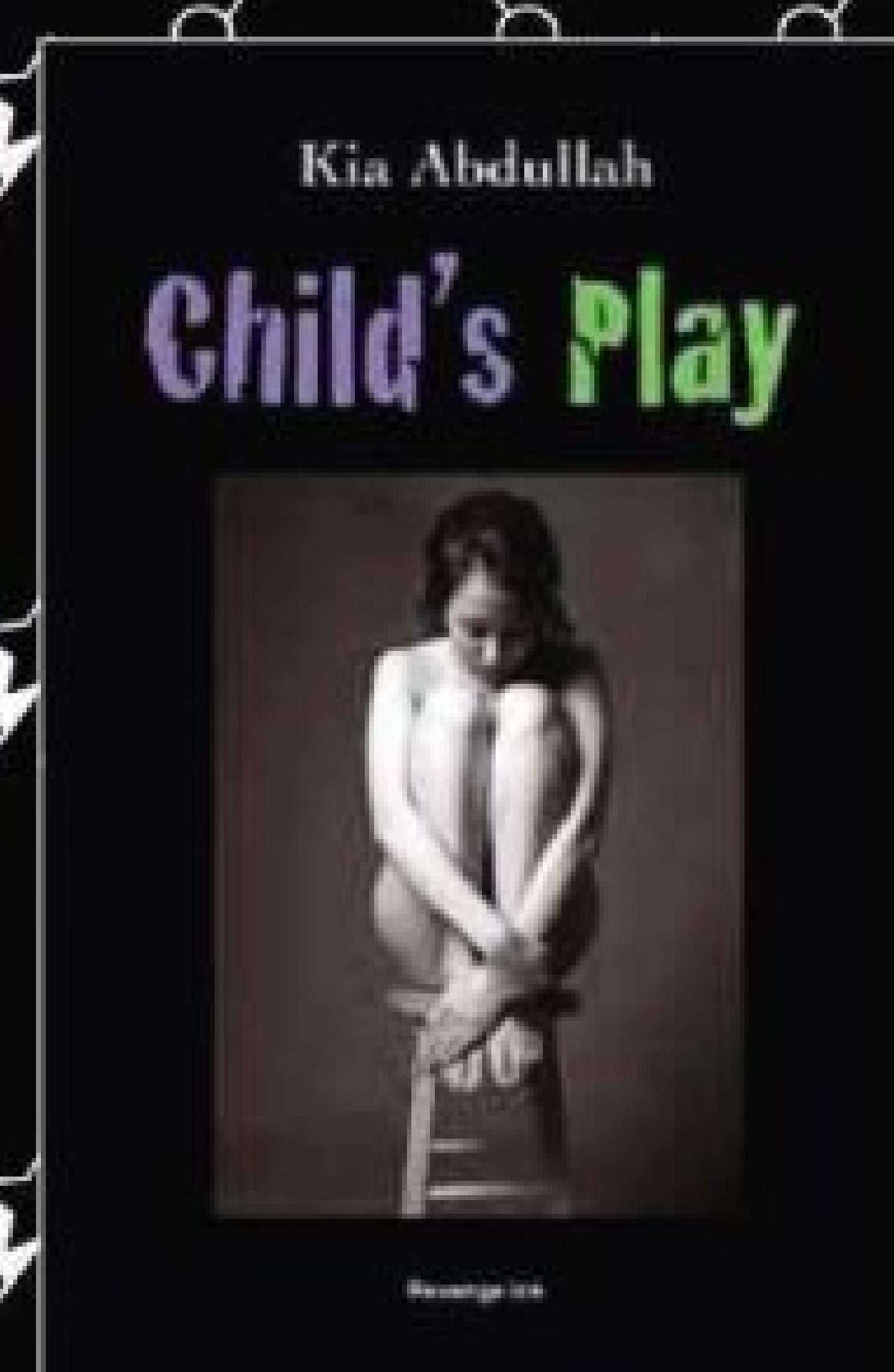
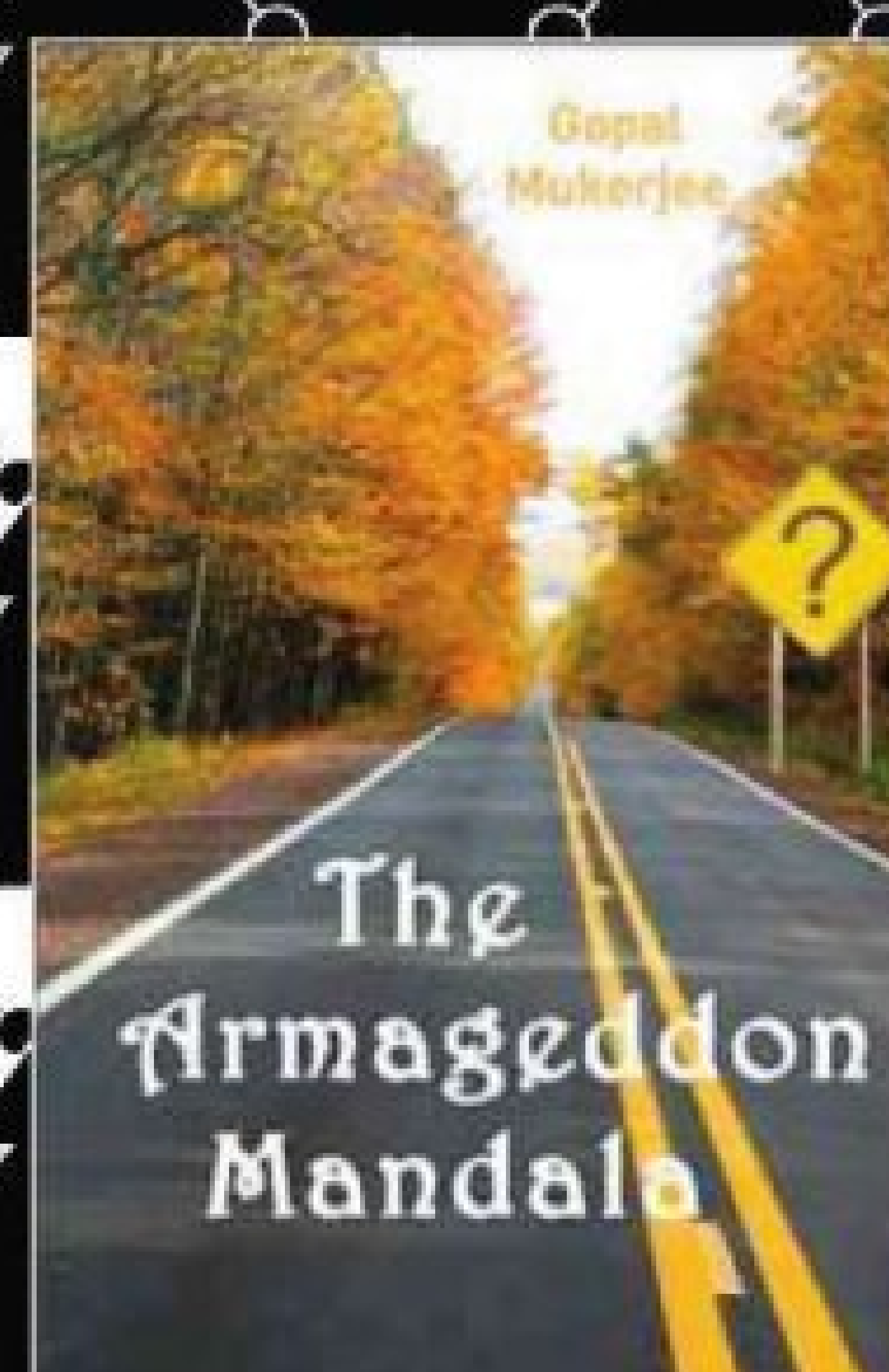
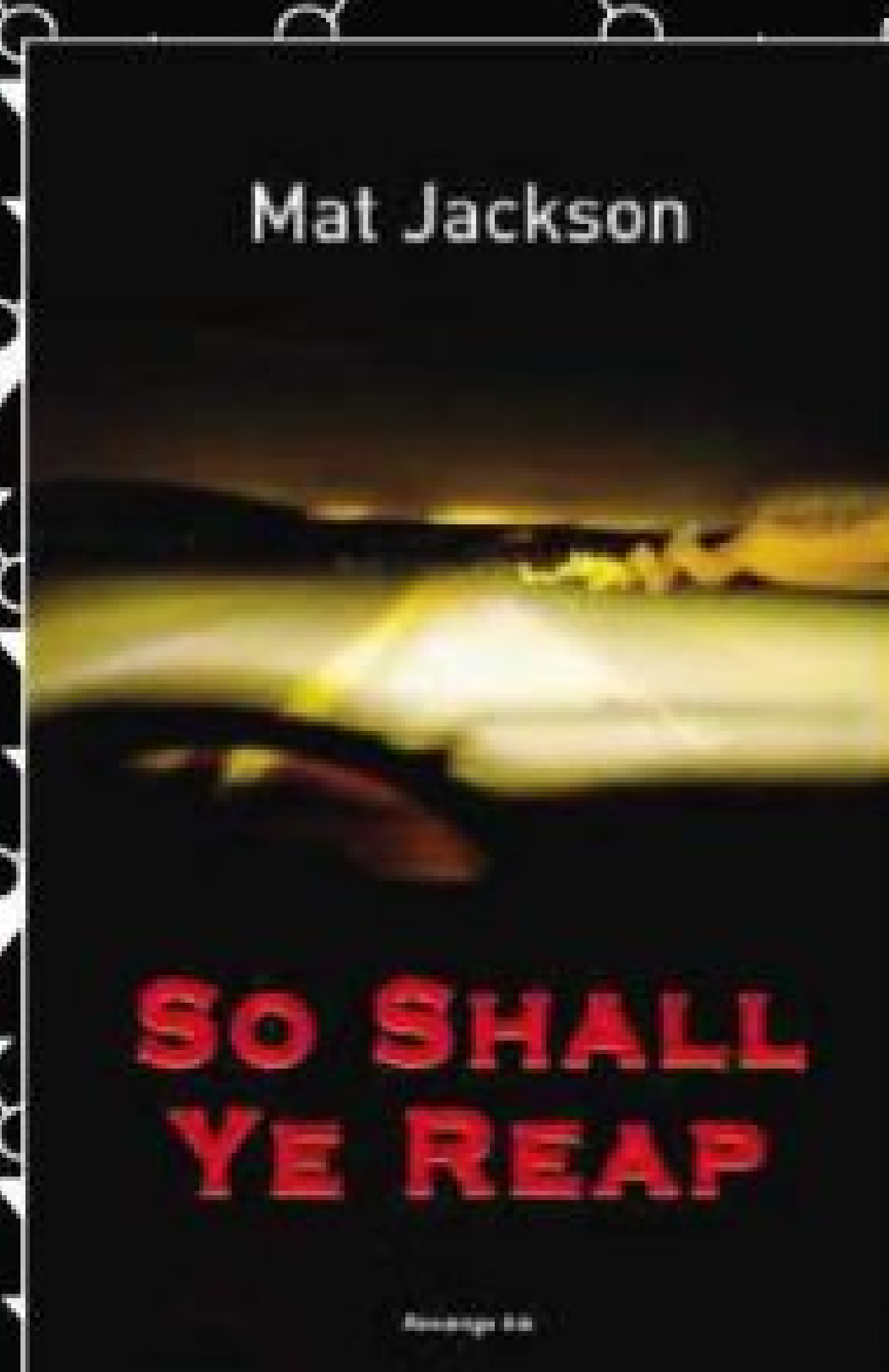
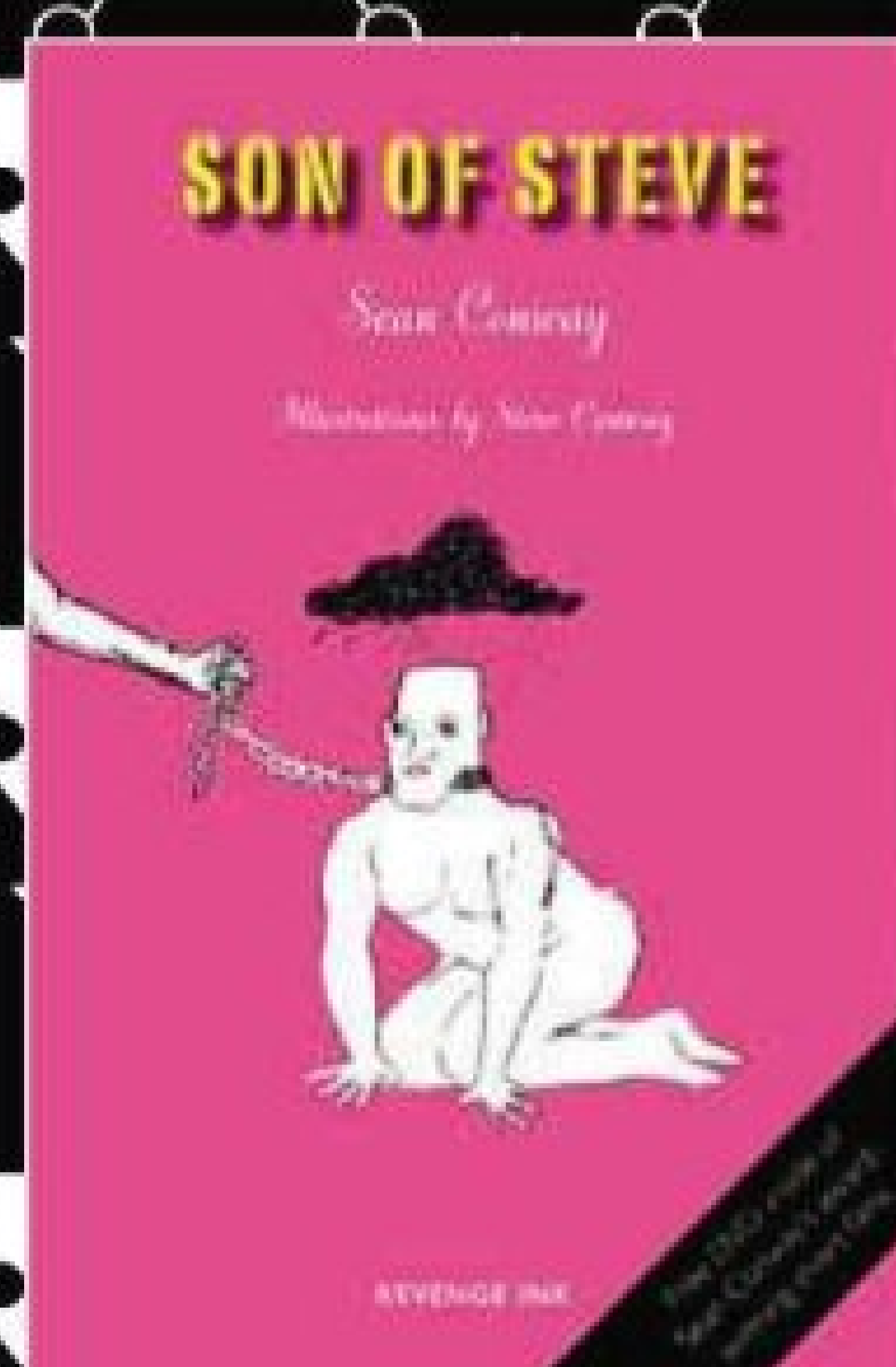
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Readers' ink'n'iron!

50 Readers' Art

YOUR twisted creations!

52 Ultra Vixens

Vote for **YOUR** favourite Bizarre gals and check out the brand new Ultra Vixens website!



Ultra Vixens



Parties



Your Body Art

Join us online at **YOUR BIZARRE** **It's FREE!**



Create your profile



Share pics, vids & blogs



Chat with other fiends

Attention!

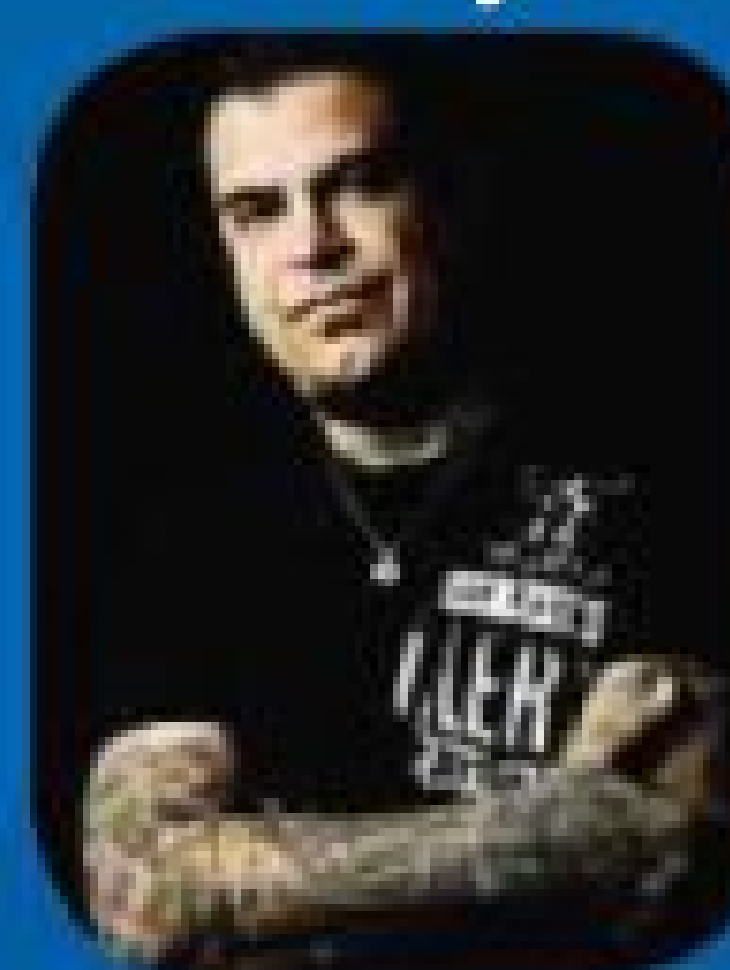
Each month, one of Bizarre's best friends pops onto YourBizarre to chat to all you freaks and geeks. For the latest updates on who's in the hot-seat this month, head to **Bizarremag.com**

Here are some of the stars who've already appeared in the YourBizarre chatroom for your entertainment...

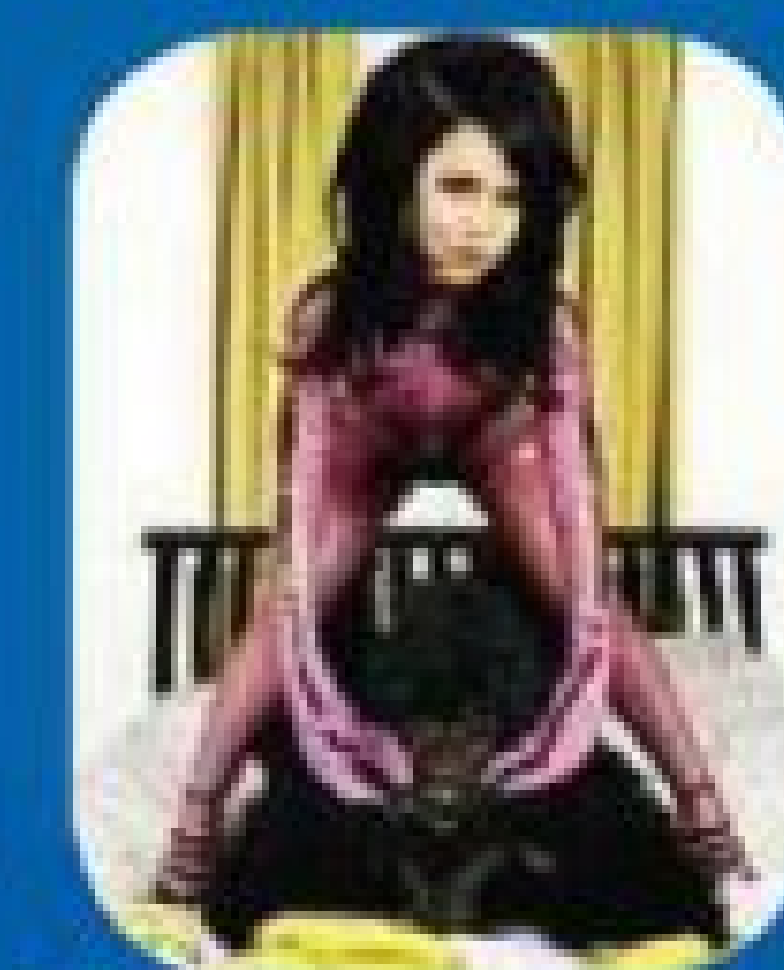
April Flores!



Phil Kyle!



Masumi Max!



LIVE CHAT

Chat with the folk who make **Bizarre!**

EVERY FRIDAY AT 4PM



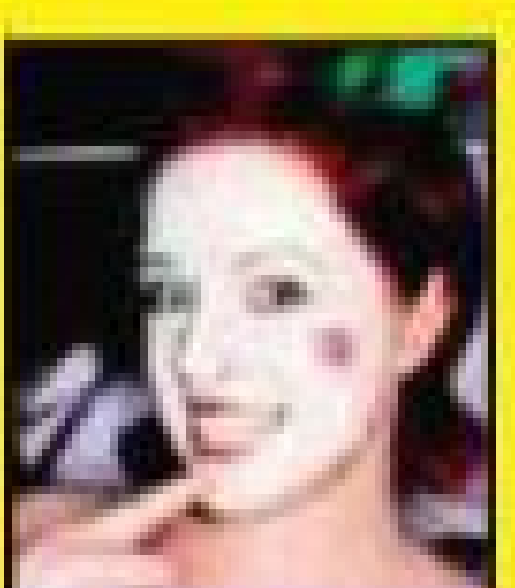
DAVE KELSALL



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SKULL SMASHER



ALIX_FOX



ELEANOR GOODMAN



DR. BLACK-THORN

Contact Bizarre

EMAIL AUNTIEDEN@DENNIS.CO.UK

POST BIZARRE, 30 CLEVELAND STREET, LONDON W1T 4JD

TEXT 82189* STARTING YOUR MESSAGE BIZ LETTER



I'M AUNTIE DEN, YOURBIZARRE'S COMMUNITY EDITOR! DON'T BE FOOLED BY MY PLAYBOY LOOKS - I'M A MEAN, LEAN, KILLING MACHINE, AND I'M HERE TO KEEP YOU LOT IN LINE. YOU'VE BEEN WARNED!

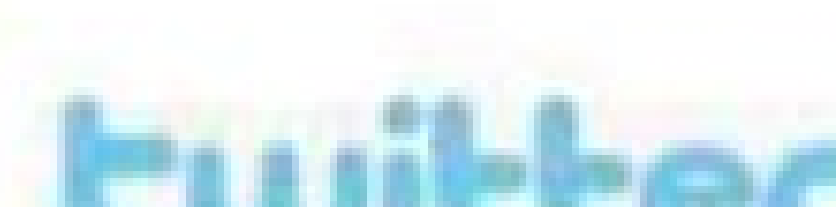
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BIZARRE Junk mail

EDITED BY AUNTIE DEN
AUNTIEDEN@DENNIS.CO.UK

FREE BOOZE!

Every month, the writer of our Dumpstar! letter wins a bottle of Sailor Jerry Spiced Rum, which will warm the cockles of the hardest of hearts!

Sailorjerry
rum.com



YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE...

I'd like to say "thank you" to my minty gimp lover – he smells of mint chocolate and loves the colour green. We've had a rough few months, and had to make some tough decisions, but he's been my rock throughout. I couldn't have asked for a better friend and partner. I hope you print this, as it will be an awesome surprise for him

when he reads the mag with me. Here's us at a party earlier in the year getting fruity in the kitchen (above)!

Oh, and please don't ever stop printing *Bizarre*, you've been our ray of sunshine in the stormy months.

Tiggz, by email



Dumpstar!

WE'LL TAKE ANY OLD CRAP!



HEAVY LOADER!

I wanted to share my latest crafting project with you: the power loader from *Aliens* (see below). I previously built a life-sized Queen Alien, and needed to make this to go with it. I was titillated by the idea that I might be the only person who's ever made a life-sized replica. Yes, I'm a geek!

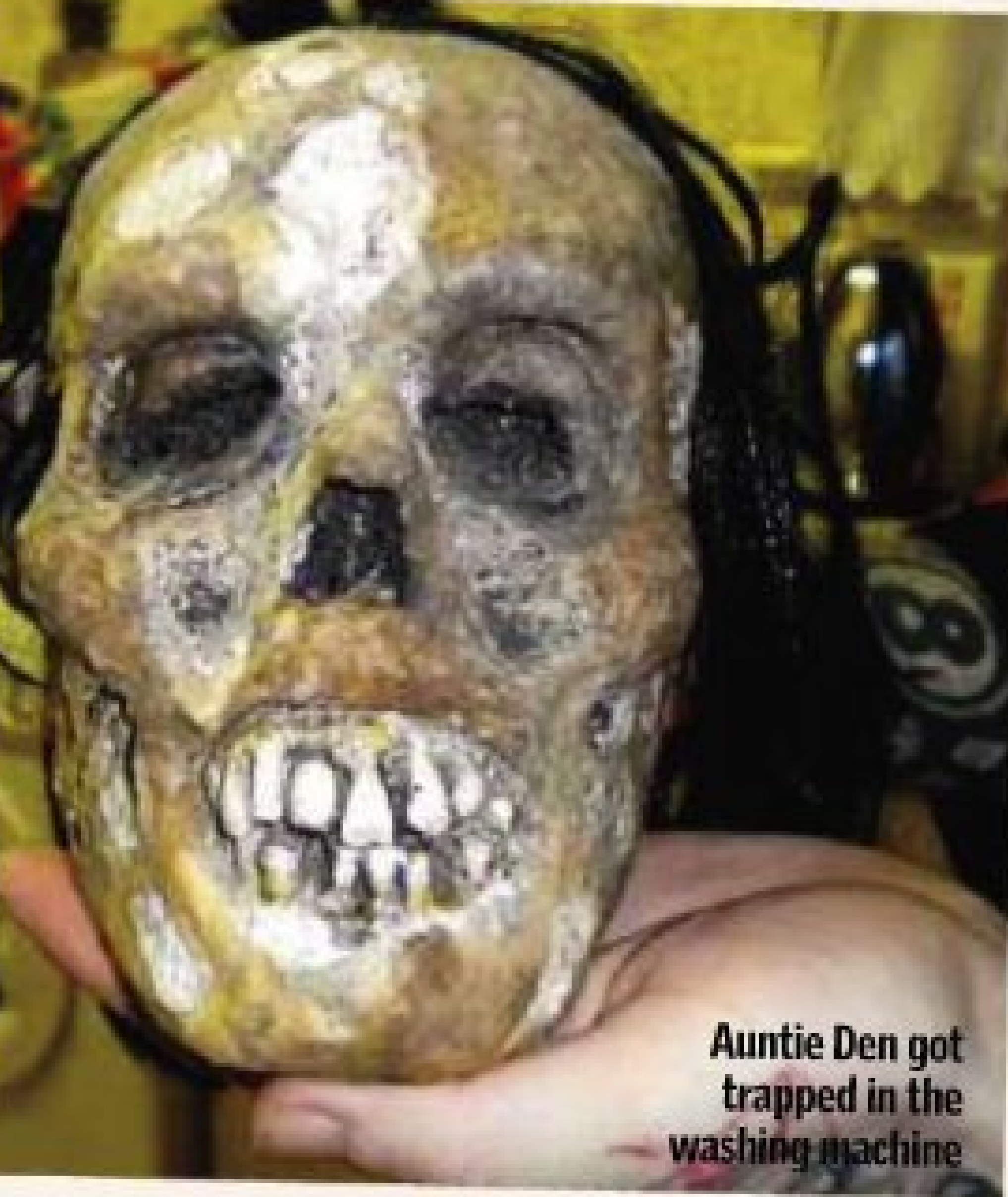
To make it, I took screen stills from the movie, then looked at behind-the-scenes photos, which showed more of the suit used in the film. I crafted it from various materials; mainly foam boards, PVC piping, and hot glue. It was exciting to watch my power loader becoming more and more similar to the original as my work progressed.

I made it in two weeks during my summer break from college, and I'd say that was a darn good use of two weeks. My next project will be to make the alien warrior costume from *Aliens*, and I can't wait to craft an *Aliens*-themed haunted house in my garage that'll scare the shit out of people who come to visit.

Alex Walton, by email

Auntie Den says: These wonderful creations of yours have brought back fond memories for me, Alex. The Alien Queen reminds me of my late Aunt Hilda (those teeth gave me nightmares for years), and the power loader closely resembles the first sex toy I ever brought. I still have the scars. Thanks for sharing them!

What happens if you take away the ladder?



Auntie Den got trapped in the washing machine

HEAD CASE

Here's a lovely decomposing head my wife bought in a little shop in a side street in Exeter (above). It's the perfect present for me as I love to collect skulls and anything to do with them. At the moment, I have 30-40 skulls of different sizes. I thought *Bizarre* would appreciate this rotting one!

Tattoo666, via YourBizarre



PROUD PIG

I met this guy outside a shopping centre in Cork, Ireland, and asked him to pose for a pic with me (above). I think he was campaigning for something to do with students and gay pride. I got a free sticker out of it.

William Dowling, by email

DOLLY MIXTURE

In 'Letters' *Bizarre 131*, you printed a picture of me wearing a rubber doll suit. Well, things have moved on a bit since then. Recently my girlfriend and I were playing around, dressing up in various rubber outfits, taking pictures,

BUY CURIOUS

Everyone's a winner...

... well, not really!

In *Bizarre 168*, we asked you to send us a picture of what you think your bowels would look like if they were alive. One was on a roller skate...



← WINNER!

Ralph Barker, Surrey, beat the rest with an arse pipe in shoes.

RUNNERS-UP

Two shits short of a win are **Chloe, Lincolnshire** and **Helen Shanan, Bingham**. Clench your cheeks and run on over to **p36** to see what bollocks we want you to draw for us this month!



twitter

Your sweet tweets...

The awesomeness of Bizarre Ball Manchester has convinced me to go to the London one!
@FelixLiqueur

A day of wandering around Newtown, in inappropriate attire with my favourite sexes, new stilettos and winding down with *Bizarre*.
@anglefxck11

Hurrah for my monthly bolus of girly blood and gore. No, not my period, my *Bizarre* subscription
@SerinCMB

A ghost let my chinchillas out of their cage once. Damn ghost.
@cuckoowrasse

I asked for the Tiger Lillies at the London Ball, you got them. My hero!
@old_no_7_brand

facebook

Shooting my 'Spunk Breath' necklace tonight to send to *Bizarre*. Watch out, world!

Lady Hollywood

Maybe I'm getting soft in my old age, but the image of the guy frazzled in the 110 degree sauna (*Bizarre 169*) turned my stomach!

Valentina Velvet

I never knew *Bizarre* was on Facebook. I have every issue from No.1 Love it!

David Forem

We had an amazing time at the Manchester Bizarre Ball. Thanks to everyone who came down to see us!

Obsessive Compulsive

Don't be scared. I'm your friend.

Peter Bryant



when I noticed my copy of *Bizarre* on the side and thought, "let's get some pics of this". So here is one of the photos we got that day (above). The rest of the outfit consists of a femskin and a silicone female mask that I made myself. I hope you like it.

Chi, by email

WHERE'S THE LOVE?

The *Bizarre* community has supported those who are 'Proud To Be Different' for some time now, but in Sara Bellisio's letter (*Bizarre 168*), she criticised people within the community for the way they look. Since I have a functioning

sense of proportion I won't say she's as bad as the mongrels who took Sophie Lancaster's life, but she seems to share a worryingly similar 'you're-not-one-of-us' mentality to them.

This kind of animosity damages us all. Your coverstar competition winners Vivi and Fae, and the others Sara lumped together, chose to be part of the alt.community because of their looks and their attitude, and rejecting people from our community will only divide it further. That's the last thing any of us need.

Droogie, by email



MATURE MUNCH

I was sharing a packet of Love Hearts with my husband, and we chomped through sweets with the usual messages of "Be Mine", "Let's Dance", and "Yours Forever", when we came across one that read "Granny P" (below, left). We couldn't stop laughing!

Sarah Trim, by email

Auntie Den says: Thank fuck it didn't say "Baby P".

The Warehouse

By Carl Huber

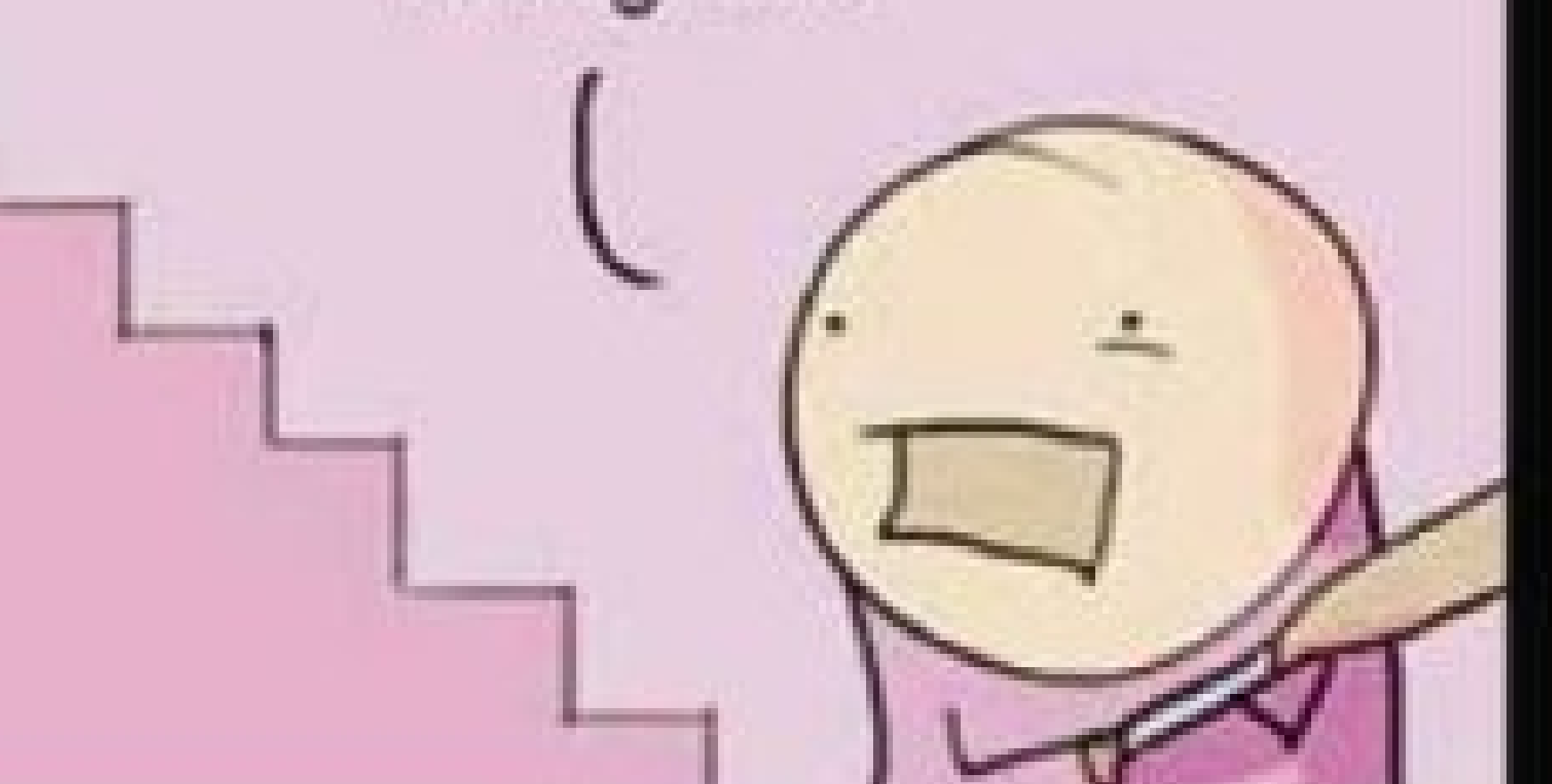
WAREHOUSECOMIC.COM

ALL YOUR BASEMENT ARE BELONG TO US

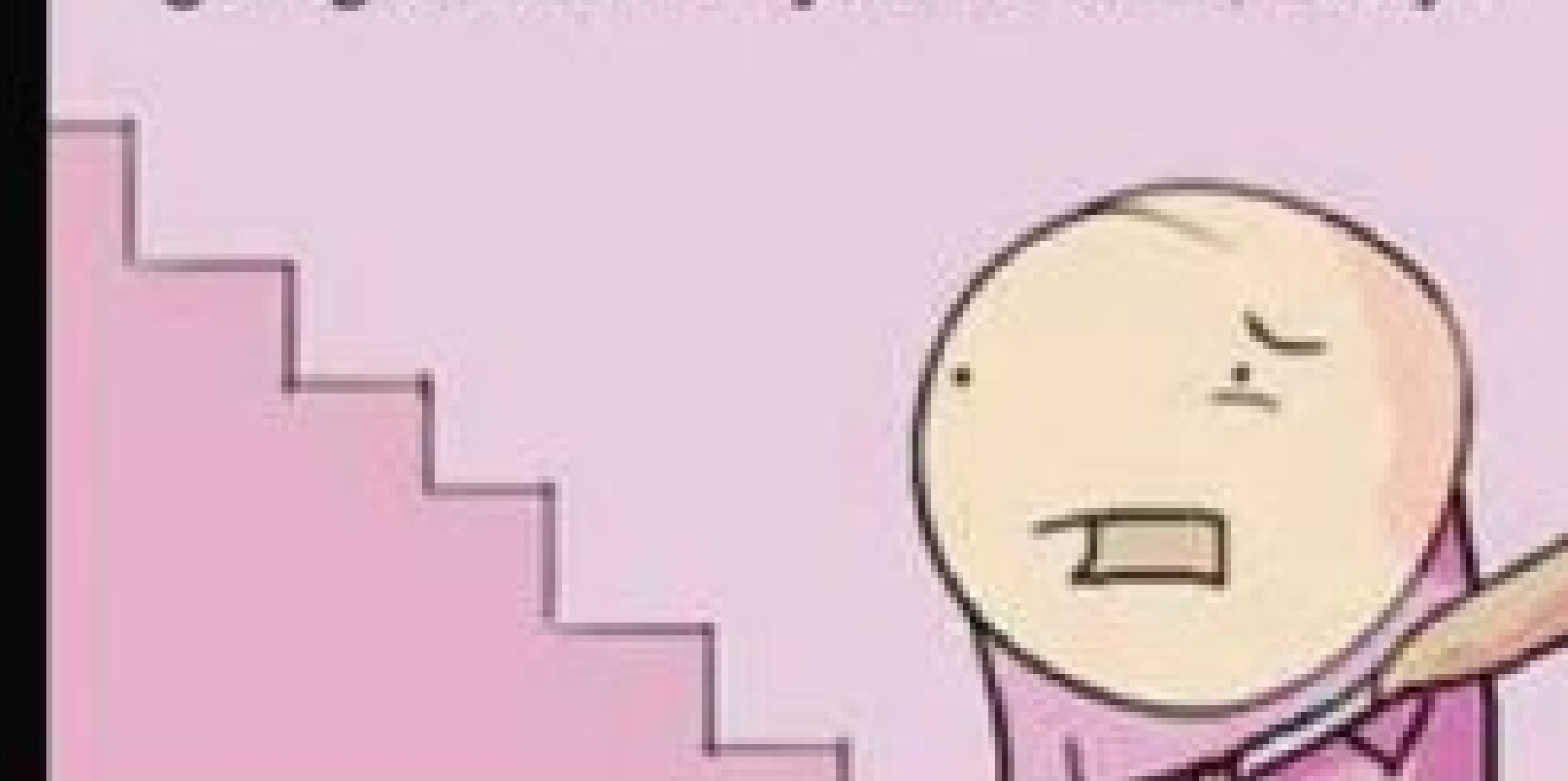
For the last time, Gary, there was NO Zombie Apocalypse last week! The cable just went out for a few hours!



That's just a dirty zombie trick to get me up there. I'm not falling for it!



Well, suit yourself. I'm just going to borrow your X-Box, okay?



The hell you wi- dangit. Heh. Win-win for me.





Weirdo. Moshers. Freak.

In her new book, journalist Catherine Smyth throws up questions about Sophie's death

WORDS DENISE STANBOROUGH

WHEN A PUBLISHER APPROACHED

Lancashire-based reporter Catherine Smyth to write a book on the brutal murder of Sophie Lancaster, she initially declined. But her long-standing professional involvement with the case made her a perfect candidate for the job, and she eventually changed her mind.

In her own words, Catherine tells *Bizarre* how she felt about writing her book, *Weirdo. Moshers. Freak.* (If Only They'd Stopped At Name Calling), and asks new questions about Sophie's death.

"I wouldn't have written *Weirdo. Moshers. Freak.* unless I'd been involved with this case from the start. And if I hadn't written it from that perspective, I'd have just been compiling a stack of court reports and newspaper articles. Anyone could've done that.

"It all started when I got a phone call on 12 August 2007. It was a Sunday morning – the day after Sophie and Rob were attacked. There had been an incident in Bacup Park and all I knew was it was a serious assault. I live near Bacup, so that night I headed down to the park to see if I could find out more. Weirdly, there was no police tape, and no officers around. It was like nothing had happened. I awoke the next day to the news, and learnt that two people had been severely beaten there.

"When I was approached by a publisher to write a book on the case, I wondered where to start. I'd kept a lot of the newspaper clippings I'd written for the *Rossendale Free Press* newspaper about the case, and I began researching Bacup's history and crime record. I also started reading through transcripts of the calls taken by an ambulance controller,

Bizarre's Proud To Be Different campaign was launched in response to the death of Sophie Lancaster (right), the 21-year-old from Bacup, Lancashire, who was attacked for dressing as a goth. Contribute to our forum at Tinyurl.com/proudforum or write to us at the usual postal address (see p5). The forum is a safe place for readers to share experiences and offer support.



MAKE A DIFFERENCE

The S.O.P.H.I.E. fund stands for Stamp Out Prejudice, Hatred and Intolerance Everywhere. It raises awareness of the injustice perpetrated against Sophie and works towards a more tolerant, less violent society. To make a donation, go to Sophielancasterfoundation.com



Catherine's clippings: She has followed the case since the beginning

'I CAN'T BURY MY SOPHIE'

See page 5

New heartache for mum

EXCLUSIVE
by Catherine Smyth

THE grieving mother of park attack victim Sophie Lancaster has spoken about her new heartache after being told it will be her last year

walking in Stubbslee Park, Bacup, with her boyfriend Robert Maltby on 11 August. She died nearly two weeks later in Hope Hospital, Salford, after life support

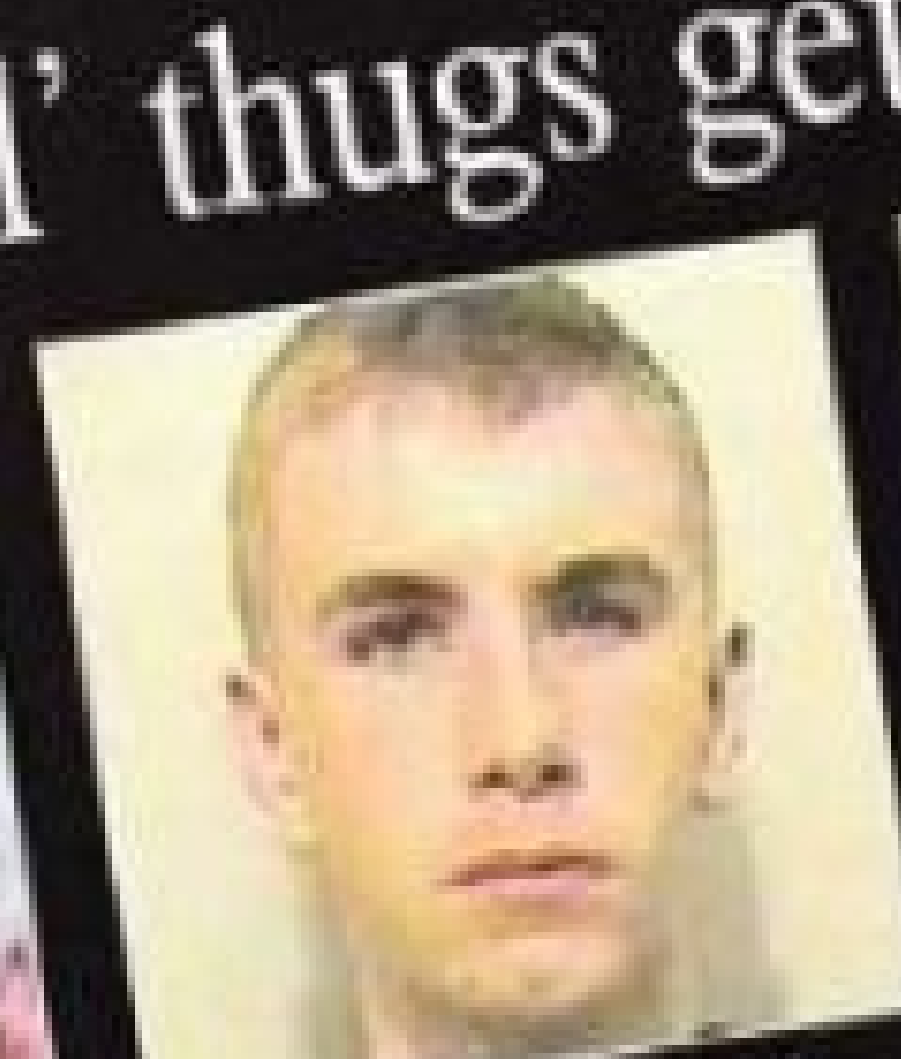
Sophie was hoping to progress into. The former Haslingden High School pupil was set to start an English degree this month at Accrington and Rossendale College. She moved into a

Stacksteads mum Kelly is organising a vigil for Sophie on Saturday at the town's Club from 7pm to 10pm. The vigil will be held at the town's Club from 7pm to 10pm.

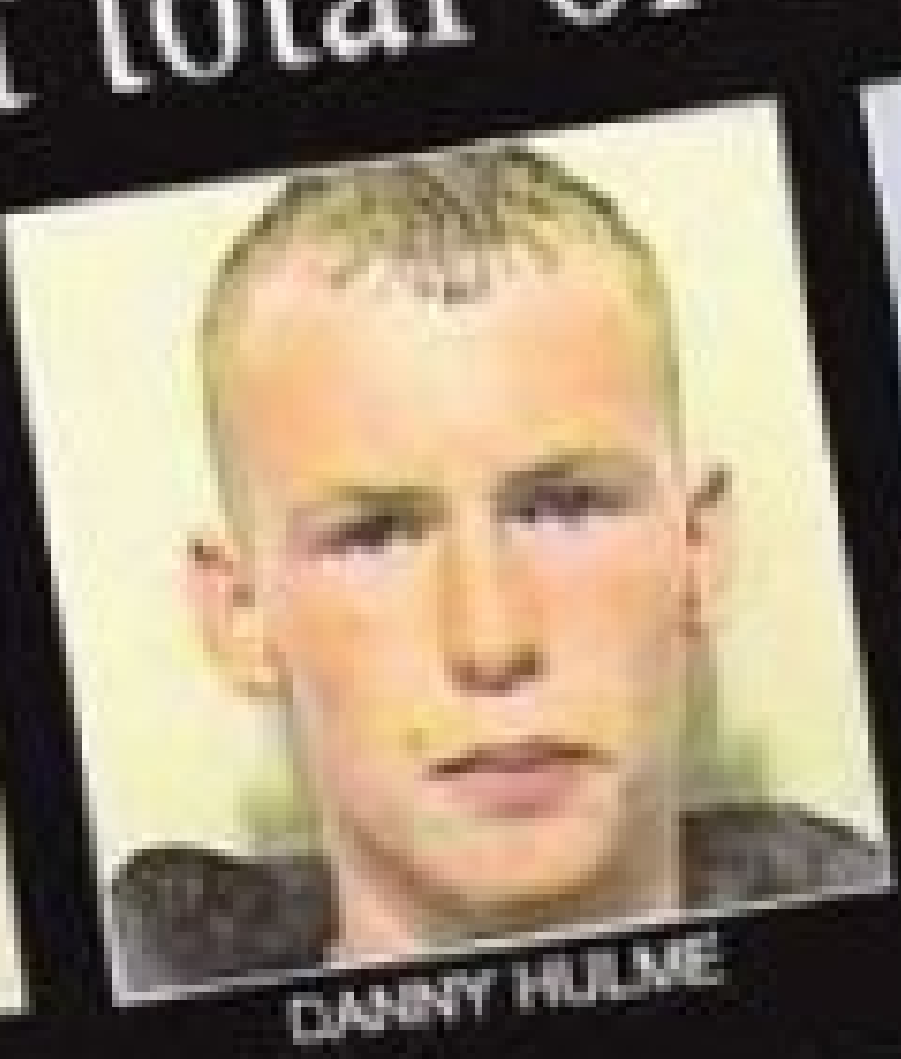
Two killers locked up for life and three other 'feral' thugs get total of 16 years



BRENDAN HARRIS



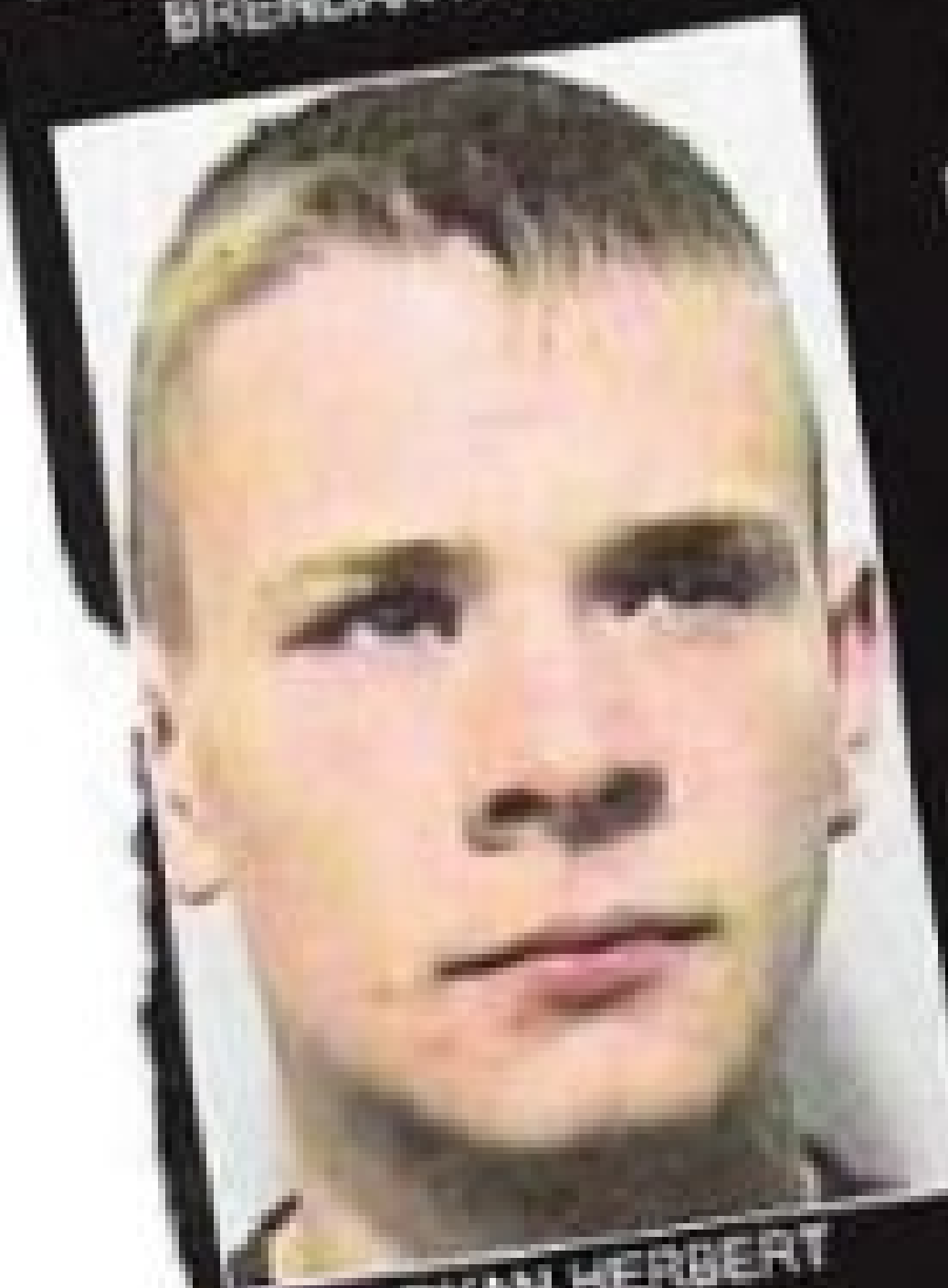
DANIEL MALLET



DANNY HULME



JOSEPH HULME



RYAN HERBERT

HATE CRIME

THE family of murdered Sophie Lancaster hope judge who

Harris to be detained for a minimum of 20 years and Ryan Herbert for at least 16 years and three months only

on Robert, 21, in the attack, at Stubbslee Park, Bacup, for which they received a concurrent sentence of 16 years and 16 months

by Catherine Smyth

from two teenagers who were at the scene of the attack. What I read made me suspicious that the emergency services had failed to adequately respond to the incident.

"The ambulance controller received two calls from a boy at the scene. In the first call, the boy gave his location and mentioned Bacup six times. When the lad made his second call, the controller asked him three times if he was in Bacup, or the nearby town of Waterfoot. I couldn't understand why he'd asked him that, given that Waterfoot hadn't been mentioned before.

"To find out more, I made a freedom of information request to the Ambulance Service. After much stalling, they responded with the claim that the ambulance was in Stackstead ambulance station when they got the first call. It was mobilised at 1.18am, but it didn't get to Bacup park until 1.32am. The park is only a mile away from the ambulance station, so my question is, where did they go for 14 minutes? I believe they went to Waterfoot instead. Unofficially I've been told by several ambulance men that I'm right, but unfortunately no-one will go on record to confirm that.

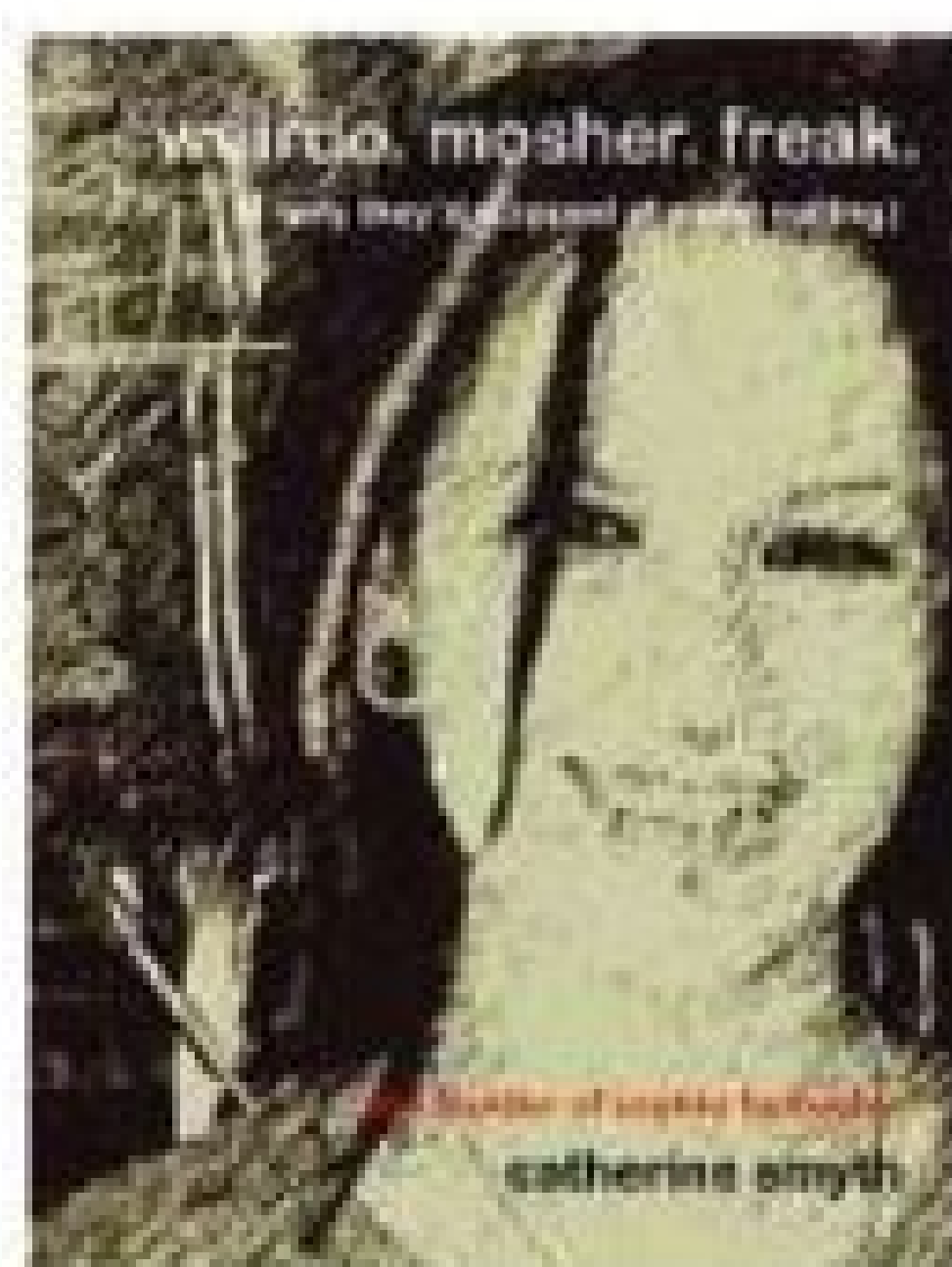
"I've spoken to Sophie's mum Sylvia Lancaster about the book and my findings, and we both feel there are now more questions that need answers than ever before. I believe it's possible that the emergency services' dispatch to the wrong location may have cost Sophie her life. If the ambulance had gone to Stubbylee Park immediately, when it was

sent out, the sustained attack on Sophie and Rob might have been interrupted. The ambulance service emphatically deny they went to the wrong place, and they've provided me with two reports documenting different call times. As a result, I've made an official complaint to the Information Commission.

"Although Sophie's mother Sylvia told me I was the best person to write this book, we certainly haven't agreed on everything I've put in it. For instance, I feel the *Dark Angel* video about the attack, made by make-up brand Illamasqua, isn't a fair representation of what happened. It's skillful and polished, but it's wrong.

"Ultimately, I hope the book will alert people to what actually happened, and I think it's a wake up call for Bacup, too. Writing it has been cathartic, but I won't stop until I get adequate answers to my questions."

A spokesperson for The North West Ambulance Service says: "We are currently liaising with the Information Commission with regards to this case and therefore are not able to discuss the incident in detail."



To find out more about Catherine, check out Catherinesmyth.co.uk. To buy *Weirdo, Mosher, Freak*, visit Pomonauk.com. A third of profits from the book will go to the Sophie Lancaster Foundation.



SAMARITANS

Samaritans has become the official charity partner of Proud To Be Different!

HOW CAN YOU HELP? There are 201 branches of Samaritans in the UK and Republic of Ireland, and volunteers are contacted more than five million times a year by people in emotional distress. In order to maintain a 24-hour service for its callers, the charity needs to raise more than £10m every year. To make a donation to Samaritans call **08709 00 00 32** or visit Samaritans.org

SHOW YOUR SUPPORT

BUY BIZARRE'S PROUD TO BE DIFFERENT BADGE AND HELP STAMP OUT PREJUDICE

Buy yours for just £1 and pledge your allegiance to our Proud To Be Different cause. The profits from each badge will be donated to the S.O.P.H.I.E. charity, which is dedicated to working towards a more tolerant, less violent society.

To get yours, visit Backstreet-merch.com/stores/bizarremag

To find out more about the S.O.P.H.I.E. fund, check out Sophielancasterfoundation.com



NEXT MONTH!

**BIZARRE 171
ON SALE
21 DECEMBER**



PICTURE:

AMINA MUNSTER!

RED-HOT ALT.GIRL TALKS TO BIZARRE ABOUT **TATTOOS, AMPUTEE FETISHISTS** AND HER **INCREDIBLE INKED PROSTHETIC LEG!**



PICTURE: MADAY NEUHAUS

SAINT OF DEATH!

BIZARRE GOES UNDERCOVER IN MEXICO TO MEET THE SCOUNDRELS WHO WORSHIP **SANTA MUERTE!**

PLUS!

- SUPER-SEXY COVERSHOOT WITH THE DELECTABLE **ALEX SIM-WISE!**
- SEE BIZARRE GET A PIPE UP ITS BUM IN OUR **MEDICAL FETISH SPECIAL!**
- THE WORLD'S MOST **AMAZING PHOTOS!**
- BIZARRE'S **HOTTEST READERS** VAMPING IT UP FOR YOUR PLEASURE!

Parties

WORDS **ELEANOR GOODMAN**
PHOTOS **SHIRLAINE FORREST; TOM MARTIN; JOSEPH O'BRIEN**

DETAILS

VENUE: The Ritz, Manchester

DATE: 18 September

WEB: Bizarremag.com

THE WEATHER WAS GRIM WHEN

Bizarre rocked up to Manchester, but you guys brought glitter, glamour, and fake blood galore to the first ever northern Bizarre Ball!

Amazing music on the Jägermeister stage came from snarling grungers Obsessive Compulsive, steel city freaks Rolo Tomassi and weird-rockers The Eighties Matchbox B-Line Disaster.

Between bands, *Bizarre's* glorious hosts Alix Fox and Desmond O'Connor bounced off each other like an explosion in a tennis ball factory, Lola Pops popped balloons strapped to her bits, and The Circus Of Horrors made us swoon, scream and swear with their Hula-Hooping and hoverboard-hopping.

Upstairs, our hot Ultra Vixens posted for saucy snaps in the *Texas Chain Saw Massacre*-themed photobooth, while Jägerettes were on hand with our favourite poison.

After midnight, superstar DJs Simon Price and Cherry Foxxx spun everything from T-Rex to 'Rock Lobster', and had us writhing like animals on an alcohol-smeared dancefloor.

Can we come back, please?

BIZARRE BALL MANCHESTER

HOLD STILL!
I'VE JUST SHIT
MY LYCRA!

Dr Haze from
The Circus Of Horrors
is flamin' awesome!

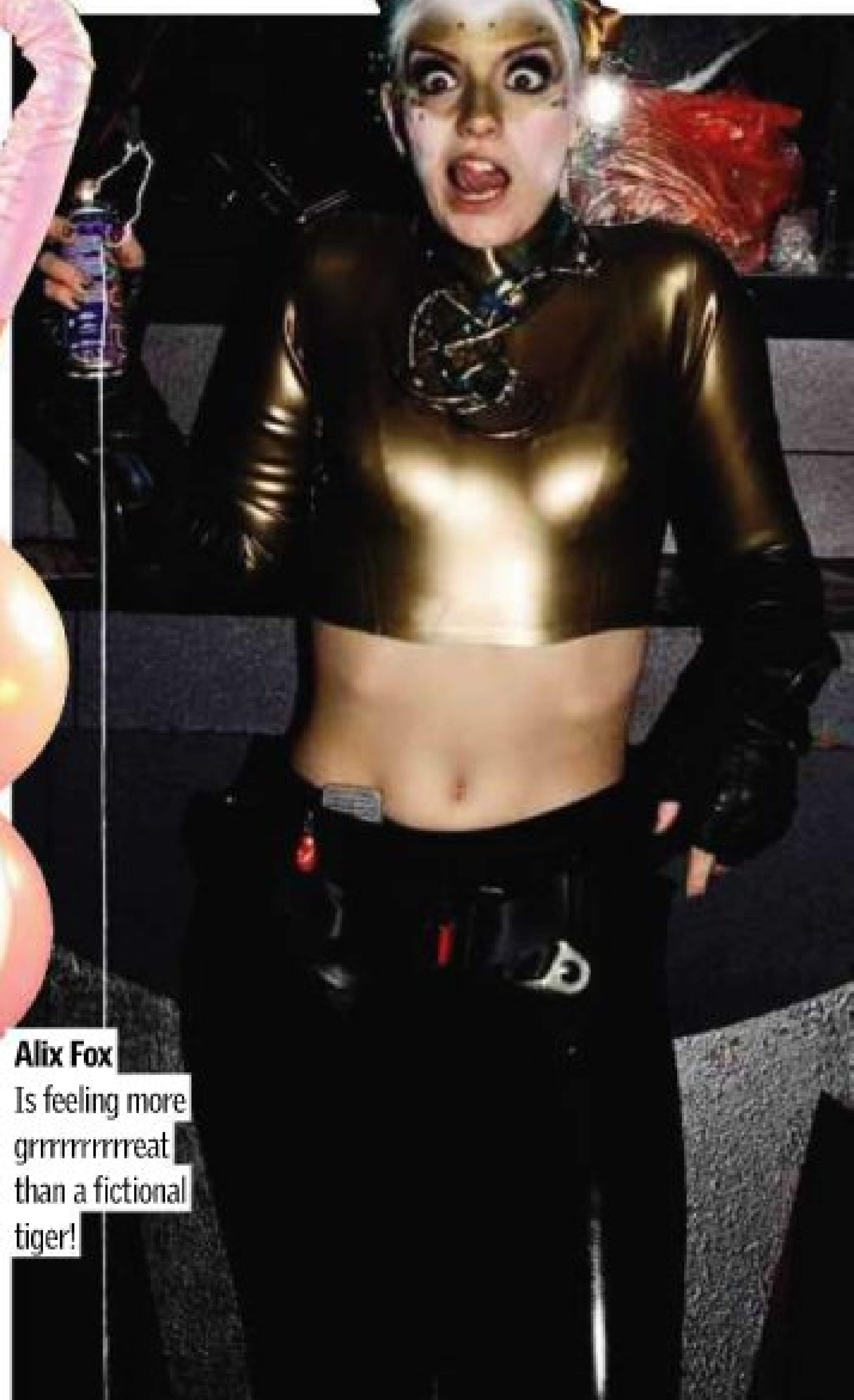
More pics online at
Bizarremag.com



Desmond O'Connor acquaints himself with sexy Ultra Vixens Lady Noctis and Červená Fox



Lola Pops
feels peckish



Alix Fox
Is feeling more
grrrrrrreat
than a fictional
tiger!



WANT US TO PHOTOGRAPH YOUR PARTY?

Email
Your Bizarre@dennis.co.uk
or text 82189*, starting
your message
BIZ LETTER

The gang were jealous of their mate's gold hotpants



"We made these outfits ourselves! We're happy!"



Eva Spence from Rolo Tomassi

"We had some Jägerbombs before we played. It was great to see people dressed up!"



Two painted ladies cuddle up



You lot love shaking your tail feathers!



Kelii from Obsessive Compulsive
opens wide



They'd run out of tape by the time they got to her bum



"Look into my eyesssss!"



The Day Of The Dead finally hit Manchester



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Ultra Vixens



Thanks to our amazing Ultra Vixens, MollieHellCat, Felix Liqueur, Červená Fox, Miss Malice, Gypsy Rhodes, Bea Sinful, Lady Noctis, Zombie Candy, Collette Von Tora, and Alexa Star! They posed for pics wearing their sexy personalised T-shirts from ShotDeadInTheHead.com



Nurse and patient engage in some blood play



The Scarecrow and Freddie get murderous



It's good to get pout and about



Pete from
Obsessive Compulsive
loses his head



Lona from The Circus
Of Horrors performs
an impressive
Hula Hoop routine

A special thank you to...

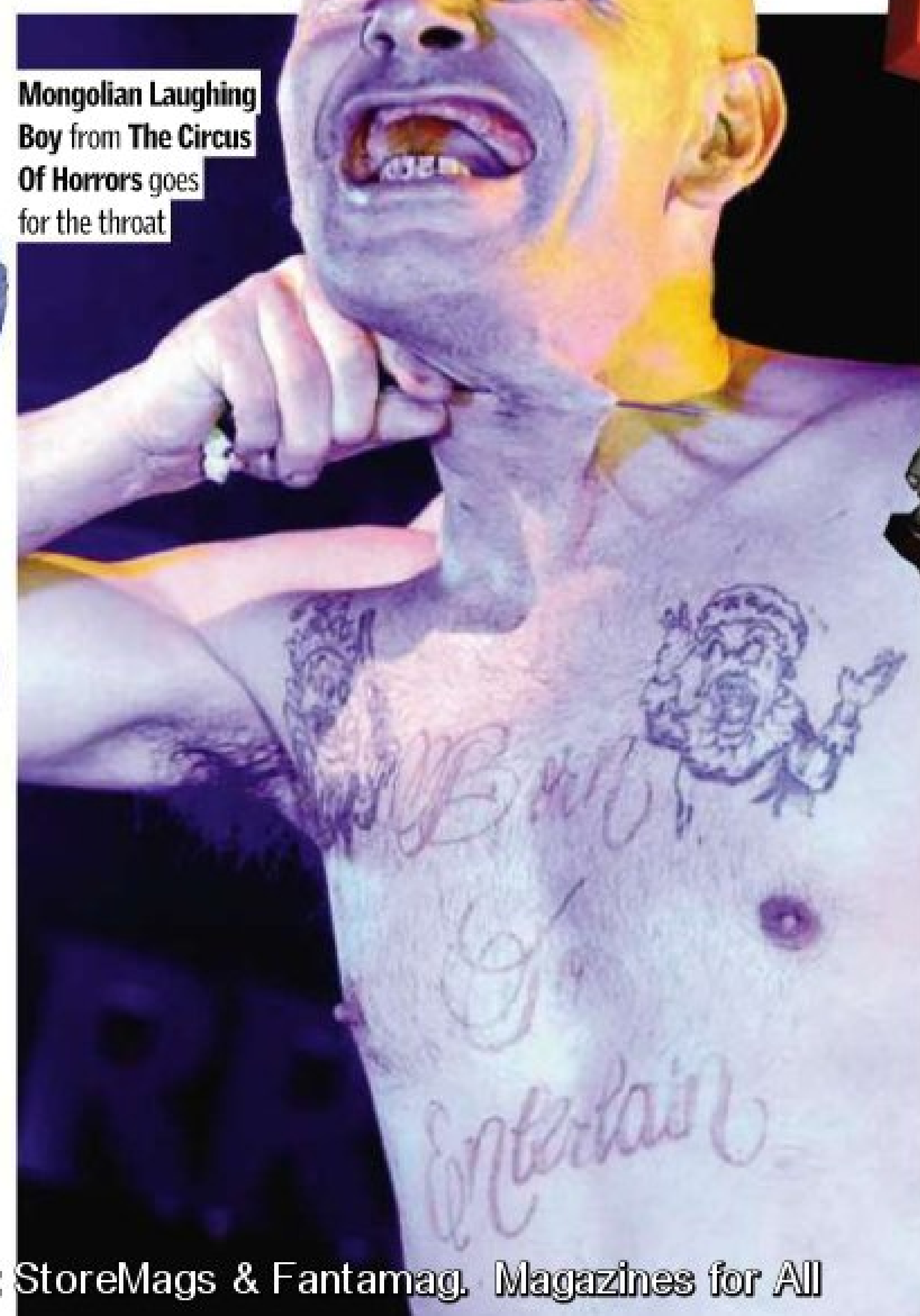
Our brilliant main
stage sponsors,
Jägermeister – whose
Jägerettes kept
us well-lubed with
alcohol – and the good
folk at British porn
channel Television X.



Jägermeister



The Smurfs
"We dress like Smurfs
a lot, and we've already
been in Bizarre!"



Mongolian Laughing
Boy from The Circus
Of Horrors goes
for the throat



YOUR Body Art

READER TATTS AND BODY MODS

BIZARRE CLASH OF THE TATTS 2011

FLASH YOUR INK AND BE A BIZARRE WINNER!

BIZARRE HAS TEAMED UP, once again, with the incredible Brighton Tattoo Convention to find the most original, weird and inspiring tattoos in the UK. **BE WARNED!** You might have a lovely bit of tribal work or a pretty pin-up gal, but this competition is only concerned with unique, mind-blowing body art that you won't find anywhere else!

LAST YEAR'S
WINNER



WHAT YOU WIN!

Finalists will win the opportunity to show off their ink in front of a judging panel at the Brighton Tattoo Convention, 29-30 January 2011*, and the ultimate winner will bag themselves a tattoo to the value of £200 by London Ink's Phil Kyle! The winner and runners-up will have their work showcased in *Bizarre*, so don't miss the chance to show off your ink to the world!

HOW TO ENTER

Email a clear pic of your ink – along with a photograph of your face – to **YOURBODYARTCOMP@DENNIS.CO.UK**. Also include your name and address, along with these details about your tattoo:

Who did it?

What is it?

Why did you choose it?

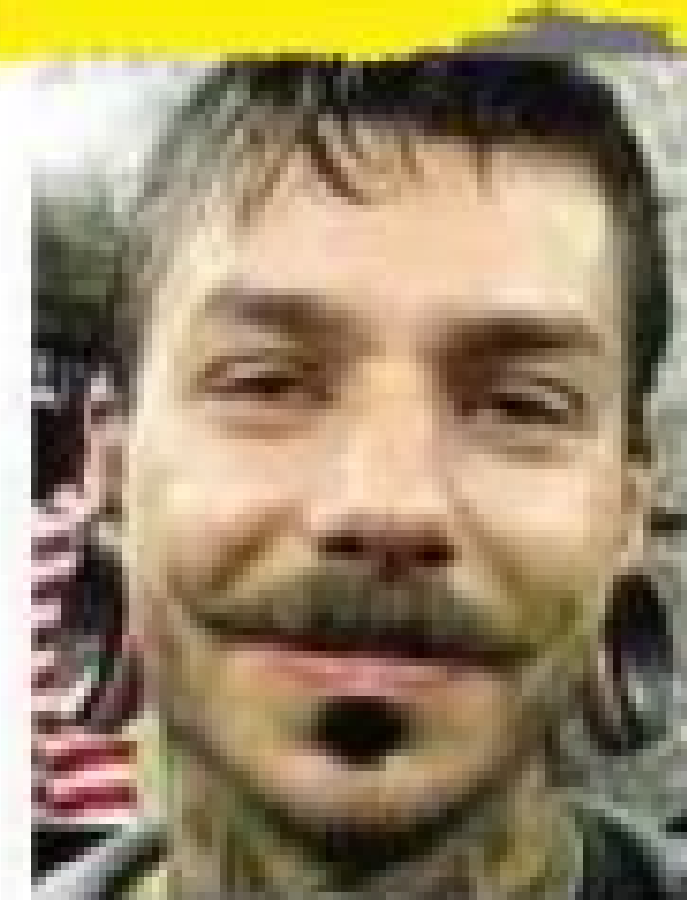
All details must be included. No headshot, no entry into the competition. The competition is only open to entrants over 18 years old. Dems the rules!

For more information on the Brighton Tattoo Convention, go to Brightontattoo.com

*All finalists will have to make their own way to Brighton for the tattoo convention - Bizarre cannot pay for transport or accommodation. Sorry!



SAM LONDON



WHO DID THEM?

I did.

WHAT ARE THEY?

Stretched lobes.

WHY DID YOU

CHOOSE THEM? I like the way they look, but it's a lot harder to do them on yourself because when it hurts you stop. It's taken four or five years to get them to this size, so it's a long process that requires patience.

WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET

FROM PEOPLE? I don't go out in public often but, when I do, people gawp at me. I've been like this for so long, I don't notice anymore. The most common insult people use is "freak".

GOT ANY MORE PLANNED?

It's likely I'll have more because I'm a body piercer, so I do a lot of my own mods. I split my tongue with a pair of nail scissors.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT

HAVING THEM? The chicks dig them!

FEMKE VERSTRAETE LOPPEM, BELGIUM



WHO DID IT? Jay Jay from Blood Brothers Tattoo, London.

WHAT IS IT?

Lady Frankenstein with the words, 'Beauty Queen' underneath.

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT? I think the beauty of a person lies within. Real beauty is not what you look like, but how you interact with other people.

WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET

FROM PEOPLE? A lot of people love my tattoos and say they're art, but many people look at me like I'm a freak. Once a lady said, "You're so pretty, why did you do this?" But it just made me laugh.

WHAT DO YOUR FAMILY THINK

ABOUT IT? My dad ignores every new piece I get, but my mum loves it! She's proud to have me as her daughter and loves to tell people about my tattoos.

GOT ANY MORE PLANNED?

I'm planning to get a vampire lady with the word 'Depression', and a vampire man with the word 'Obsession', with a mirror inked between them.





**SASKIA
DERBY**

WHO DID IT? Theresa Gordon Wade at Lifetime Tattoo, Derby.

WHAT IS IT? A fantasy back piece

WHY DID YOU CHOOSE IT? It's inspired by artist Boris Vallejo, who also photographs bodybuilders. He loves the way female bodybuilders have power and strength, but retain their femininity, and he turns them into fantasy figures. I love his style and asked Theresa to put her own spin on it. It's a one-off.

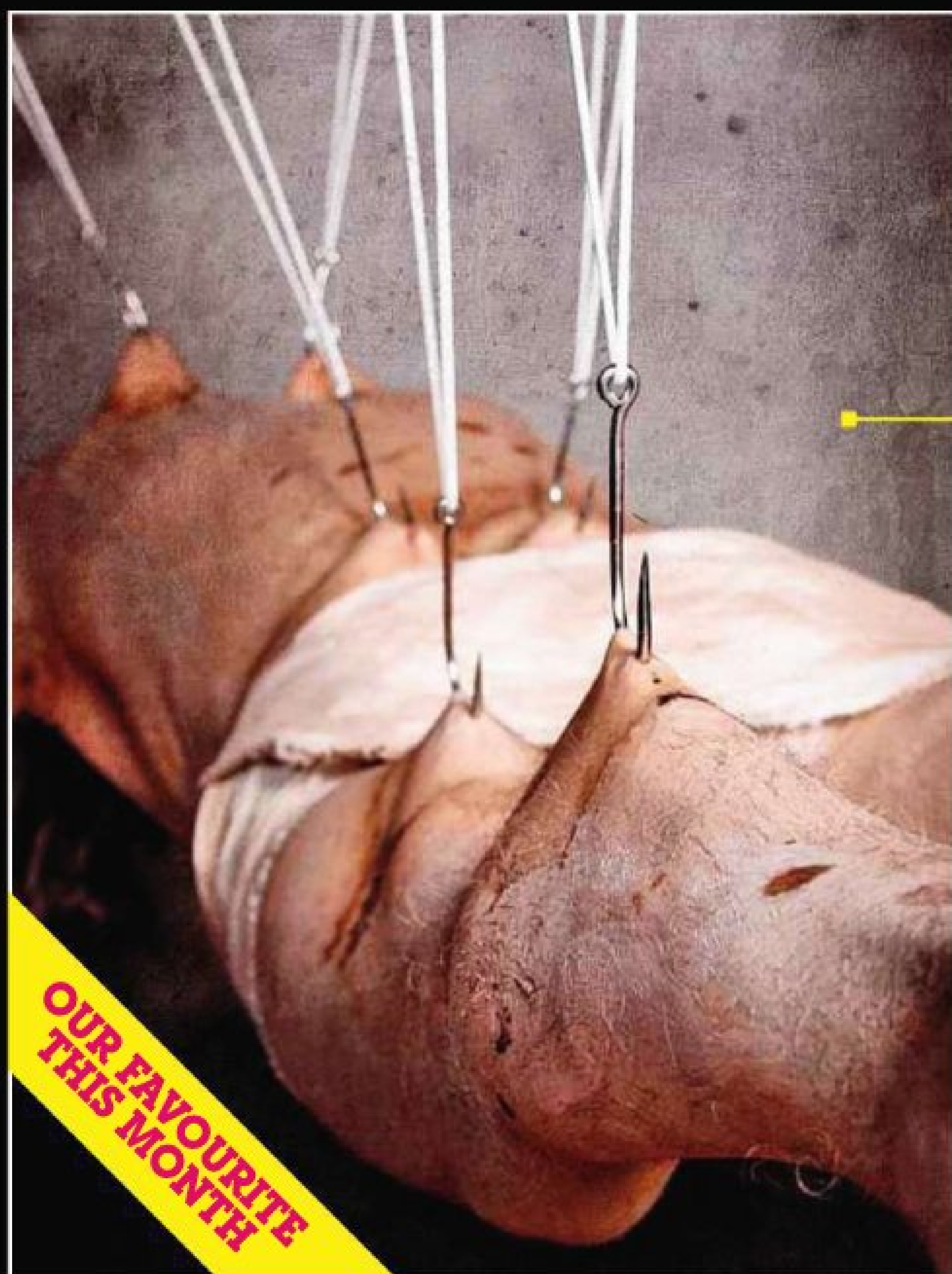
WHAT RESPONSE DO YOU GET FROM PEOPLE? No matter where I go, I get stopped by people.

WHAT DO YOUR FAMILY THINK ABOUT IT? They're not into tattoos, but they appreciate the artwork.

WHAT DO YOU LIKE ABOUT HAVING TATTOOS? I don't like the pain, that's for sure! When I got my ribs tattooed, they bruised instantly. But I love being a human canvas and letting other people appreciate the art.

Readers' Art

YOUR DOODLES AND MASTERPIECES



Gabriel Hunter

Austin, Texas, USA

"This is an ugly little drawing of Mary and Jesus. I'm bipolar, so I destroy myself and rebuild myself every day. My art reflects whatever I feel at the time."

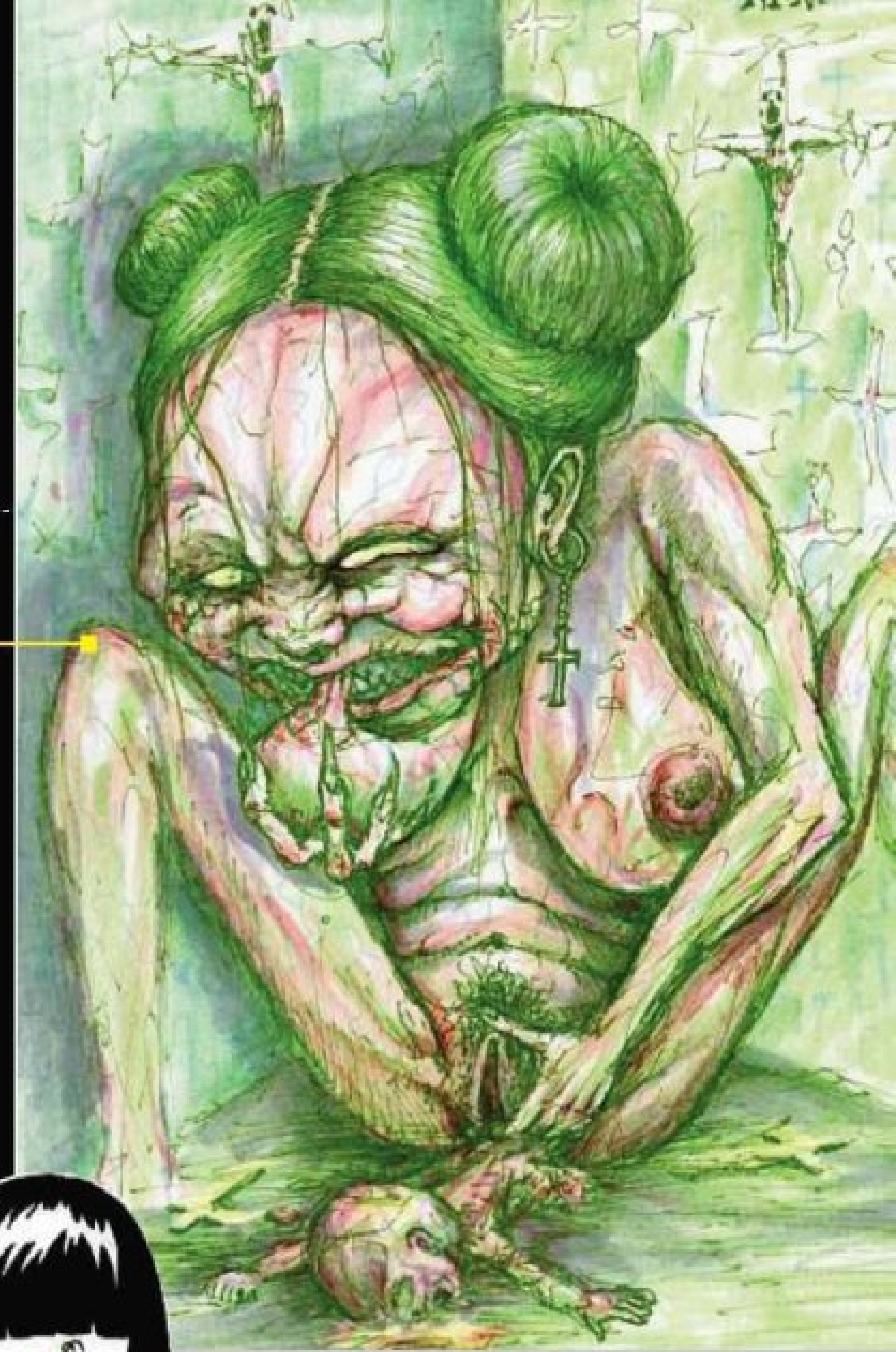
Ra76.deviantart.com

Dr-Benway

Cape Town, South Africa

"I wanted to photograph my mate Stuart suspended by hooks, to represent the process of overcoming pain. My friend Riette Hayward did the body painting."

Dr-benway.deviantart.com



Kathryn Chyrski

British Columbia, Canada

"My art is an interpretation of the female form, with a dark twist. I'm inspired by videogame vixens, vampires, horror movies, zombies, and tattoo parlours."

Ray Smith

Grimsby

"I really enjoy painting stark, black-and-white minimalist pop art-style portraits of famous icons. This is one of Dita Von Teese."

Frayeart.com



READERS' ART COMPETITION

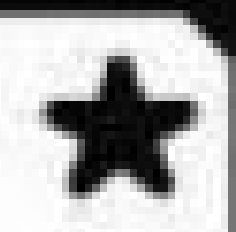
The Final Countdown...

Listen up, you 'orrible lot! *Bizarre's* Readers' Art competition is now officially **CLOSED!**

WE'LL BE FINGERING THROUGH YOUR EERIE ENTRIES

in a secret location (probably Starbucks) by candlelight, to ensure your crazy creations don't circulate among the poor unsuspecting public. Then, we'll select our 20 finalists. Remember! Those chosen will be invited to show their art at the Bizarre Resistance Rising party in January 2011 in London. Tune into the next issue to see who caught our watery eyes.

RESISTANCE
Gallery



CREATE DESTROY RECREATE

THIS MONTH AT RESISTANCE 4 DECEMBER

ART BOUTIQUE XMAS BAUBLES SPECIAL

A free group exhibition of over 40 stars of the unique underground art scene in London!

Resistancegallery.com

Resistancegallery.blogspot.com

Dennis Music and Back To The Phuture proudly presents

GARY NUMAN

WITH VERY SPECIAL GUESTS

MANCHESTER

**RECOIL
MOTOR**

PLUS DJ's

RICHARD H. KIRK
(CABARET VOLTAIRE)

MARK JONES
(BBC 6MUSIC / WALL OF SOUND)

MANCHESTER
ACADEMY

Academy 1,
Manchester University Students Union,
Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9PR

THU 2 DECEMBER

Doors from 6pm

TICKETS £25.00 + BF

LONDON

**JOHN FOXX
THE WHIP
MOTOR**

PLUS DJ's

RICHARD H. KIRK
(CABARET VOLTAIRE)

MARK JONES
(BBC 6MUSIC / WALL OF SOUND)

TROXY

The Troxy, 490 Commercial Road,
London E1 0HX
(Nearest station, Limehouse DLR)

FRI 3 DECEMBER

Doors from 7pm

TICKETS £27.50 + BF

FOR INFO AND TICKETS VISIT

BACK TO THE
PHUTURE

BACKTOTHEPHUTURE.NET



Go to ultravixens.net to see photos, videos and blogs of thousands of girls. The finest new foxes make it on to these pages every issue!

BIZARRE'S Ultra Vixens



Deadbarbie

23, Oslo, Norway

"I'm weird and Norwegian, so my friends in London call me a 'Norweirdo'. I try to smile as much as possible, and when I smile too hard my top lip sticks to my gums."

To download Deadbarbie's picture to your mobile, text BIZV153 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*

* PICTURE DOWNLOADS COST £1.50 PER PICTURE. STANDARD DATA CHARGES MAY ALSO APPLY. NO SUBSCRIPTION REQUIRED. TO STOP SERVICE TEXT 'STOP' TO 86737. FOR HELP/ENQUIRIES CALL 0844 561 6410, OR WRITE TO: (REGISTERED ADDRESS) MESSAGE FACTORY, PO BOX 384, CAMBS, CB22 5NE. PROMO MESSAGES MAY BE SENT.



Eve
20, Sheffield

"My fantasy is strapping a gas mask to my face and dressing in a latex suit that has holes at my crotch and breasts, then being touched by hot women in a locked room."

To download Eve's picture to your mobile, text BIZV154 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*



Yan, 19
New York, USA

"I'm crazy, creative and impulsive. I love Hajime Sorayama's artwork, and his take on beauty and fetishism inspires me."

To download Yan's picture to your mobile, text BIZV155 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*



Lauren Lascivious
18, Nottingham

"My most surreal moment was regaining consciousness on the operating table while surgeons were removing my burst appendix."

To download Lauren Lascivious' picture to your mobile, text BIZV156 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*



Vixen666
32, Manchester

"I'm bubbly, loud, pierced, tattooed, voluptuous, and up for a laugh. I'm loyal, but if people piss me off I hunt them down. Give me Lemmy any day of the week. He's a rock God!"

To download Vixen666's picture to your mobile, text BIZV157 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*



Kiki Lovedrop
23, Wiltshire

"I won the National Award for Best UK Newcomer To Care in 2007, which I'm immensely proud of. I fantasise about sliding around naked in paint with singer Kimya Dawson – she's as cute as hell."

To download Kiki Lovedrop's picture to your mobile, text BIZV158 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*

ZombieCandy
21, Manchester

"My weirdest moment so far has been waking up with a broken arm at the bottom of a hill. I didn't know where I was or how I got there. I like tight, revealing clothing, vodka, sexy doctors and Kat Von D."

To download ZombieCandy's picture to your mobile, text BIZV159 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*



Lolita Latex
20, West Yorkshire

"I'm a bookworm, comicbook geek and burlesque performer, who loves latex, BDSM, vampires, and body modification."

To download Lolita Latex's picture to your mobile, text BIZV160 to 86737

EACH DOWNLOAD COSTS £1.50 PLUS STANDARD NETWORK RATE*

COME AGAIN!

Don't be surprised if you see an Ultra Vixen you recognise in the magazine – we're not averse to featuring Vixens more than once if their pics are good enough. However, Vixens will only be able to enter the race for 2010's Ultimate Vixen once.

Ultra Vixens

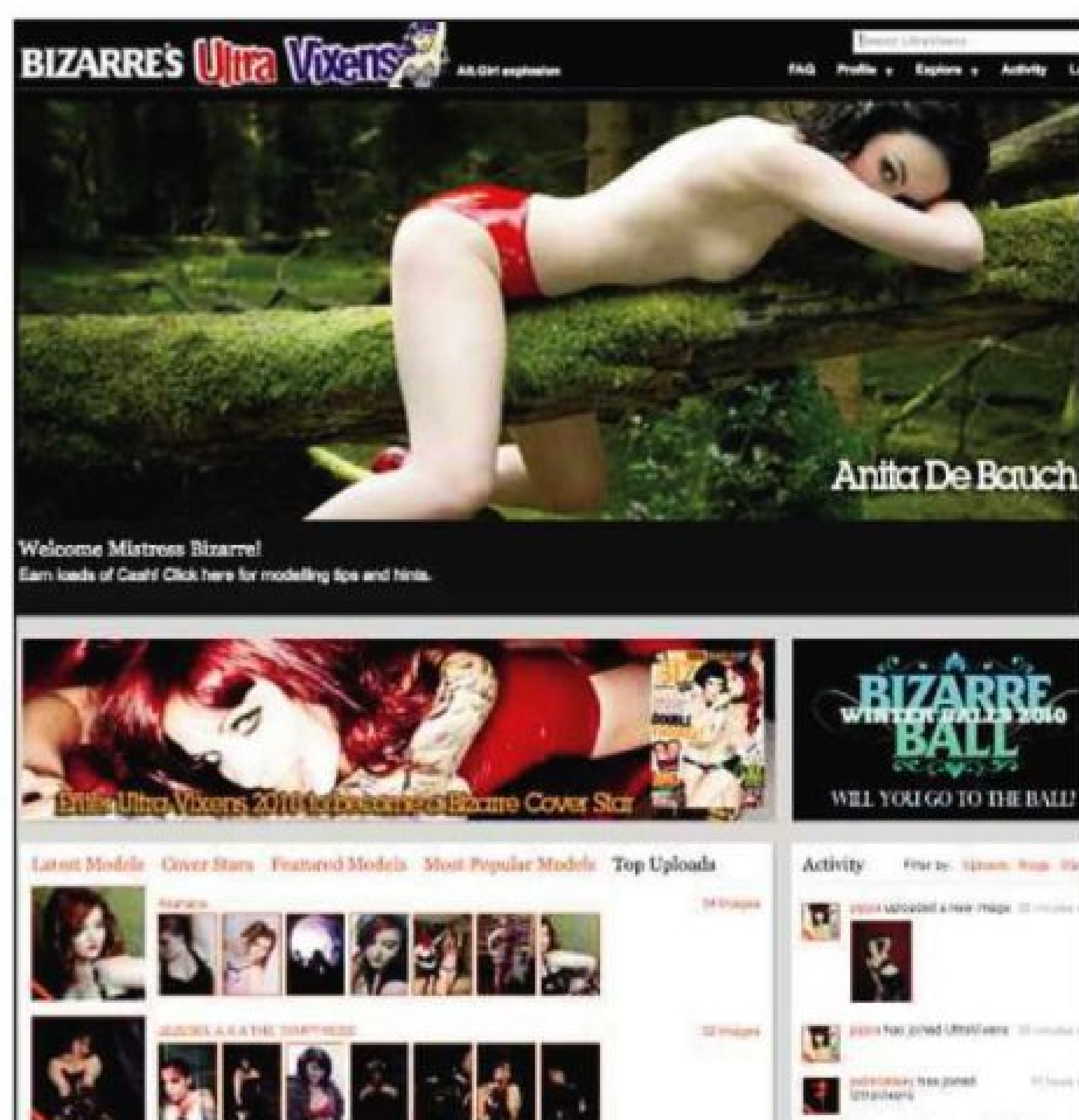


just got BIGGER and BETTER...

Ultra Vixens has gone from strength to strength, and now has a brand, spanking new site! Find all the fiercest femmes under one roof at **UltraVixens.net**

Members can...

- Sign up for **FREE!**
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- Vote for your favourite gals!
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- Enter the model comp and track who's winning!
- Tag content as 'RIP' and earn cash!
- Add fans and be worshipped!



Sign up now at **UltraVixens.net**

Winning Wench!

AS VOTED BY YOU!

Congratulations to **Destiny Papalia** (Bizarre 167) who received the most votes! See you in the end-of-year final!



WHAT YOU WIN

The winning girl from each issue wins a latex skull-and-crossbones eyepatch and nipple tassels, designed by Bizarre fave

Janedoelatex.com



WANNA SEE WHICH GAL'S WINNING THE MOST VOTES? CHECK OUT OUR NEW ONLINE VOTE-TRACKER AT **ULTRAVIXENS.NET/COMPETITION**



Mosh In

Bizarre traps the bendy beauty in a perspex **confessional**, where she reveals all about her **deadliest sins** →

WORDS **CIARAN MCCAULEY**
PHOTOS **NICK SAGLIMBENI/ALTTEXCLUSIVE.COM**



A BOX





It's not often Mosh is stuck for words. Generally, the model-cum-entrepreneur and jaw-dropping performer is quick-witted and good-humoured in her responses, even to the most interrogative of queries. But today, she takes a long pause when answering a question about what untried fetishes she'd most like to explore in the future.

"Hmmmm, let's see," she muses. "I'm not sure, actually..." Perhaps Mosh has too many to choose from – perhaps, despite her position as one of the world's most flexible fetish models, she hasn't engaged in as much kinky activity as we might believe.

But then, it turns out there's just not many fetishes left for Mosh to try. She ticks off the list: "Well, there was fetish fashion – I killed that. And bondage I've done... though, I guess I've never had the opportunity to do really *extreme* bondage, or suspension..." She pauses, and then decides: "Yeah, it'd be suspension. I haven't had the chance to do it because you need a professional on hand for safety reasons. But I'd really like to try it, especially for a photoshoot..."

VANITY WEAR

Today, Mosh has willingly stepped into the *Bizarre* confessional to answer a few less-than-wholesome questions about sin. This is the third time the Russian-born beauty has graced our cover in under two years – she featured on *Bizarre* 149 and 159 – and we thought it was about time she told us more about the naughty things she likes to get up to. We start by quizzing her on which of the seven deadly sins she breaks the most; envy, greed, vanity, gluttony, wrath, sloth, or lust...

"Vanity, for sure," she readily admits. "It's the nature of my job and my responsibility to look good, so I can't help but break it repeatedly."

This is a confident start, but we reckon Mosh has sinned more than that. Where's the strangest place she's ever engaged in the horizontal earth-shaking mambo? She laughs: "Is anywhere considered strange anymore? Maybe in the 1890s that was a valid question, but I don't consider any place strange anymore."

We'll file that answer under 'evasive', then. But as much as we'd like a chance to dance with Mosh, she's being seeing partner Nick 13, frontman for psychobilly rockers Tiger Army, for two years. "He's a striking, charming guy, which is a dangerous combination," she says, explaining her attraction. "And I adore tattooed guys, so he's got a good mix."

Luckily for Nick, he gets the benefit of seeing Mosh in her sexiest outfit: "It's a pencil skirt with a hole cut out at the butt. It's semi-transparent, and the openness of it is beyond sexy. I like to wear it with my ballet heels. And judging by Nick's 'action', shall we say, he's very happy with it," she giggles naughtily.

LATEX LOVER

As we're talking, one of Team Bizarre pushes a Post-it note under my nose, bearing the message: "Tell her I want to lick her like an ice-cream." It's a sentiment shared by many who've come across Mosh, but *she* recently indulged in some oral action on the catwalk, inadvertently offending a fellow model.

"I was in a show for Black Lickorish Latex, one of my designers, and I was paired with a model who was doing her first fetish event,"

Mosh explains. "In the spur of the moment I licked her onstage and she didn't like it. I think she'd brought her mum to the show and didn't really expect anything like that to happen. But it *was* a fetish event. I apologised afterwards, but when I'm doing a fashion show I like to do something extra, something interesting. And when I'm in the moment, and portraying something sexual, I'll totally lick a girl onstage!"

Mosh has a passion, and a genuine love, for fetish fashion. She speaks of it like a star-crossed lover extolling the virtues of a soulmate: "Fetish is a beautiful thing and has inspired me to do so much," she says. "To some it's just sexual pleasure, but to me it's more – it's an art form and I feel it's my duty to help the fetish scene to grow. I find it so incredibly inspiring and beautiful, and I hope others can feel the same."

This explains why Mosh feels vehemently frustrated at the celebrity bandwagon of latex-wearers, such as Lady Gaga. "They just seem to be wearing it for attention," she argues. "I don't mind celebrities, or whoever, getting into fetish – I just don't like when people try to exploit it without giving something back to the industry. And these people tend to drop fetish fashion whenever their profile gets bigger, and it becomes taboo. Associating with fetish culture shouldn't be limiting to talented people."

And Mosh should know something about the perceptions of fetish culture – as the proud owner of TheMoshRoom.com, her own paysite, she's successfully broken out as an innovative entrepreneur. However, operating a paysite has meant dealing with some difficult assumptions: "Some people think I'm a porn star," she says. "They don't understand why someone would pay to see pretty or artistic pictures. Essentially what I do is entertainment – it's fetish, it's alternative but it's an art form."

PRIVATE DANCER

In fact, Mosh is actively trying to break free of whatever box people try to put her in: "I'd really love to hold the title of entertainer, as opposed to model, or designer," she says. "I'd be happy to be someone who entertains in different mediums, and genres."

Mosh's plethora of other projects include her ongoing lipstick, clothing and shoe lines, and her recent forays into burlesque performance. "I've actually been a burlesque performer since 2008," she points out, "but I didn't really talk about it but because the industry was so bad I didn't want to be associated with it. It was frustrating – club owners would offer me drink tickets as payment for a performance, even before I turned 21, when I couldn't drink. So I concentrated on private events."

Since word of Mosh's burlesque hijinks got out, however, she's been inundated with offers and is taking her act overground. "I'm performing at the Dallas Fetish Ball, with a revamped version of my magic bunny show (where she jumps out of a giant hat, dressed as a bunny, as mentioned in *Bizarre 159*), and I'll also be performing my Ballet Hell burlesque act."

With her uber-successful paysite, burlesque, modelling, and numerous products, there's no doubt Mosh will remain unconstrained any single role. And she promises to fulfil our lusty desires: "Someday I'll show up in the UK, dressed up as an ice cream cone, and I'll expect to be licked!" Best form an orderly queue... 







"I licked
a girl
onstage,
in the
spur of the
moment"

Mosh!

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necklace; Wanda
top, sizes S-2XL;
Vixen Bow skirt,
sizes S-2XL.

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CARMEN RIVERA
Courtesy of
Carmen Rivera
Entertainment

GAY FOR PLAY

In one of the few industries where women earn more money than their male counterparts, a handful of skin stars are going against their natural instincts to earn the biggest bucks...



WORDS **HOLLY GRIGG-SPALL**
PHOTOS **NAOMI HARRIS**

For many *Bizarre* readers, being a porn star sounds like the perfect profession, where living out your kinkiest sexual fantasies is part of the job description, and an endless parade of hot girls are waiting to be fucked in deeply deviant ways.

But the reality for male porn performers is that they're paid significantly less than their female colleagues, and many stars struggle to make ends meet in a competitive industry where young colts with monstrous wangers are easy to find, and many one-time skin celebs find themselves on the scrapheap before they're out of their twenties.

In an attempt to find fame and fortune, many straight male porn stars are now going 'gay for pay' – flying in the face of their natural sexual instincts and noshing down on blokes hung like donkeys for cash, or bending over and thinking of the money rolling in as they're ritually rogered.

Over the past few months *Bizarre*'s been hanging out in Los Angeles with some of the biggest male gay for pay performers in the industry, to learn how the pink pound can help some stars find the success they crave. →





COCKS FOR CASH

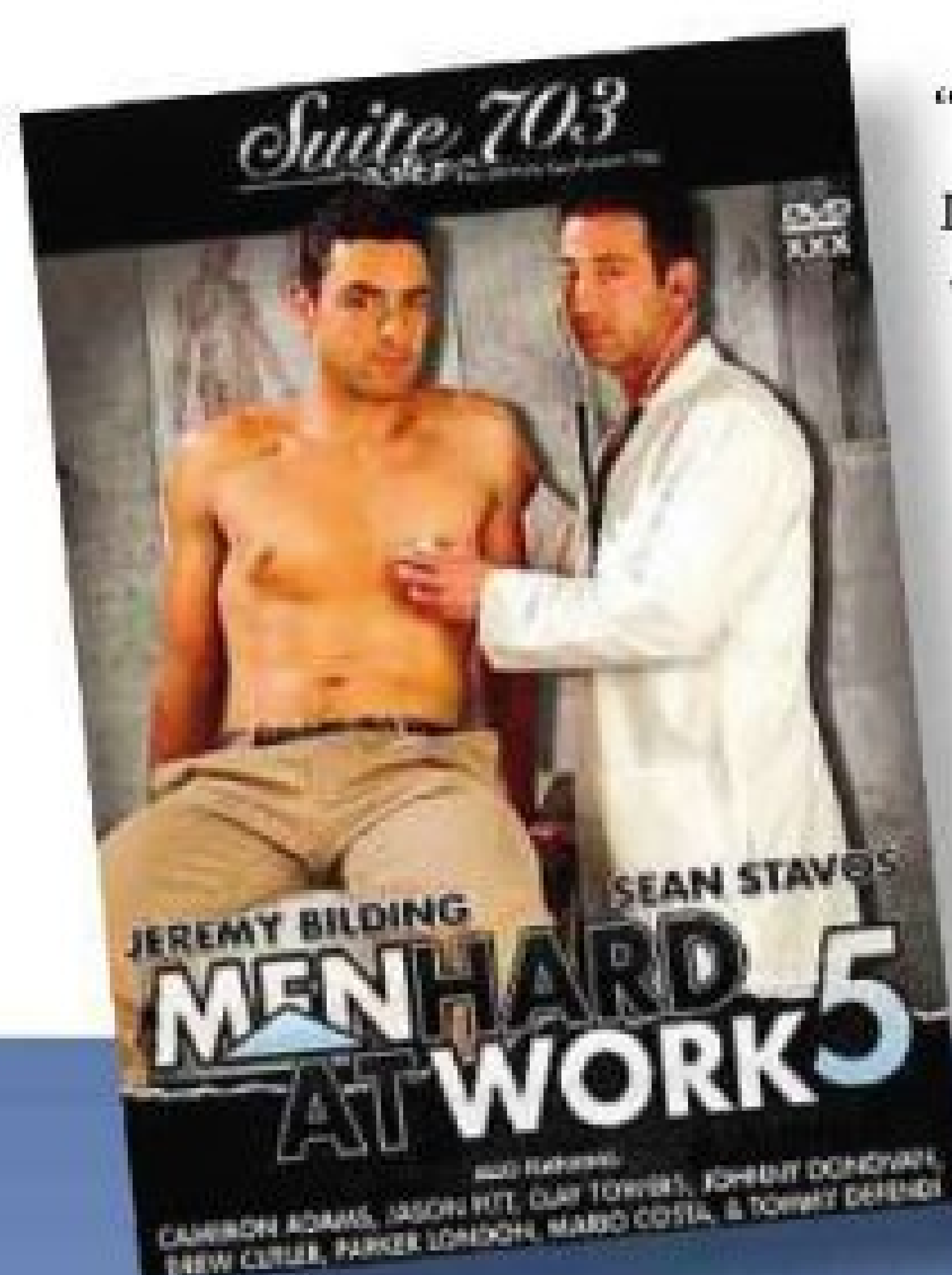
JEREMY BILDING

STAR
1

From boy scout to scouting for boys

JEREMY HAS STARRED IN...

- *Straight Guys For Gay Eyes*
- *Men Hard At Work 5*
- *Straight Edge: Volume 1*
- *Muscle Mountain*



"There are a lot of gay men who don't want to work with straight guys," says Jeremy Bilding. "They think we're too rigid and distant. But if a guy needs fluffing, I'll do that. If he likes kissing, I'll do that. I have different tricks."

I'm pretty decent orally. I'm a top-only ('tops' are the givers in a gay relationship, and 'bottoms' the receivers), and my cock's curved just right to hit the spot on most guys – and girls, actually. I make it a game to find that spot and then he'll get into the scene. Maybe *too* into the scene..."

Jeremy, 28, was living in Denver, Colorado, when he answered an advert for adult actors in the online communities network Craigslist. The movie required him to do a solo scene, and then receive a blowjob from another man. Halfway through the week-long shoot, he was relaxing in the hot tub with the rest of the cast when a woman said to him, "If you're OK with a mouth and you're OK with straight anal, then you can do gay sex. A hole is a hole." Jeremy couldn't fault the logic and, when a gay performer backed out a scene, he jumped right in and didn't look back.

BOY ON TOP

Before his journey into porn, Jeremy was a Boy Scout leader, taking teams of 14- to 21-year-olds

adventuring around the remote island he called home for almost a decade, just off Key West, Florida. "My fans don't want to see me bottom," he says. "I'm an all-American boy that used to live *Lord Of The Flies*-style. My buddies say in the event of a zombie attack they want me around, because I'll keep them alive. It's part of my image that I only top."

Jeremy was quick to embrace new sexual experiences on camera, but says he has a "better connection" with women: "I'm not bisexual. I say I'm 'sexual'. I can appreciate the sensuality of a man. There are some gay for pay performers who seem to hate what they're doing, and only do it for the money – some of them are almost homophobic. I love my job. I'm a sexual, friendly, flirtatious harlot."

DRILLER THRILLER

For his straight work, Jeremy goes by the name Adam Driller. And when he's hanging out at a bar, he often gets approached by fans and has to figure out quickly which persona they want to meet; Jeremy or Adam. Not that Jeremy goes out much, preferring to stay home, cooking and writing. But next month he's going on a reunion expedition with Boy Scout leaders and members he's kept in touch with, who know about his change of career. "My buddies joke about my work," he says. "I got one friend a part as an extra in a movie set on an aeroplane. He saw that I'm no different at work to the guy he lived with on that island. I'm not Johnny Boy Scout anymore, sure, but I haven't changed."

Jeremy's mother is also supportive, but sometimes gets confused about her son's way of life. "I told her I was going to play Superman," he says. "She was excited for me, but then said, 'Is this a naked movie?' I told her it was, of course, and she started worrying that it'd ruin my chances of getting famous. I said, 'Mom, I haven't had a day job for two years. I've won awards. I get flown all over the world to make appearances at events. I *am* famous!"

Jeremy Bilding chows down on cock for gay movies, but goes by the name 'Adam Driller' for straight work



Alexander Garrett touches Jeremy, in *Power Poles*



Sproing! The lads get in a clench for the camera

COCKS FOR CASH



Wolf with his ex-girlfriend,
alt.porn performer
Coco Ono Velvett

WOLF HUDSON

He uses one stage name, but he's happy to swing both ways

WOLF HAS STARRED IN...

- *Ass Cruisin' With Aaron James*
- *Copperhead Canyon*
- *Wanna Fuck My Wife, Gotta Fuck Me Too 4*
- *He Fucked My Father*

"I came out as a bisexual performer on Twitter," beams Wolf Hudson. "I tweeted, 'I suck cock and I fuck pussy for a living.' I got tired of hiding. I got tired of conforming. It got too hard to mask my identity. Now, I'm the only porn actor who does both gay and straight porn under the same stage name."

Wolf, aged 25, started his career in straight porn and moved over to the gay side after a few months. He now fights the labelling system of a surprisingly conservative industry. "The porn business is dominated by white America," he says. "There's a lot of racism, a lot of homophobia. There should be camaraderie because porn stars are looked down on by society in general, but instead it's segregated. But I call people out if they discriminate; I don't let anyone tell me what I can and can't do."



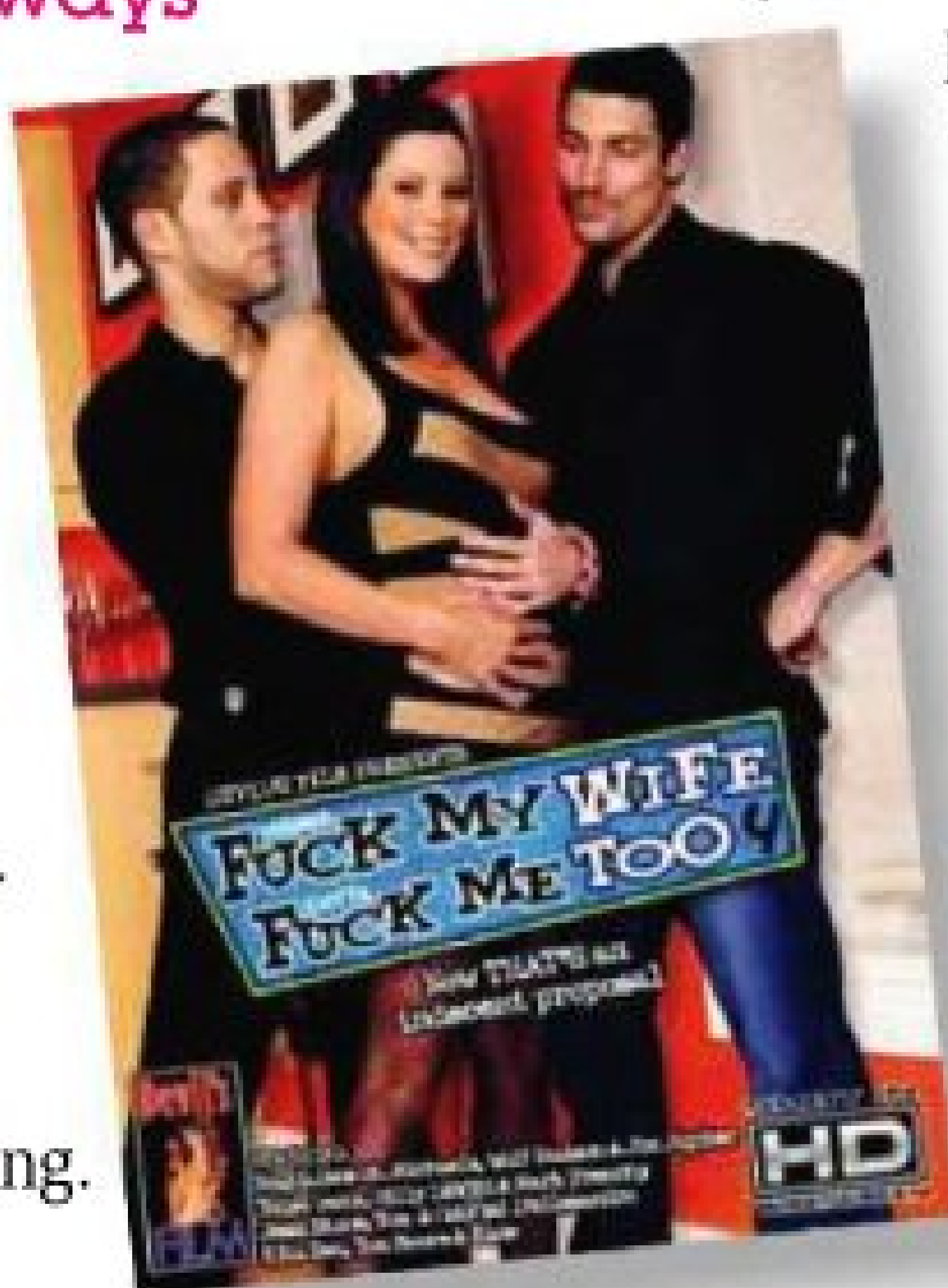
IN IT FOR THE COIN

Wolf was drawn into gay porn by the money, which pays twice as much per scene as a man can make in straight porn. "In reality I prefer sex with women, and I've never had a relationship with a man," he says. "Some of the 'civilian' women I've dated have wanted a bisexual threesome. It's their fantasy. But outside of work it's not my thing. They push it, and I have to laugh!"

But after moving to San Francisco and getting a contract with a gay porn studio, Wolf started having fun and making friends. Gay porn allows him more fame than men who limit themselves to straight porn, and now most of his fans are gay men. "A lot of my fans have the fantasy of seducing a straight man," he says. "They

might say they only want to see real gay men on camera, but they don't. And the guys who claim to hate me because I'm having sex with women too are the ones buying my DVDs."

But even though Wolf enjoys his job, he's acutely aware of the double-standards in his line of work. As he says, there are plenty of gay for pay women in the industry, but it's only men working in the same field that stir controversy. And while bare-backing is taboo in the gay porn world, it's the norm for straight shoots – yet, despite this, many key players in the porn industry still regard HIV as a 'gay disease', and bisexual performers like Wolf run the risk of being blacklisted.



Wolf gets stuck
into *Ass Cruisin'*
With Aaron James

CHICKS WITH DICKS

Despite the hypocrisy he lives with every day, Wolf's worked hard to gain respect for his choice to work in not only straight and gay porn, but transgender skin flicks. "People think you can't lie if you're having an erection," he smiles. "But you have to do what you have to do. I prepare in the same way whether it's a man or woman – I think of a past experience that was really hot and awesome, and that gets me through."

In the future, Wolf wants to start his own studio, and take a broad-minded approach to the business of sex on screen. "A studio with no barriers that just hires sexy people with something new to bring to the table, that's what I want," he says. "I want to make my mark on this industry." →



John Magnum thinks it's unfair that cable TV companies reap the financial rewards of his work, so he's starting his own online porn series

STAR
3

JOHN MAGNUM

Former soldier, now taking one for both sides

JOHN HAS STARRED IN...

- *Ripped: No Pain All Gain*
- *Barebacking Fuck Buddies 5*
- *In Muscle Fucking Heaven*
- *Rumper Room*

John Magnum is about to embark on his biggest project yet – a *James*



Bond-style action-adventure web series with stunts, gun fights... and bumming. "It's going to be a game-changer for the industry," he says. "In a Bond movie, the hero and the girl will start to strip and then the camera will fade out. We're just gonna flow right into the sex!"

John spent a decade in the US army, and then, while living in Las Vegas, he got spotted on MySpace by a porn talent scout. "Now I've got 2,000 followers on Twitter," he smiles. "I'm no Kim Kardashian, but that's more people than the population of my home town in Alabama."



Christian Wilde, Rod Daily, and John in *Trust Me, I'm A Doctor*



John licks Rod Daily's 'coconut'

More pics online at
Bizarremag.com

One upcoming scene John's excited about will be set in a gay leather bar, and will feature his former Army Commander as the owner. "He's a big, strapping, masculine guy – you wouldn't think he was gay – but he's definitely gay and loves leather!", says John.

To build a buzz for the film, John's releasing an ad campaign with the slogan, 'Celebrate Your Sexuality With John Magnum'. He doesn't see himself as bi, taking a more philosophical stance: "As far as my sexuality goes, I live in the moment. I enjoy beautiful people."

BROKEN BUSINESS

John does gay, straight, bisexual and transgender porn, but does draw a line. "I won't floss at work," he says – that is, he won't rim a guy with a hairy arsehole. Otherwise, he's up for anything. "Well, anything normal," John adds. He's usually a top, only occasionally bottoming, but is still hoping to hold back some surprises for his fans. "Male porn stars don't have many opportunities to evolve," he says. "Girls can start as a skinny white chick doing solo, then move on to lesbian stuff, then just blow-jobs, then start actually fucking, and then put some weight on their butt to get more of a porn-girl body and start doing anal, then double penetration – and then they burn out with a gangbang. But they can come back later as a MILF and repeat the process. Men have only a quarter of those options."

Now John has set his sights on fixing what he views as a "broken" business model. "This is a billion-dollar industry, but it's the cable TV companies that get the money," he moans. "We're putting ourselves out there, butt-ass naked, in intimate moments for maybe a thousand bucks. Who's doing the most work here?"

MOSTLY 'ARMLESS

OUT ON A

LIMB

Journey through the Californian dessert with **Alan Macias**, the man who had his arm amputated after a near-fatal motorcycle accident – and then got his stump inked... →

WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH**
PHOTOS **MARK BERRY**

W

hen it comes to near-death experiences, Alan Macias has had a few. Well, when we say 'near-death', we mean more like being in *close proximity* to it.

When your father studies embalming, and then opens a funeral home, you quickly get used to being around corpses.

"I was just a kid when my dad moved us all from California to San Francisco to set up his funeral business," says Alan. "But when I got older, I used to drive the company van to pick up dead bodies. I even used to do it on the way to picking up a date for the evening. I'd have a girl in the front, and a stiff in the back!"

But when he wasn't lugging cadavers around for his old man or charming the ladies, Alan discovered a real passion for motorbikes. "I've always been a pretty active guy, and I just really enjoyed riding bikes," he explains. "I had sports motorbikes of all sizes in my garage, and I also taught people how to ride. It was something I was really into."

Despite having an understanding of death and mortality from a young age, nothing really prepared Alan for the day it slapped him right in the face. It happened, as it always seems to, on a nice day. Out motorbiking with two of his

buddies, heading through the sunny Napa Valley, Alan suddenly lost control of his bike.

"I wasn't doing anything silly," he recalls. "I'd been down this same road many times before. I just wasn't paying attention and I fell down, hitting the ground really hard. My bike slid under an oncoming pick-up truck that'd stopped when it saw me having problems. It got bent into a 'U' shape, because it was travelling that fast."

Airlifted to hospital, Alan died a couple of times on the table as surgeons worked tirelessly to keep him alive. "My legs were broken, my liver and spine were damaged, I had severe concussion, and I swelled up like a big balloon-man," he says, as if he's ticking off a check list. "They cut 30in of intestine out of me, too. I was in a coma for three weeks, so I don't remember anything."

It took 40 operations and eight months in hospital to literally put Alan back together again. However, severe damage to his left arm meant he had to make a difficult choice. "My arm felt like a dead weight attached to my body," he says. "They tried transplanting a nerve taken from my lower right leg into the arm, but it didn't work. I figured I still had a lot of living to do, so I asked to have it amputated. Normally, someone with my injuries would have had the whole



Giving a wave next to some desert graffiti

shoulder removed and fitted with a prosthetic arm. But, having grown up with *Star Trek* and *Star Wars*, I knew that prosthetic limbs weren't as good as the ones in movies. So, I told them to trim it to above the elbow so it looked OK when I wore T-shirts."

"After my arm was amputated, I got a perforated line tattooed around my stump, next to a pair of scissors"



Alan: Not created by Tyrell

The road to ink

While waiting for techniques in prosthetics to advance, Alan has wasted no time in going down other avenues to change his appearance. Although he acquired a *Blade Runner* tattoo on his right arm and a couple of toe bands before the accident, his ink coverage was pretty minimal. A reluctant visit to Burning Man in 2001 changed all that.

"I thought the event was just an excuse for a bunch of hippies to get together," admits Alan. "A friend who'd been suggested I couldn't comment unless I'd gone along myself, so I did. People accepted me for who I was, and I ended up walking around naked for most of it! It was so liberating and the last boundary to accepting myself. When I got home, I had the Burning Man symbol tattooed on my right buttock."

And the ink certainly didn't stop there. Alan's tattooed 'shorts' evolved gradually, incorporating different themes and personal experiences. When he started to run out of space, his genitals went under the needle, too. "We started out adding little diamonds to the penis, then over time added more ink. Now it looks like a rocket!" he says, laughing. "It sure did hurt, but I used numbing cream, which helped me to stop squirming about so much. It also enabled the tattoo artist to do neat lines on the head of my penis."

Life and limb

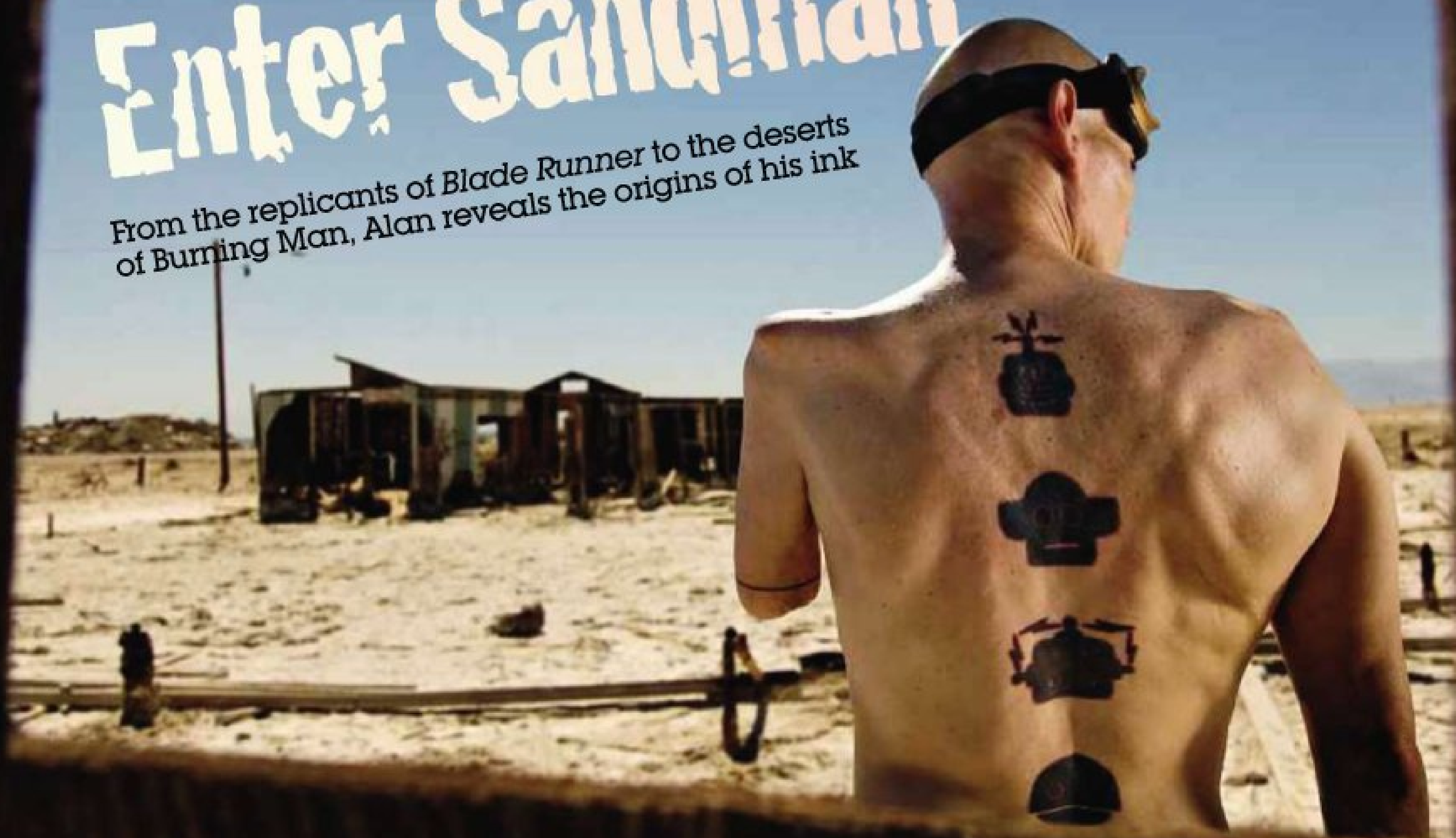
Alan is the first to admit he likes attention. When he had hair, he'd dye it green and wasn't afraid to stand out from the crowd. The tattoos, he says, are an extension of this side of his personality. "I like being noticed, but in a good way," he admits. "I don't throw tantrums to get attention, but after I had the perforated line and scissors tattooed around my arm stump, people seemed to love the comical angle of it, despite the reality that I'd lost a limb. Since then, the design has appeared in a couple of books and had lots of positive responses."

Alan's also honest about taking the rap for the accident, and he's positive about the future. "A lot of Americans would think, 'Who can I sue? It wasn't my fault!' but I believe if you play the game, you take the chances, and it's your responsibility," he says frankly.

"The minute I was able to think clearly after the accident I accepted it immediately. Now, if I see people staring at me, I could ask, 'Are people looking at me because of my tattoos, or because I'm bald or because I'm missing an arm?' It doesn't matter anymore. I'm really quite a happy guy and just try and make the best of the situation. I was told I might not walk again, so things have turned out OK, considering – plus I have some awesome ink, too." →

Enter Sandman

From the replicants of Blade Runner to the deserts of Burning Man, Alan reveals the origins of his ink



Robot heads →

"I'm a man, and I like robots! I actually found these on Microsoft Clipart, of all places. I like my tattoos to be simple, so you don't need to study them too hard."



← Octopus

"I had laser hair removal over an existing tattoo in my pubic region, but it damaged the area of skin, and it looked awful. I decided to cover it up with a big octopus."



Line and scissors around arm stump →

"I was lucky that surgeons were able to make my stump look pretty neat, so the tattoo turned out pretty well."



← Day Of The Dead Skull

"I got the skull done because it goes with growing up in a funeral home, and being surrounded by death on a daily basis."



Blade Runner →

"This design appeared in the film as the logo for the company that made the Replicants. I found it on a clothes patch at a science convention, and turned it into a tattoo."



← Little dancing men

"I really like these guys! Can you see the one painted red with his arm missing? He's just like me!"



Burning Man symbol →

"I choose this to remind me of the wonderful and mind-opening experience I had at the festival. I felt so free there, I had to get a tattoo to honour it."



← Escher Fish

"I'm a Pisces, so that's what all the fishy business is about. I really like Escher's art, so the design I drew is inspired by his style."



Suns →

"These are supposed to be a happy sun and a sad sun, but I think they look like a mean guy and a constipated guy!"



← Mexican man

"I'm half-Mexican, so I've incorporated Mayan and Incan designs, which actually reach right inside my butt cheeks. That didn't hurt as much as you'd think." ®



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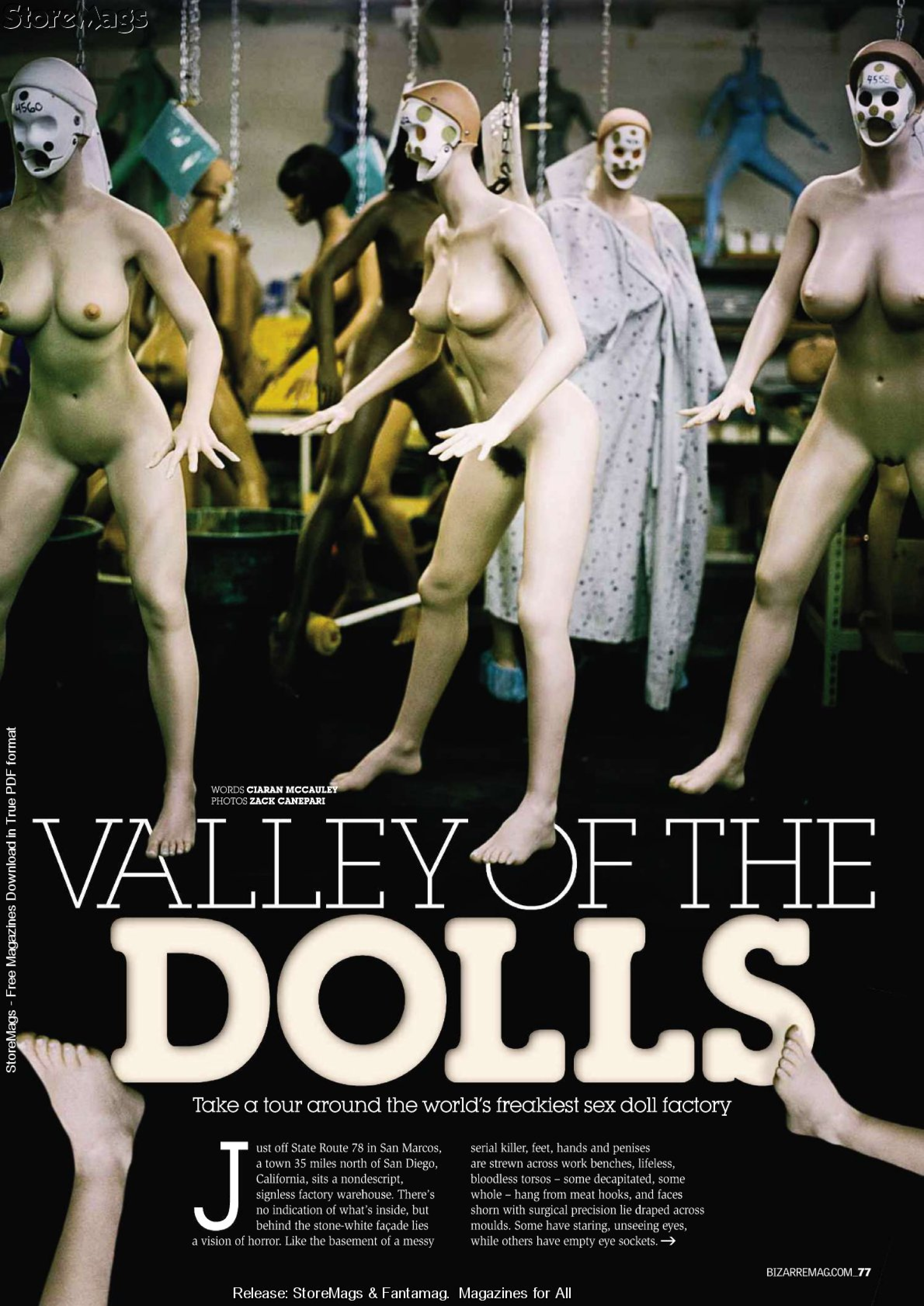
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WORDS **CIARAN MCCAULEY**
PHOTOS **ZACK CANEPARI**

VALLEY OF THE DOLLS

Take a tour around the world's freakiest sex doll factory

Just off State Route 78 in San Marcos, a town 35 miles north of San Diego, California, sits a nondescript, signless factory warehouse. There's no indication of what's inside, but behind the stone-white façade lies a vision of horror. Like the basement of a messy

serial killer, feet, hands and penises are strewn across work benches, lifeless, bloodless torsos – some decapitated, some whole – hang from meat hooks, and faces shorn with surgical precision lie draped across moulds. Some have staring, unseeing eyes, while others have empty eye sockets. →

PLASTIC FANNYTASTIC

But resist the urge to turn and run – these ‘people’ have never breathed. This is the home of Abyss Creations and, here, in a workshop saturated with the smells of paint, oil and freshly set silicone, is where they give birth to their greatest creation – RealDolls.

Dazzling dolly birds

Described by Abyss as ‘the Ferrari of sex dolls’, and priced at just under \$6,000 (£3,800) each, RealDolls are the most innovative, realistic sex dolls on the market. Fully customisable, with a choice of hair colour, boob size and pubic hair type – there’s even a she-male option for those looking to get extra freaky – these dolls are the biggest revolution in masturbation since cavemen first took their dingus’ in their hands and chopped one out.

Producing 200-300 RealDolls a year are ten Abyss employees, including company founder and RealDolls inventor Matt McMullan. In 1996, driven by an interest in the female form, Matt began a personal art project sculpting life-sized mannequins. But his focus changed when they began to attract interest. “People sent me messages and e-mails, asking what could be done with the mannequins sexually,” he recalls. “But even

though I’d already thought people might be attracted to the dolls sexually, I didn’t think they’d pay so much money for them.”

People were eager to shell out for Matt’s creations, and RealDolls has become a thriving business. The product has evolved considerably since ‘Nina’, the first RealDoll, was created in 1996. She was made using simple latex construction, but the dolls Matt churns out now are modelled on sophisticated, ingenious designs and made from durable silicone. Matt and his team require an in-depth knowledge of sculpture, engineering, biology and anatomy in order to create the armature and realistic look of their finished dolls. “It’s a multi-disciplined art,” explains Matt. “Making the doll come together is like cooking an elaborate meal; it requires knowing what all the ingredients are and putting in just the right amount of each one. I try to take a picture of the finished doll and fool myself into thinking it’s a real person.”

Matt admits that he used to feel attached to his creations, yet unsettled by them. “At the start I was close to them because I was working on them by



myself, but now I’m happy to see them leave the workshop. I used to get frightened late at night with all those body parts lying around, but now I find them comforting,

because they keep me company,” he laughs. “I’d start to worry if I began talking to them, though.”

Deviant designs

Working 12-hour days, Matt still has a hands-on approach to creating his labours of lust, and the 41-year-old likes to get involved when Abyss receives particularly exciting or challenging requests. Customisations can drive up the price of a RealDoll to \$12,000 (£7,600) – double its original price – but Abyss retains the right to turn down some requests. “We get asked for child dolls and, of course, we refuse to do it,” says Matt. Those requests doesn’t make me angry, but I have to explain to the customer that we would never make them. We also often get asked for celebrities, but we don’t entertain that notion, either.”

But Matt will endeavour to fulfil most other harmless requests. The company has hooked up →

“I got frightened at night by all the body parts”

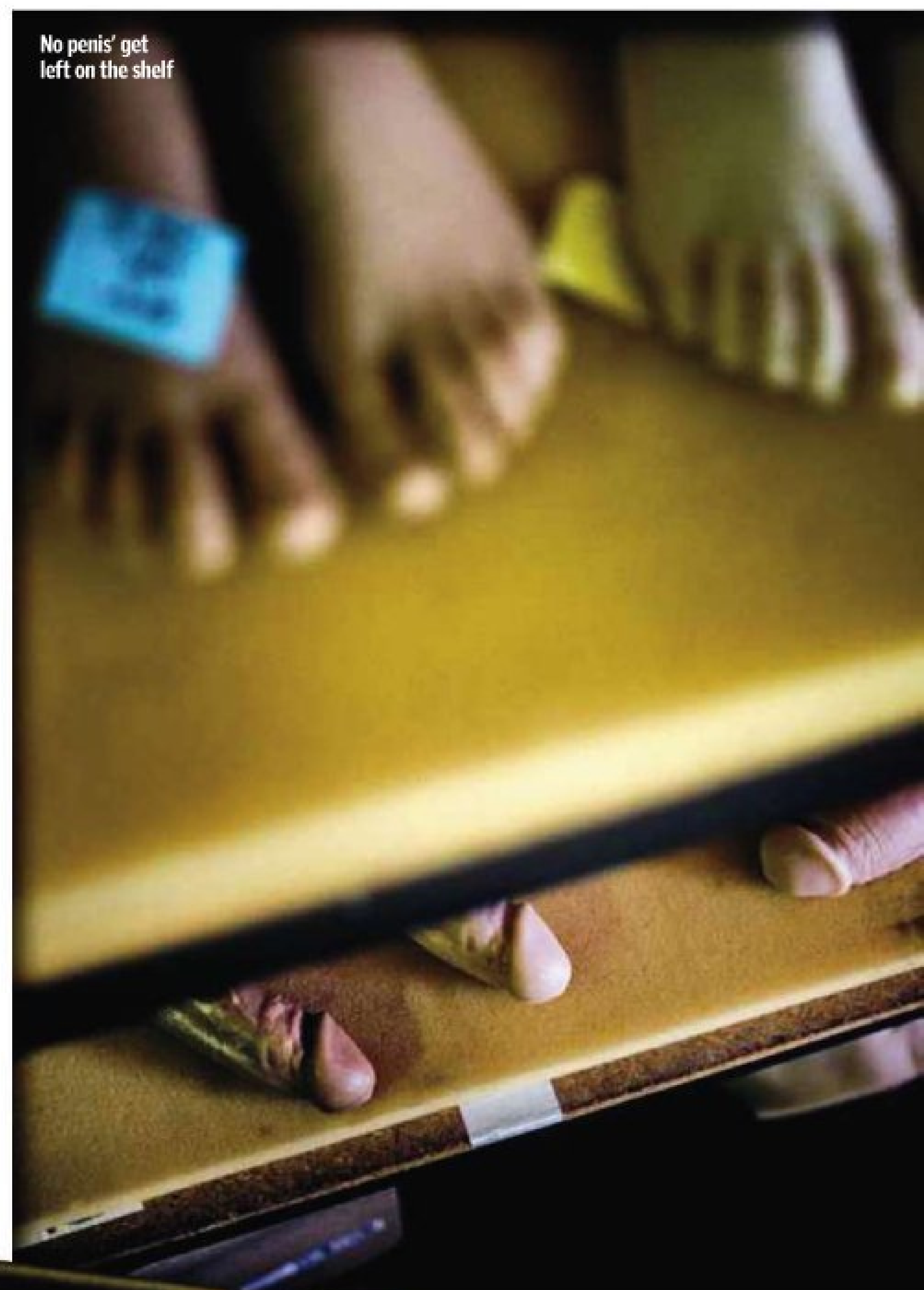
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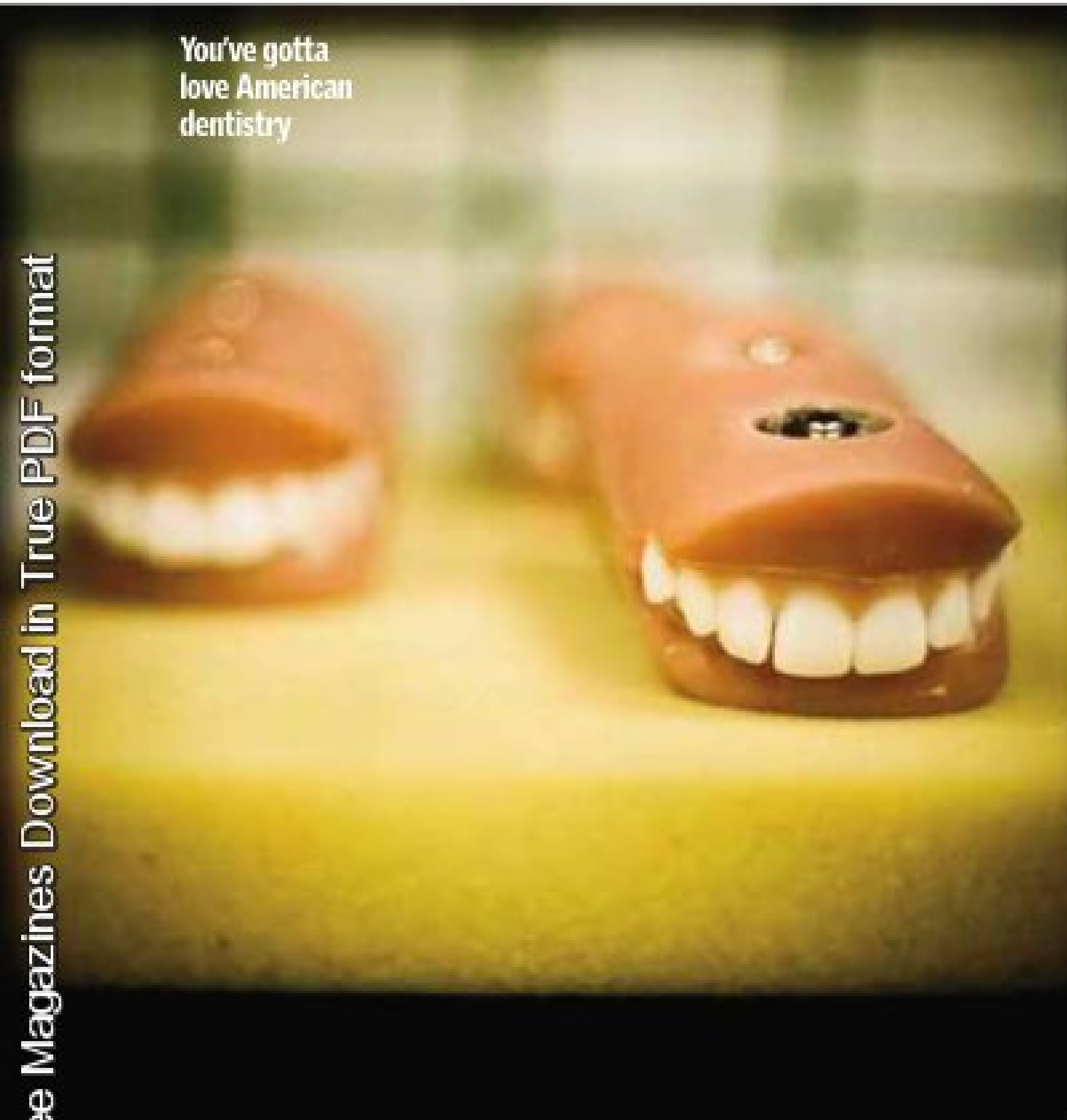
PLASTIC FANNYTASTIC



Jugs? Check. Ability to Haka dance? Check. Face? Um...



No penis' get left on the shelf



You've gotta love American dentistry



The suspension is killing us



More pics online at Bizarremag.com

You'll lose your head over these beauties

PLASTIC FANNYTASTIC

"Once, I put a RealDoll in my friend's bed as a friendly prank. He liked his new girlfriend"



Dolly dom!

with porn company Wicked Pictures and started a line of RealDolls based on their actresses. Versions of Alektra Blue and Jessica Drake are already available and there are more on the way. It's also fulfilled some weird, non-human requests. "Once, we were asked to create Aayla Securi, a Jedi from the *Star Wars*' movies," Matt says. She's green with tentacles coming out of her head. That was really cool. One of the strangest things we've been asked to make is a doll which breathes and has a heartbeat. It didn't end up happening, but other people have asked for that, too. People want their dolls to be convincingly lifelike."

Resisting replicants

Despite his reputation for innovation, Matt is reluctant to enhance his RealDolls with robotics. "Obviously, the future is to make dolls more interactive – make them respond to the environment and their owner – but I'm reluctant to do that with robotics because it makes the dolls more... creepy," Matt says. "That's a line that should be crossed carefully and gradually."

Abyss' customers are mostly men, but Matt

insists there's no particular type of man who's attracted to them. "For the most part they seem to be average, everyday guys," he says. Moreover, while most of them buy a doll to have sex with, Matt reckons plenty of his customers are using them for more than just a quick fumble and wipe. "There's a fairly even split between people who get a RealDoll just for sex and those who get one for companionship," he explains.

Matt is regularly moved by the feedback he receives from his customers. "People often tell us that their doll has made their lives so much better," says Matt. "Sometimes the people who buy them have been through a rough relationship or their partner has died and they don't want to meet anyone else out of loyalty, so they use the doll as an alternative. It's really touching. Most people would consider this line of work quite dirty, but it's not like that at all."

Indeed, many happy customers testify on the RealDoll website. "What a companion she is! A joy to care for and emotional support!" enthuses one. "No picture can capture her beauty and her sweetness. I am so happy to have her with me,"

writes another. Radio shock jock Howard Stern owns a *collection* of RealDolls and claims to have had the best sex of his life with them. Matt's friends are impressed with his creations, too. "Once, I put a RealDoll in my friend's bed as a friendly prank. He didn't say anything for a few days, then told me he liked his new girlfriend. He said it was amazing! Most of the people in my life are impressed by them and support what I do."

Making customers happy is the best part of Matt's crazy job, but he still has to deal with the occasional disappointed punter. The dolls weigh 8-11st and need to be regularly cleaned, which puts some folk off. "Sometimes the dolls are not what people expect," he explains. "But for the most part, dissatisfied customers are pretty rare. The expensive dolls are such a large investment that most people do their homework and get exactly what they want."

As an artist first and foremost, it'd be easy to think Matt feels inhibited or frustrated by his career in self-pleasure aids, but he doesn't. The granddaddy of sex dolls loves what he does. "I feel privileged and artistically fulfilled by this career," he smiles. "The dolls fulfil people in a way a painting or a statue never could. What I do is very rewarding."

Take a stroll around the doll gallery and get fantasising at Realdoll.com



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BIZARRE'S ALTERNATIVE DATING SITE

Filmmaker **John Waters** takes *Bizarre's* hand and leads us to his Baltimore gothic mansion, filled with art, weaponry, and heaps of plastic fruit... →

COOL WATERS

WORDS & PHOTOS **NEVILLE ELDER**

An ashtray Waters likes because, "it further confuses the question, 'Mind if I smoke in your house?'"

At home with...

Pull on a pair of stripy nylon socks, buff up on beat writers, and bring your sick sense of humour into the Baltimore home of the camp, gore-loving writer and director with *that* moustache, John Waters. His filth flicks *Mondo Trasho* (1969), in which an unconscious hit-and-run victim has bird-like monster feet transplanted on to this body, and *Pink Flamingos* (1972), which sees rotund cross-dresser Divine scoffing dog shit, made Waters one of Hollywood's biggest shockers. Meanwhile, his mainstream hits *Hairspray* (1988) and *Cry-Baby* (1990) brought edgy suburban campness to the big screen.

Now aged 64, the lowbrow Baltimore boy who nurtured an obsession with crime, grime and outsiders while he was growing up in the 1950s and 60, is wrapped up in his new book, *Role Models*. It's an autobiography of sorts, in which he remembers the deviants, criminals and creative people who've influenced him most, such as Manson family acolyte Leslie Van Houten, English novelist Denton Welch, artist Cy Twombly and underground pornographer Bobby Garcia. But Waters' real diary – a collection of photos – is hidden upstairs in his gothic home, and *Bizarre* is about to become its latest addition.

Multiple Maniacs

Ushered in through the hall, past a replica electric chair made by set designer Vince Peranio for Divine's final scene in *Female Trouble*, and a plastic machine gun from the classic 1950s flick *Guys And Dolls* that was given to him by Johnny Depp, we go through the Waters right of passage. Stopping on the stairs leading to his office, Waters picks up one of two plastic 1980s Polaroid cameras lying on the carpet, and hurriedly takes a photograph of us. Since Waters was given the cameras as a gift in 1990, he's been snapping every person that enters his home – plumbers and people who come to read the gas meter, as well celebrity totty and close friends. "These pictures are a record of my life," Waters explains. "Who I allow into my home is my real life."

Without paying much attention to the result, Waters shoves the picture next to cardboard

Waters and his 'Tingler': A sculpture of the character in the 1959 William Castle film *Here Comes Capti*



boxes stuffed with thousands of snaps, making sure we don't get too close to them. These photos are for him alone. "Sometimes these snaps are so depressing," he says. "I look at all the people who've died – people who didn't know that they were going to die when I took their picture – and I can see everybody getting older, and putting on or losing weight."

"When I'm going through a rough time with someone, sometimes I want to rip up their picture. But I never do."

Waters began his pictorial diary the year he moved into his imposing home in northern Baltimore, which was designed in 1925 by famous local architect Laurence Hall Fowler. It stands out like a daddy-long-legs on a wedding cake on his leafy street, which is punctuated by chintzy villas and neat lawns. As a boy, Waters passed the house every day on his way to school

Six Of The Breast

Waters' most notorious films



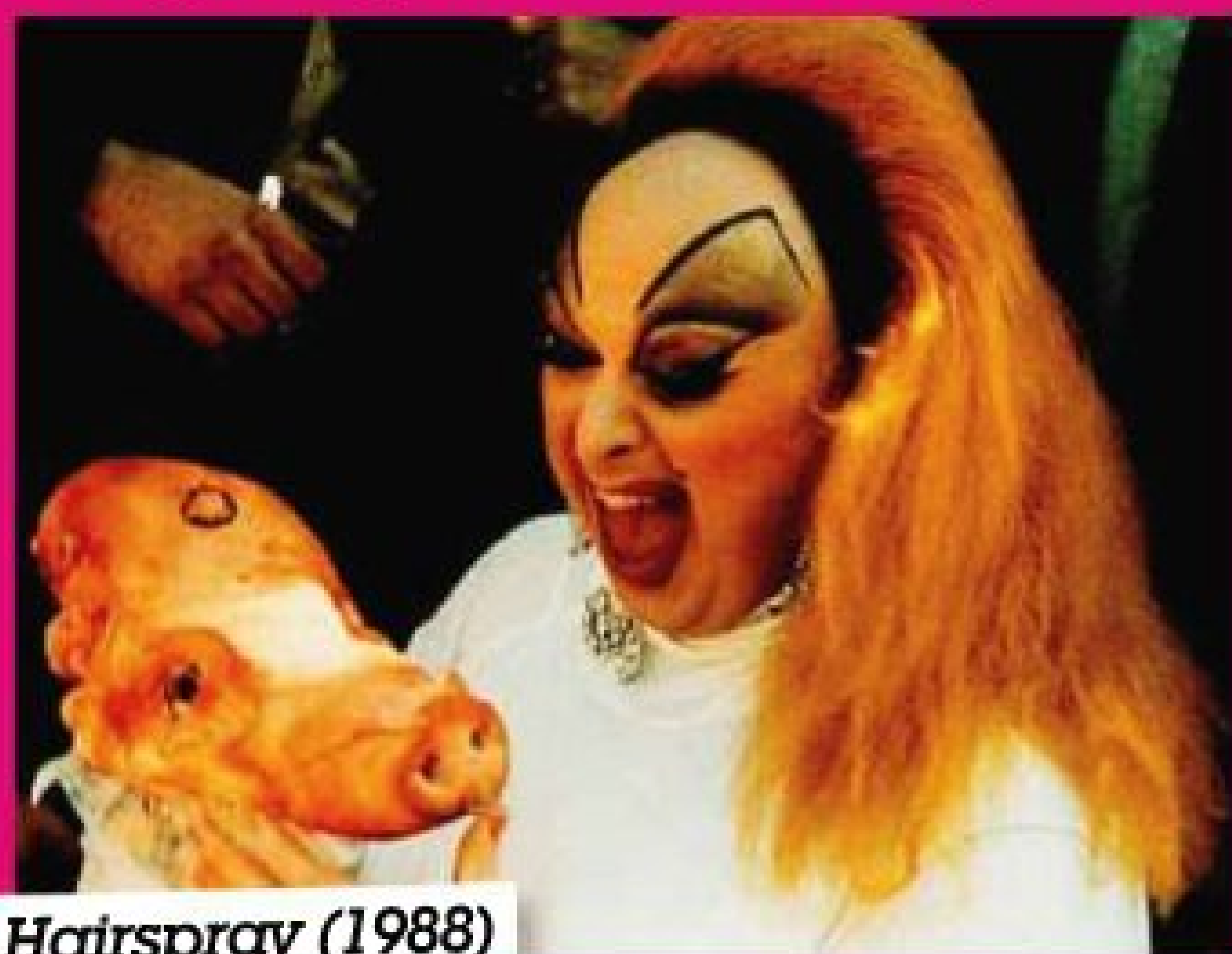
Pink Flamingos (1972)

The sleazy Marbles try to rob Divine's title of 'the filthiest person alive'



Female Trouble (1974)

Edith Massey's Ida Nelson gets trapped in a birdcage in this black comedy



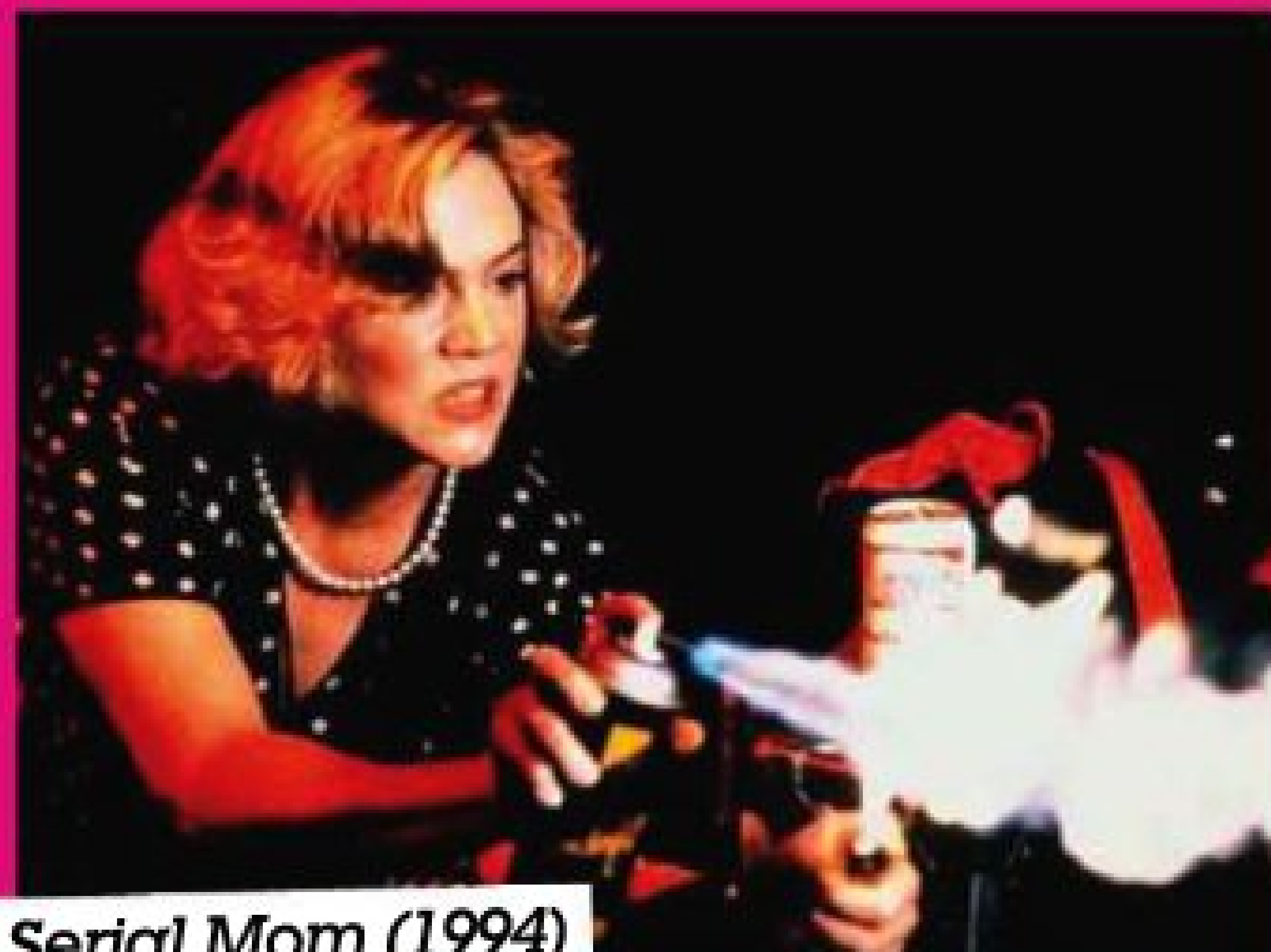
Hairspray (1988)

Divine stars as the mother of plump teen wannabe dancer Tracy Turnblad



Cry-Baby (1990)

Johnny Depp falls for a member of a rival gang in this teen musical parody



Serial Mom (1994)

A housewife (Kathleen Turner) overreacts to simple events and starts killing



A Dirty Shame (2004)

Selma Blair plays 'Ursula Udders' in this sex comedy set in Baltimore



and he coveted it for 30 years. "I've always loved this house," he says. "It looks like Dracula lived here, but it was never for sale. In 1985, when I was looking to buy somewhere, I walked up and

Mondo Trasho

In a small room off the stairs, Waters has an installation he commissioned from artist Gregory Green of an imaginary bomb maker's

a new one, he won't know about the Green installation and he'll think I'm a terrorist."

Waters loves witty, surprising art like Green's, and admires anyone who holds extreme beliefs

"My imaginary bomb maker's lair includes every detail of his life, from his ex-wife's pubic hair to a rosary"

knocked on the door. A nice woman answered and said, 'Oh, you're John Waters', and then I pestered her for five years until she sold it to me."

Inside, the quiet, clean, air-conditioned house looks as though it belongs to a studious academic, not the filmmaker who William Burroughs dubbed 'The Pope Of Trash'. Ranging from heavy tomes on Catholicism to pulp porno such as *Enter From The Rear*, the books on his shelves are neatly doubled up, and his living room is furnished with tasteful antique side tables and well-cared-for oriental rugs. But while there aren't any vintage dildos poking out of drawers and the walls are blood-and-cum-stain free, Water's perverse touch peeks out from behind an antique lampshade, where he has a model of the Pentagon after it was bombed on 9/11 – one of the 'Buildings Of Disaster' designed by Boym Partners.

lair, called 'Work Table Number Seven'. "I saw one of Gregory's bomb factories in a gallery in New York and had to have one. Mine's the only one at a private home in America," he says, proudly. "It's every single thing that you'd need to blow up a stadium, except the gunpowder, and it includes every detail of the bomber's life, from his ex-wife's pubic hair to a rosary. It's like a biography of a bomber and you figure out his life by studying the details."

Green lived in the house for a week while he worked on it, but Waters didn't peek until it was finished. Fortunately, he let us see it. "I want it to be like Pompeii and eventually be covered in dirt," he says. "The only thing I'm concerned about is my home exterminator – a guy who comes once a month to check I don't have any infestations. If I get

"Bombers have always interested me. I don't necessarily want to be one, but I'm interested in people who are driven to extreme acts – whether they're good or bad," he says.

Art and objects that fit the bill fill the house. Prints of Cy Twombly's neurotic scratchings adorn the dining room, and platefuls of fake fried food, plastic sushi and other inedible goodies lurk in every corner. Even the immaculately tiled downstairs loo has a row of cookies on the cistern. "My plastic food obsession started with pop art – with Claes Oldenburg, who made art that I could never afford," sighs Waters. "It was easier to find fake food and, when I went to Tokyo, there was a lot of it. Almost every restaurant has whatever they serve inside, displayed outside in wax. But the best ones are in thrift shops, like ugly, old carrots, or single pickles – the most pitiful things that you can find." →



Waters with a picture of exotic dancer Chesty Morgan. Clips of her appeared in *Serial Mom* (1994)

At home with...

Waters chillaxes in his leafy garden



'Work Table Number Seven', the imaginary bomb maker's lair by Gregory Green



More pics online at
Bizarremag.com

Eat Your Makeup

Waters exacts his daily routine with military precision. Getting up at 6am every day, he reads six or seven newspapers while drinking buckets of tea, before sitting down at 8am to write or come up with new ideas. At noon, Waters meets with his assistants to "go about selling whatever he thought up in the morning", and his evenings are spent watching films or reading – last night he read *Filthy Talk For Troubled Times*, plays

queen people like that in suburban Baltimore and I didn't know they existed. I think about him still because he had the nerve to lead a life that I didn't want – a life that was certainly more extreme than mine."

Twenty years on, and many of Waters' closest friends have died – including his childhood friend Divine, whose birth certificate sits on a shelf in his office. He also keeps a few presents from his fans around, including a model

– he finds the fringe folk in Baltimore more shocking. "When I go to New York, I find the kind of people I was drawn to in Baltimore in the mid-1960s, but they're being ironic," he says. "None of the people on the edge of society in Baltimore are ironic. They don't give a shit about celebrity. Nobody takes phone pictures of me."

Cherishing that kind of democracy, Waters has hosted a Christmas party every year at his house

"I did a book signing in Brooklyn a couple of weeks ago, where a girl came dressed as my socks. It was great!"

by Neil LaBute. On Friday he cuts loose in Baltimore's gay bars and biker clubs and, by Sunday, he's ready to ignore the phone and slouch on his red sofa with yet more literature.

In his youth, Waters made friends with many of the drag queens, thugs and freaks who populated the nightscape of his youth, and became the inspiration for his films. But there were a few people he admired and never met, such as a transvestite called Pencil.

"He-teased his hair into a beehive and wore skinny girls' black jeans, tennis shoes and a blouse that looked like a girls' blouse," he remembers. "But it wasn't like he was in a dress or anything. That was confusing. He was street and everyone found him alarming, including gay people. I'd never seen scary drag

of Divine on the rampage from a scene in *Female Trouble*. "I appreciate my fans; they're my customers," explains Waters.

While Waters won't tell us if he has any stalkers, he admits that he won't write to any of his fans more than once for fear of encouraging them. But recalling a recent encounter with a Waters-lover sends his mouth into a smirk that accentuates the pencil 'tache on his top lip. "I did a book signing in Brooklyn a couple of weeks ago where a girl came dressed as my socks," he laughs. "I thought it was great – she had on miss-matched material from head-to-toe."

Desperate Living

Even though Waters has lived in New York and San Francisco – and still has houses in both cities

since he was 18, inviting everybody that he knows from his friend and casting director Pat Moran to the guy who works in the hardware shop around the corner.

"Nothing bad has ever happened at those parties and it's the one I most look forward to," he says. "But last year, it was held during the biggest blizzard we've ever had in Baltimore. The caterers came, so I had food and liquor for 200 people, but it was illegal to go out, so only about 70 people came – and they were the ones who live nearest and are the most insane. Come to think of it, they were mostly the people I would've kicked off my list if I'd had to cut it, and my assistants. But it was fun."

Role Models, by John Waters, is published by Beautiful Books, priced £15.99



WATER LOAD OF CRAP

John's craziest counterculture curios

1 PLASTIC SUSHI

"I got this at a street in Tokyo that's got loads of fake food in the restaurant windows, but I have too much plastic food now. I don't want to collect fancy things anymore, such as a whole dinner. I think one dirty potato chip looks better."

2 BOMBERS WORKSHOP

"I hired Gregory Green to do this installation of a bomber's workshop called 'Work Table Number Seven'. When we went shopping for the parts in Baltimore, the store owners were scared of us."

3 BUILDINGS OF DISASTER SCULPTURES

"Here's the 9/11-bombed Pentagon, the Unabomber's cabin, and the New Orleans Superdome. They're all made out of nickel and the mere sight of them is shocking. I never built models as a kid, and I like these because I didn't have to make them. In 2009 I presented Boym Partners, which created them, with a National Design Award, and told them what great wedding presents they make. In my other houses I also have the tunnel where Princess Di died, the bombed World Trade Centre, and the hotel where Martin Luther King was shot."

4 UNABOMBER BIRDHOUSE

"Boym also made this, but it's not like the other Buildings of Disaster sculptures; it's a spin-off product made from wood. The birds check in, but I don't know if they check out. I've never put it outside."

5 MACHINE GUN

"This was a prop used in the 1955 film *Guys And Dolls*. Johnny Depp gave it to me a long time ago when we made *Cry-Baby*. It was his going-away present at the wrap party. Most people have an umbrella stand in their hallway that they walk past every day and I happen to have an electric chair, and this."

6 ENTER FROM THE REAR AND CONVICT LUST

"I collect uncollectible books like these. Their covers are so hideous they're funny, but I don't read the contents. Books like this are hard to find because most bookshops don't buy them in. I won't tell you where I get mine from, because then you'll raid them for the best stuff."

7 CHRISTMAS DECORATION

"This is one of the best things I've ever got from a fan. It's a sculpture depicting a scene from *Female Trouble* where Divine knocks the Christmas tree over, squashing her mother. The Christmas tree lights light up, and I get it out every Christmas time."

8 DIVINE'S BIRTH CERTIFICATE

"After Divine died in 1988, his mother accidentally gave away a box of his stuff, which then got sold at a flea market. To my great horror I saw it online



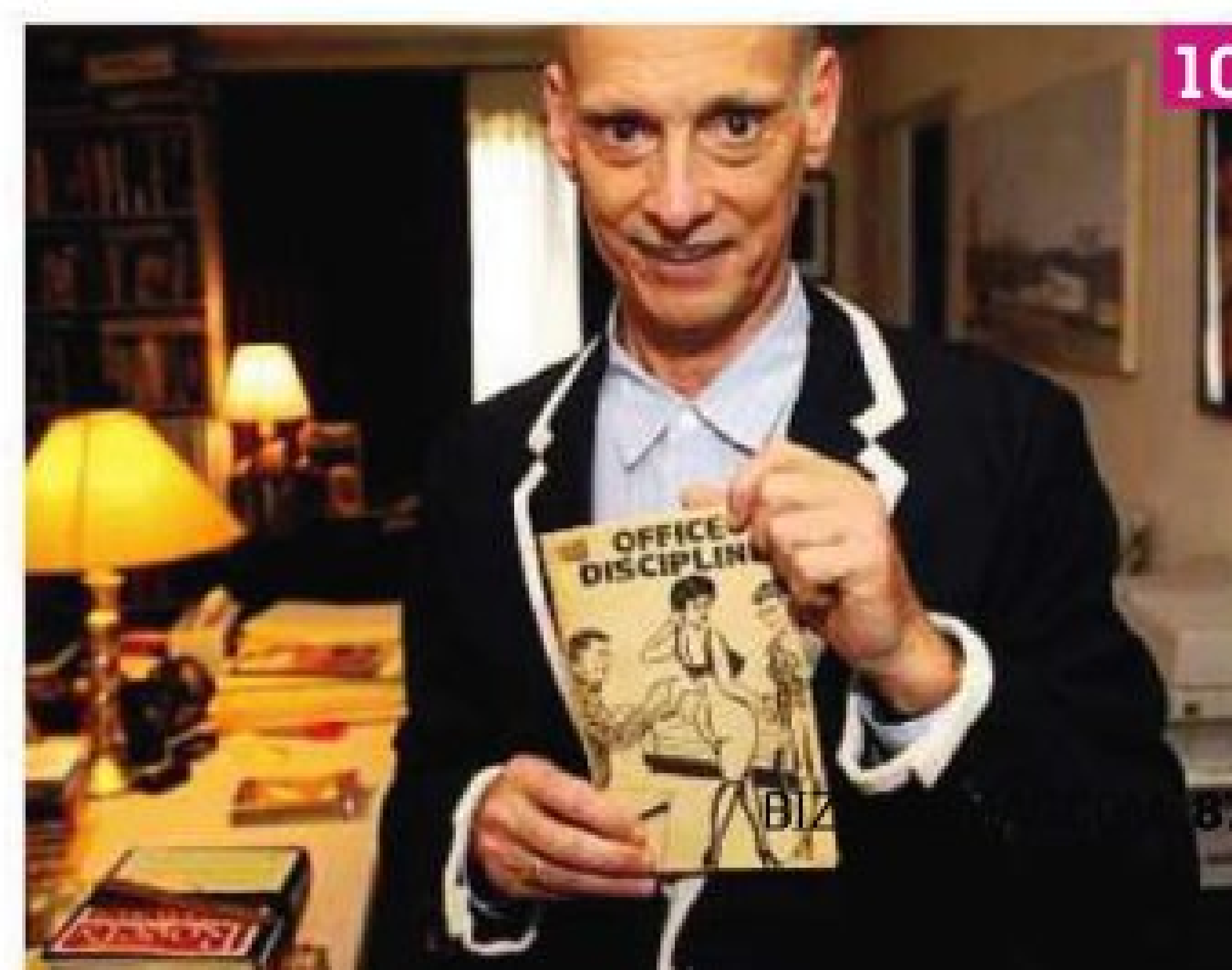
about 10 years ago, so I bought it. I don't remember how much I paid for it but it wasn't a lot because the price made me angry. The seller could've got a lot for it if they hadn't put it on eBay. Couldn't they have called Sothebys?"

9 EDITH MASSEY'S SHOE

"I have both of them, and they're the ones she wore in *Female Trouble* when Edith played Ida Nelson. The shoes are called 'Zippy Zip-ups' and they came from Fredericks of Hollywood. I liked the name and the store they came from was fancy for us - we usually bought props in thrift shops."

10 OFFICE DISCIPLINE

"I have this book in my office so that my employees can see it every day. One year, one of the illustrations was the invitation to my annual Christmas party. I get lots of uses out of the things that I find."



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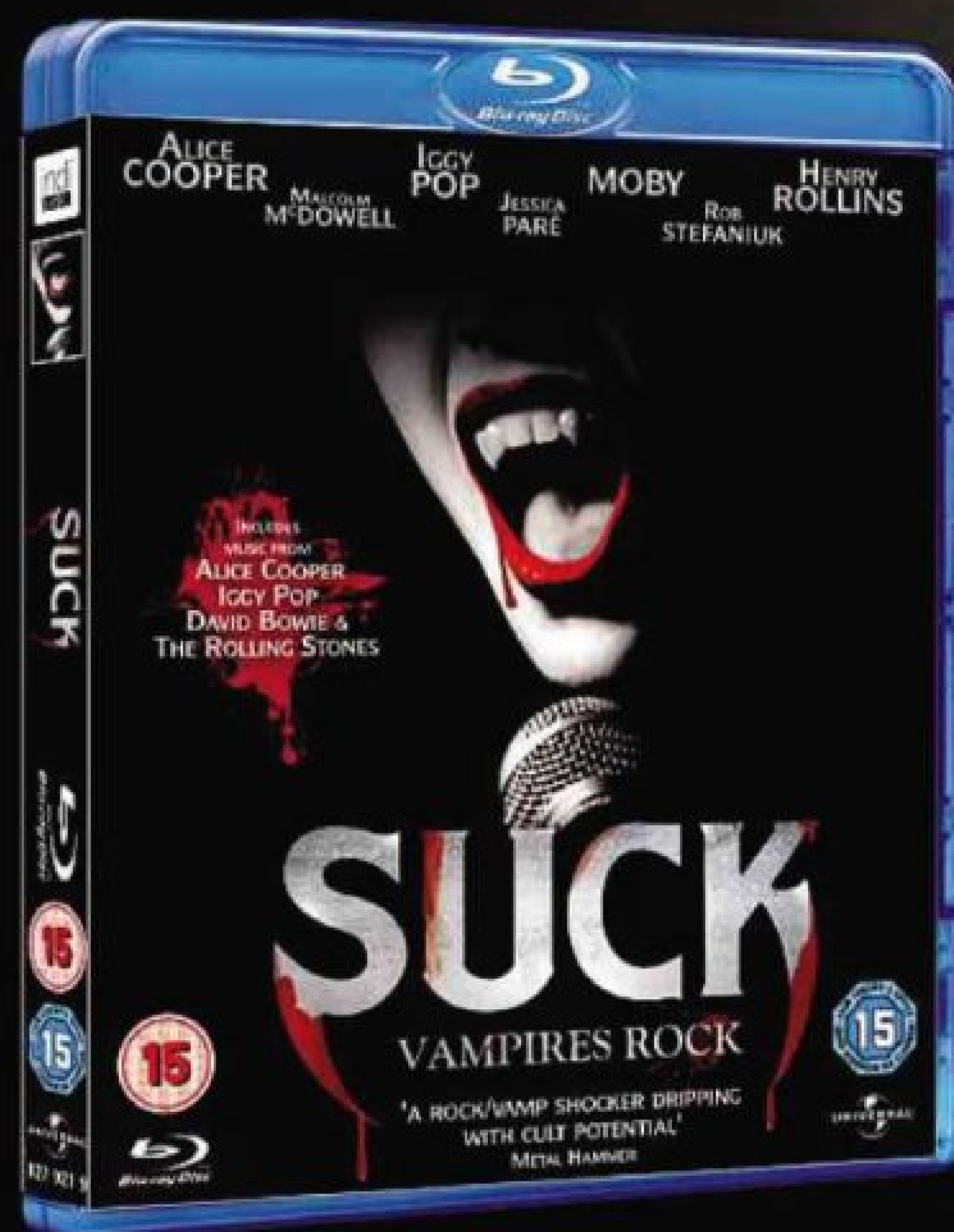
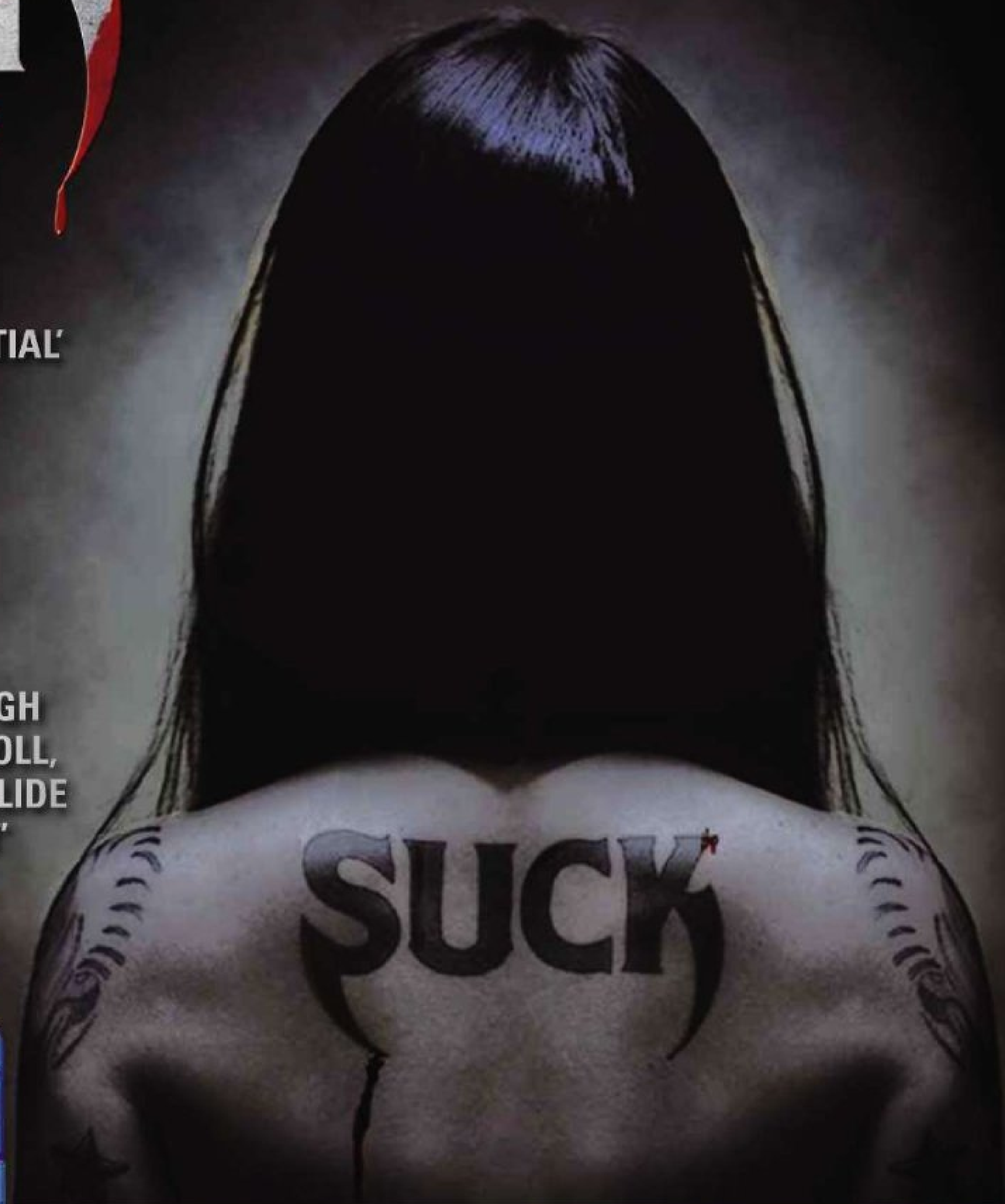
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Inking Icon

No.2 Lal Hardy

Every month, *Bizarre* celebrates the world's finest tattooists. Only the best flesh artists deserve our **Inking Icon** accolade

British BULL DOG

Meet Lal Hardy, the punkiest tattooist in London

WORDS **DENISE STANBOROUGH**
PHOTOS **TOM BROADBENT**

Ask Lal Hardy to tell you a crazy tattooing story, and he'd be hard pushed to pick the best one from an inking career spanning over 30 years and counting.

Today, Lal sits in his own busy but modest tattoo emporium located on a leafy residential street in London's Muswell Hill, the area he's lived in all his life. But Lal's humble, yet erratic beginnings would see today's young inkers running home to their mothers. When he first picked up a tattoo machine, there was no internet, no DVDs and no mainstream following – colour TV had only just arrived. But a burgeoning rockabilly and punk scene, with an insatiable hunger to go under the needle, gave Lal the opportunity to start inking. →

INKING ICON #2

"I love rock'n'roll music, and I loved the imagery, music and fashion that emerged with the Teddy Boy revival of the 1970s," Lal recalls. "Many of the Teds had tattoos, such as brightly coloured stars, the initials CSA – which stood for the Confederate States Of America – and the Confederate flag was popular because of its connection to the deep south and the rockabilly music that emerged from there."

Enthusiastic Lal needed to get his hands on a tattoo machine, which were hard to find in the 1970s. "A tattooist I knew had his takings stolen, and I knew the blokes who took them," says Lal. "He told me that if I got his money back, I could have a tattoo machine. That was worth more than a financial reward to me, so I went down the pub where the boys drank, and told them the tattooist knew some heavy guys, and it'd be best to give back the money. I returned with the takings and was given a tattoo machine made out of the workings from an old doorbell. One of my friends was willing to be tattooed, so I wired up my machine to the transformer from a train set, but I wasn't sure if it would electrocute me or not, so I made my mate hold the machine first while I turned it on."



Nice magic marker!

"At a nightclub I got stabbed through the hand and I didn't think I'd be able to tattoo again"

One of Lal's custom tattoo machines

Looking at artwork in punk fanzines and album covers, Lal became passionate about the new cultural era. Dying his hair all the colours of the rainbow, Lal became known as the only London tattooist who was heavily into punk, and the likes of Anti-Nowhere League, Beki Bondage from Vice Squad, and The Exploited appeared on his doorstep, offering up their flesh.

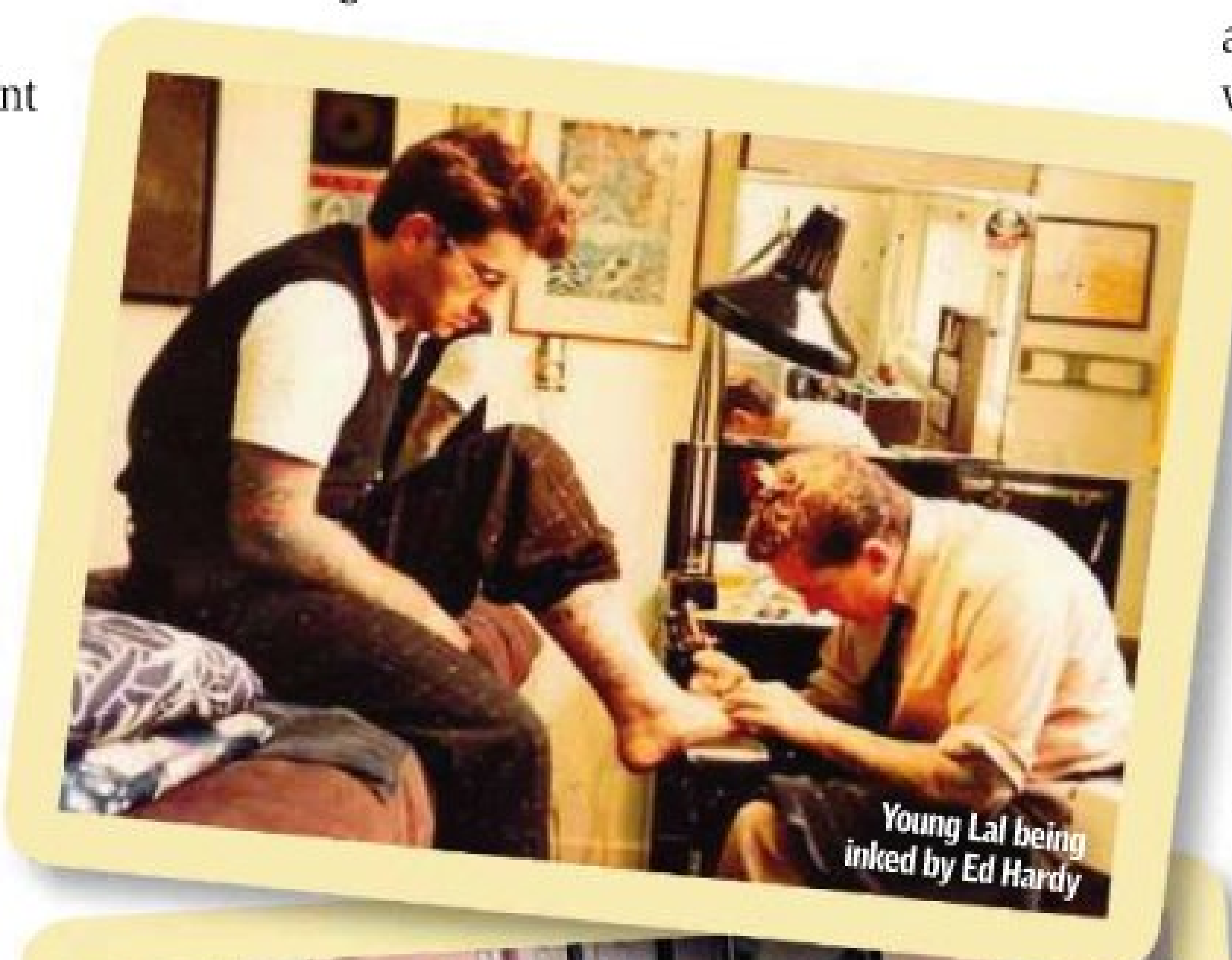
Shaky hand-job

A tattoo apprentice today can earn a half-decent living, but Lal needed to work another job as a psychiatric hospital porter while getting his first break working in a studio. The fact that he could hold a tattoo machine at all was a miracle. "It was 1978, I'd gone out to a nightclub for the first time, and there was an altercation over a woman" recalls Lal. "My mate ended up getting glassed and I got stabbed through the hand. I didn't think I'd be able to tattoo again."

But tattoo he did, albeit under the wandering eye of Jock, a larger-than-life inker based in London's Kings Cross. "Jock wasn't the best tattooist on the planet," admits Lal. "But he was worldly wise. I was pretty much self-taught, though. Jock's idea of training was to say, 'Lal, I'm going home.'"

After a year, 20-year-old Lal was taken under the wing of tattooist Dennis Cockell – known for inking artists like The Stray Cats. But it was an insane and grim prank that saw Lal land his own tattoo parlour. "I was living and tattooing out of a little bedsit owned by an Italian family," he remembers. "There was a mortuary at the end of the road and, one

night, a few punk friends of mine decided to steal a dead body and leave it on my doorstep. They got disturbed lifting the stiff, so they ran out with an empty coffin instead. After ringing the bell and running away, they dumped it in my front garden. The son from the Italian family was dying of cancer, so when they saw the coffin, they slung me out. Word got around that I needed a place to work from, and a guy rented me a room in a building he owned. I've been here ever since."



Young Lal being inked by Ed Hardy



Punk customers get in the spirit

All inkers together

Besides inking in his pad, Lal started pushing for UK tattoo conventions after meeting his hero, Ed Hardy, at one of his Stateside events in the 1980s. Along with another old school inker, Ian of Reading, Lal started up Dunstable Tattoo Expo, which was geared towards the general public rather than just tattooists and their friends. The pair also started up one of the first London expos.

Lal's fascination with tattooing is as strong as ever, and now he sets aside space in his studio where up-and-coming artists can perfect their trade. "We have Matt Black doing tribal, Luca Ortis doing Japanese, Silvia Zed doing black and grey, Wayne Grace doing fantasy work and Adam Da Punk has his own unique style," says Lal. "Many artists have come and gone and plenty of them have set up their own studios after being in my place. I pride myself on being able to direct a client to the best person for the job and I'm really happy with my little tattoo family."

And as for the inking stories? "The art of storytelling has now been lost," says Lal. "Especially the kind I used to hear from people like Jock and other incredible old school artists of the time such as Ed Hardy. I was tattooing a little Irish fellow one day, and he turned out to be one of the Birmingham Six. I've inked people who are now doing life for murder. How many new tattooists will have these kind of experiences with these kinds of people?"

And just as I'm wrapping up our interview, Lal looks thoughtful for a second. "Hey, did I tell you the one about the fake skull we sold to a dumb American for quite a few quid..."

And he's off again with another yarn. **B**



INKING IN THE UK

Whizz through Brit history with Lal's top tats

1 "LAL WOZ 'ERE"

"This was inked on to a tattoo collector who was pretty well-covered. I love it because it's so stupid!"

2 ROSE AND THISTLE

"This is one of the most recent pieces I've done. I like this type of tattoo as it represents the countries the client's parents originated from; Scotland and England."

3 TRIBAL

"I did this on a friend in 1982. It got me more publicity than any other tattoo I've ever done. This was a radical tatt to have back then."

4 DOG TAGS

"This was a very poignant tattoo. I did it on a guy whose brother was killed in Afghanistan. They were his brother's tags."

5 JAPANESE BACK PIECE

"This is a special one for me as it's the back view of the first ever full body suit I completed. A lot of time and patience went into doing this."

6 PITBULL

"This design was drawn by a tattoo artist called Boog, who inks a lot of gangs. I was lucky enough to have a customer who wanted it this big."

7 CELTIC RING

"I've seen many tattoo fads come and go, and Celtic work became incredibly popular during the 1980s. I enjoyed doing something that small and intricate."

8 SEX PISTOLS

"As an old punk at heart, this was a great tattoo to do. It reminded me of a brilliant cultural era and of all the crazy punks I've inked in the past."

9 THROUGH THE KEY HOLE

"Pin-ups and tattooing are strongly linked and you see a lot of pretty girls in ink now. Having a mouse looking at her pussy in this one adds a unique twist!"

10 CROWN

"This is on AC Milan footballer Kevin Prince Boateng. I like it because it was pretty rad for a sportsman to get such a bold and visual tattoo."

GARY
STRETCH

JAMES
RUSSO

AND

LANCE
HENRIKSEN

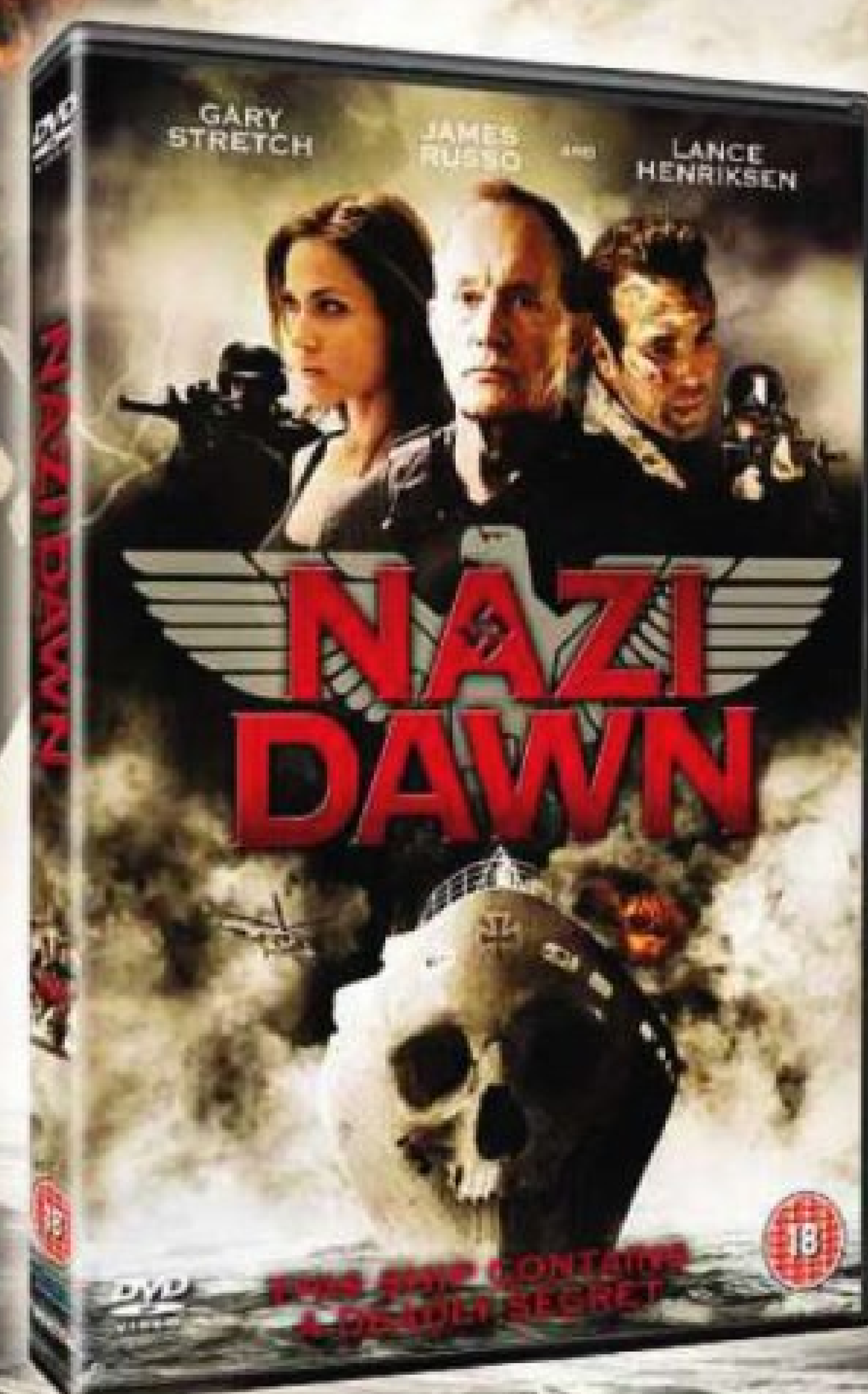


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MASK

parade

Traditional festivals across Africa are often brought screaming to life by men wearing terrifying masks and elaborate costumes. Photographer Phyllis Galembo has snapped the most striking...

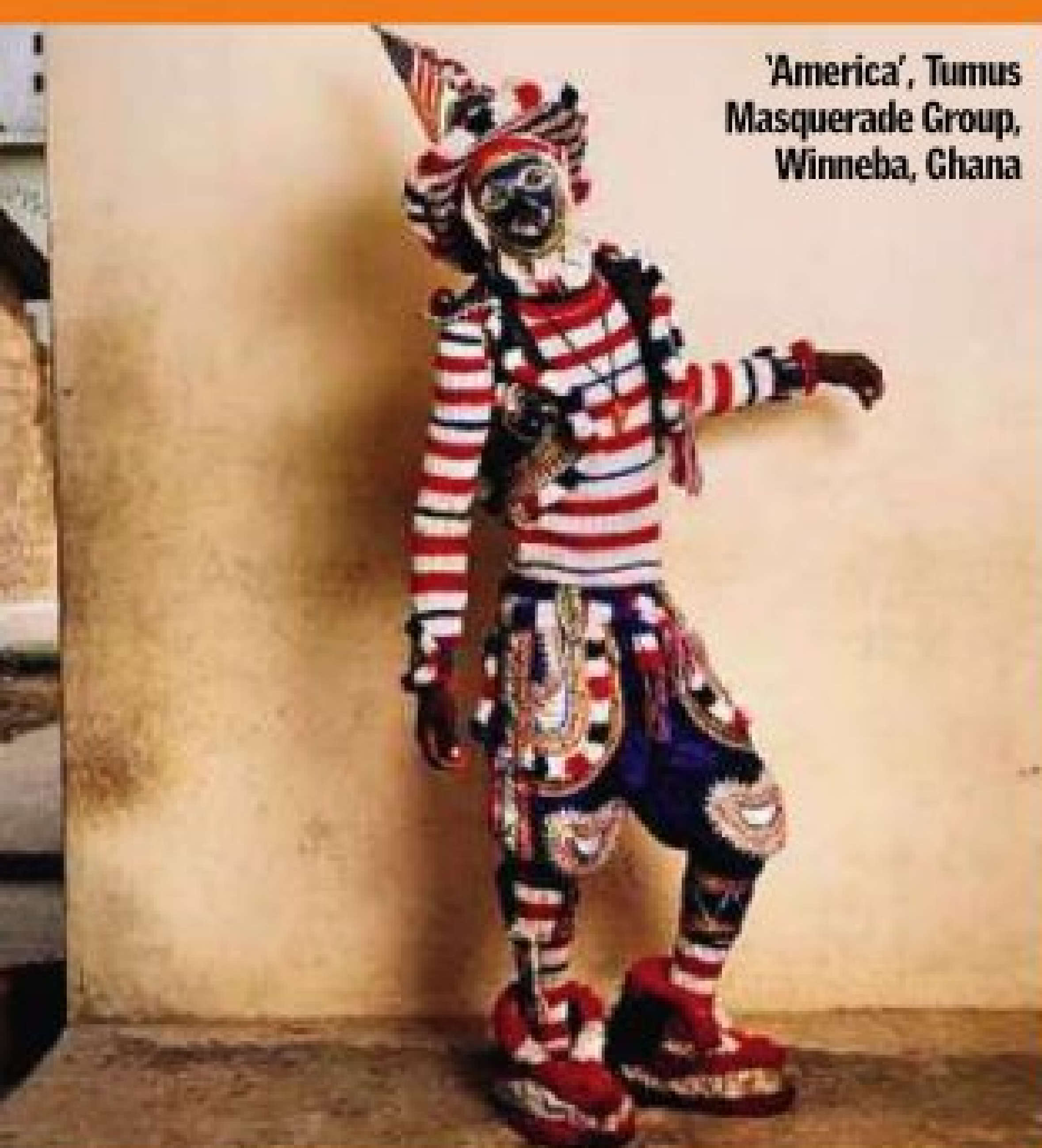
Across Africa, the significance of ceremonial masks runs deep. In many African countries, ritual masks are said to embody the spirits of ancestral beings who've returned to earth to guide the living at key points in their life, or to help bring good fortune, prolong peace and provide generous harvests. In some other countries, masks have political and legal significance, and in southern Nigeria masked men were once executioners during criminal trials in the centuries before Western law was imposed. But for most people across the continent, masks represent the alarming face of ancient rituals, and help communities that have been heavily influenced by Christianity, Islam and the Western world to preserve their sense of identity. In her luscious book *Maske*, photographer Phyllis Galembo showcases her unique photos of masquerade events across Africa. It's a stunning collection of images, which capture traditional rituals that have only been witnessed by a handful of outsiders. And while mask traditions are declining across Africa, Galembo's book is a record of elegant treasures, which help reveal the continent's vibrant history. →

'Kanjijela' (The Biggest One),
Likishi Masquerade,
Mongu, Zambia

TRIBAL TERRORS

GHANA

The annual Fancy Dress Festival in Winneba is a collision between African masquerade and fancy dress traditions that were brought to Ghana by European immigrants. During the festival, hundreds of masqueraders march through the city, drawing tourists to the region. On Christmas Day and Boxing Day, groups parade through the streets wearing the costumes they made that year. On New Year's Day, participants reveal brand new costumes, which have been kept a closely-guarded secret for months.



'America', Tumas Masquerade Group, Winneba, Ghana



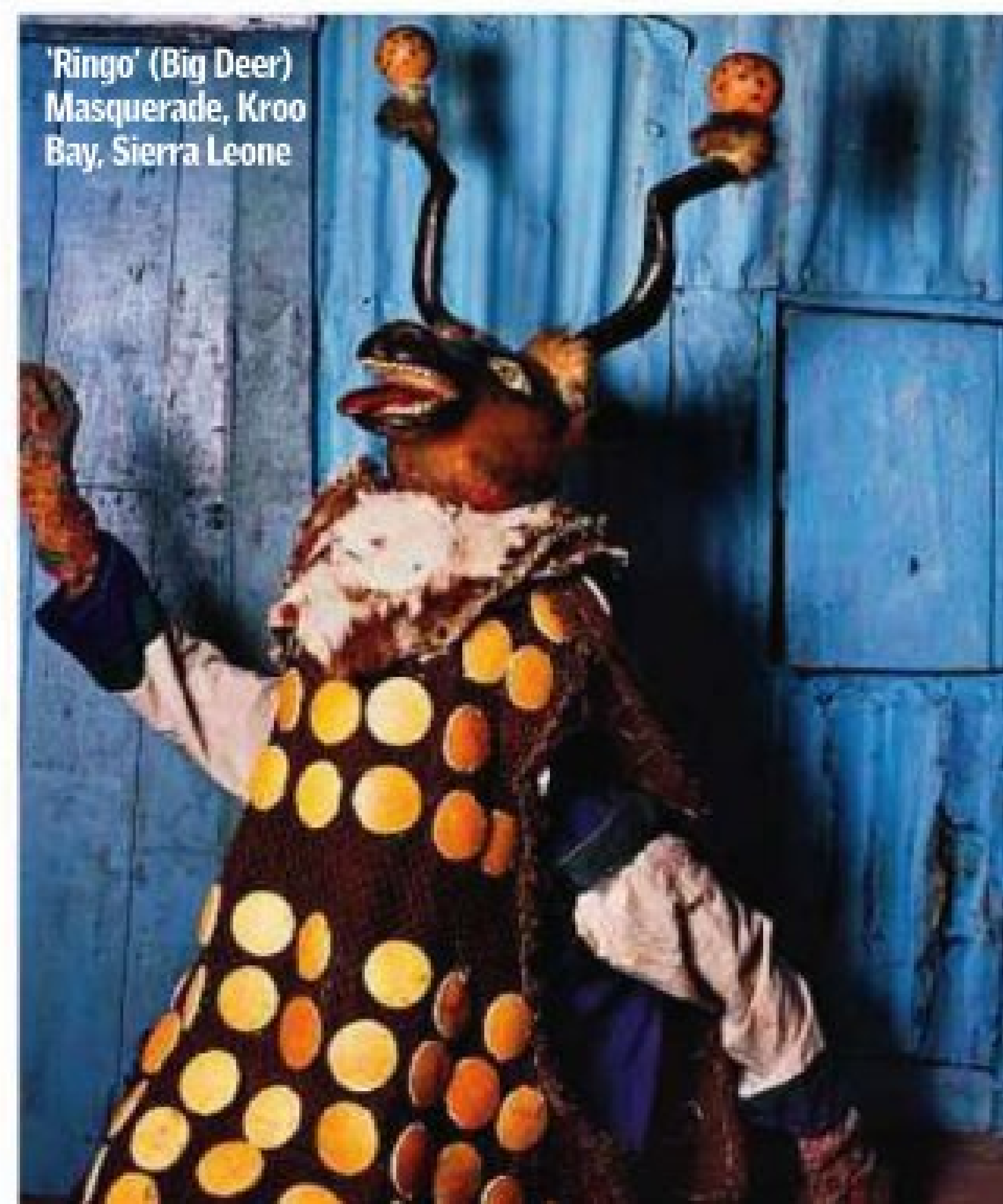
Four children in fancy dress, Nobles Masquerade Group, Winneba, Ghana

'Water Buffalo Devil', Red Indians, Freetown, Sierra Leone



SIERRA LEONE

In the capital city of Freetown, every neighbourhood has secret societies, which offer migrants from the countryside friendship and tips on how to be streetwise. During festivals throughout the year, these social groups march through the city, wearing T-shirts emblazoned with their society logo, led by masked 'devils' who dance to a cacophony of drums, bells and boom-boxes. The marches are generally peaceful and joyous affairs, but, if two devils meet, the results can be explosive and the masked performers often start kicking and punching each other in front of a cheering crowd.



'Ringo' (Big Deer) Masquerade, Kroo Bay, Sierra Leone

NIGERIA

In some regions of the country, masked men parade on the streets at Christmas, representing the spirits of ancestors who've come from the underworld to guide the living during yuletide, or who've returned to help in times of crisis. While masquerading is an exclusively male tradition in most African countries, there are female masking societies in parts of Nigeria. Members of these women's clubs cover themselves from head-to-foot in colourful fabrics, wearing a carved, brightly painted sculpture on top of their heads. Men also take part in these ceremonies, but even though everyone is covered up, you can spot the women by the brightly-painted baby dolls that they carry. →

TRIBAL TERRORS

**BURKINA
FASO**

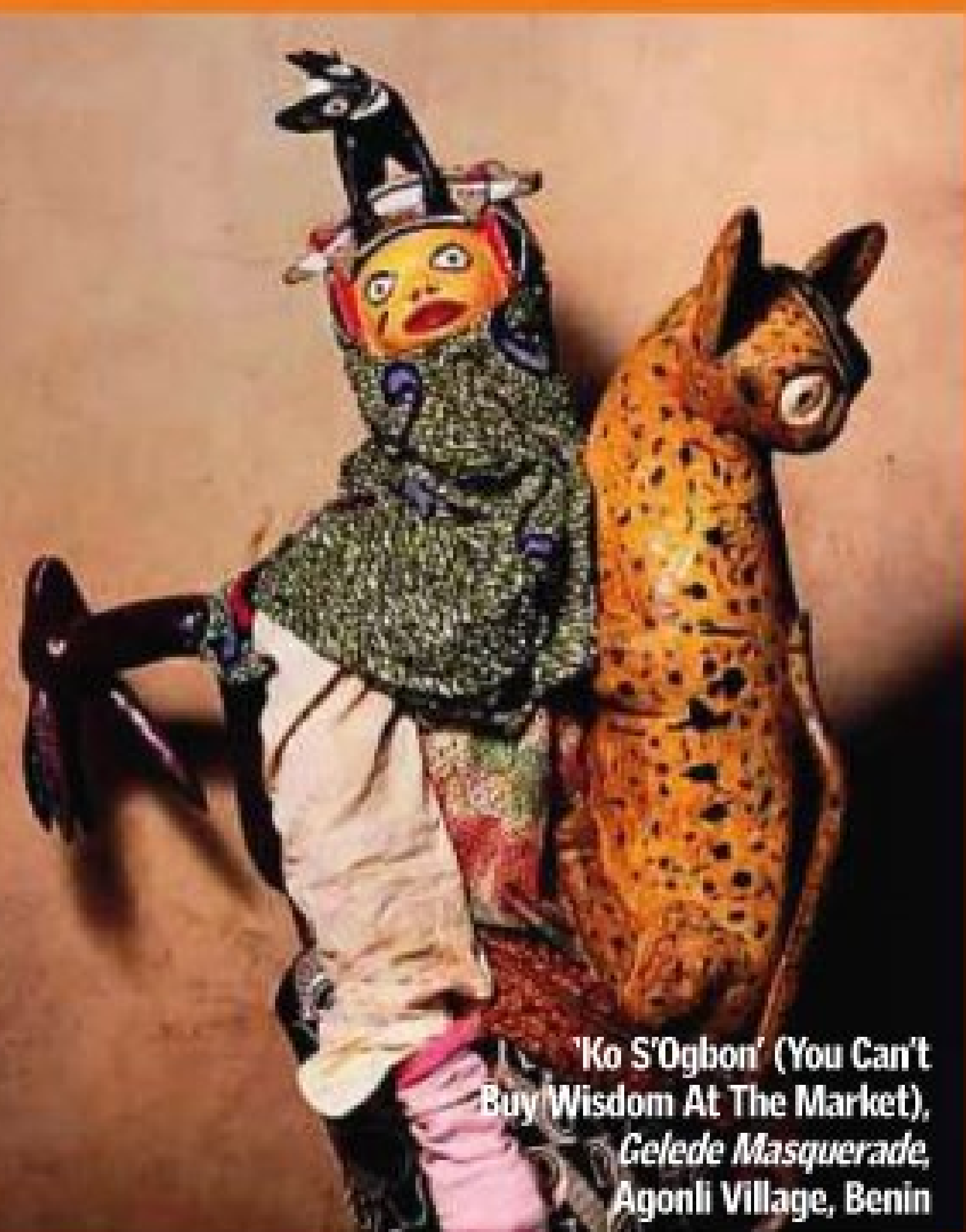
The masks used in initiation rights, funerals and harvest festivals in Burkina Faso are usually made from cotton, grass and leaves, which invariably fall apart during the festivities. But people also use elaborate 'plank' masks carved from wood, which often stand over 15ft high. The country relies almost exclusively on agriculture, and masked dancers are often brought in during ceremonies to mark the start of the planting season. At these parties, masqueraders dance from the afternoon late into the night, and playfully chase children through the village and bestow blessings on everyone they meet.



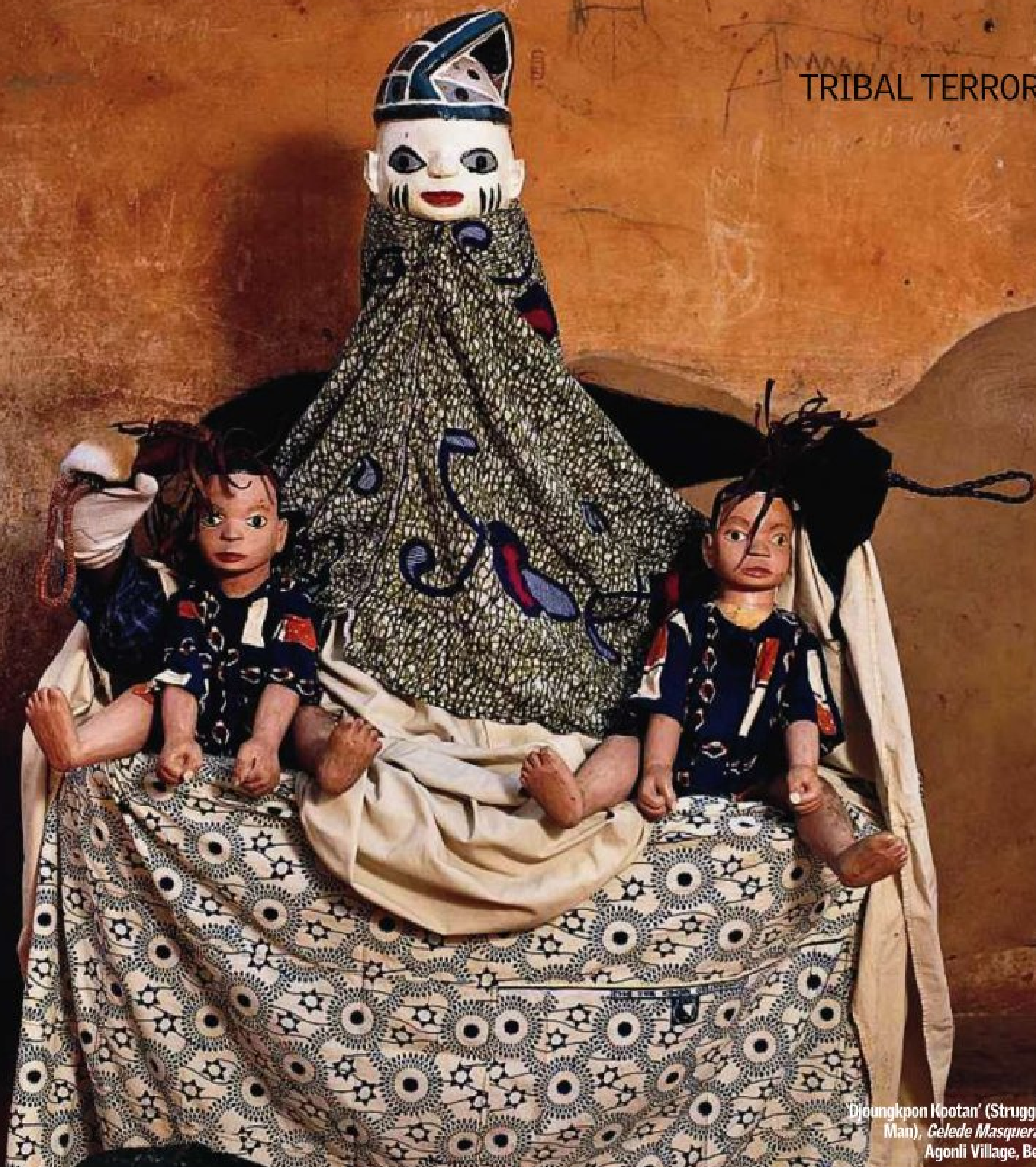
'Cegnon', Bird Masquerade,
Samaga Village, Burkina Faso

BENIN

In Benin, masked performers come from two distinct ritual societies; the Gelede and Ehungun. The Gelede masquerade is devoted to 'our mothers', and celebrates goddesses, female ancestors, all women dead or alive, and the spirits thought to protect crops, keep children healthy and ensure peace. By contrast, the Ehungun figures represent dead ancestors who have returned to the realm of the living during a funeral or festival, or who've been called on for help in difficult times.



'Ko S'Ogbon' (You Can't Buy Wisdom At The Market),
Gelede Masquerade,
Agonli Village, Benin



'Djeungkpon Kootan' (Struggling Man),
Gelede Masquerade,
Agonli Village, Benin

'Chileya' (Wise Male Ancestor),
Likishi Masquerade,
Kaoma, Zambia



ZAMBIA

During the annual Mukanda initiation ceremonies in Zambia, boys between the ages of seven and 13 are separated from their families in an isolated bush camp, taught the skills they need to become husbands and fathers, and ritually circumcised to symbolise their coming of age. Men dressed in Makishi masks represent ancestral characters who've come to guide them through key stages of their transition to adulthood. The Makishi masqueraders also dance at graduation ceremonies when the boys return home, and are notorious for scaring the audience. Tradition demands their real identities are never revealed. 

BUY THE BOOK!

Maske by Phyllis Galembo is published by Chris Boot, priced £30.



Meet the lowbrow artists who create fantastical work,
and the fans who've chosen to wear it on their flesh

SKIN CANVAS

Children wearing meat dresses, bunnies wielding hammers, and babies with tentacles... these tattoo designs sure beat a tribal tramp stamp. It's important to have a striking image in mind when going under the needle, and many people are turning to the work of some of the most renowned and unique underground artists on the planet. After all, your ink will stay with you forever, and you might regret choosing from unflattering flash or your mate's scribbles. With this in mind, *Bizarre* spoke to the artists behind the images that resonate with the tattoo community, and the people who go under the needle in the ultimate homage to their favourite artisan.



'Cherry' looks sweet on the skin

Camille's 'Cherry'

The Artist Camille Rose Garcia



Inspired by Philip K. Dick, William Burroughs, and Walt Disney, Camille is one of LA's most successful lowbrow artists. Producing paintings, prints and scriptures of creepy cartoon nippers placed against eerie fairy-tale backdrops, she recently released an illustrated

version of *Alice's Adventures In Wonderland*.

Camille says "Knowing people have my art permanently etched on their skin is pretty flattering. It erases all the, 'Oh, this kind of sucks' moments I sometimes get when I'm in the studio. People started contacting me through my website, and asking if they could convert my art into a tattoo. I had to put up a message that said it was OK, as long as they sent me a picture of their ink!"

"I can only speculate about why people are attracted to my work, but I like to think that the characters I create form a sort of disenchanted collective. They tell familiar stories of pain, sorrow, and beauty, but they aren't attached in any way to a corporate structure or trademark, the way a lot of our childhood cartoon characters are. I love Woody Woodpecker, but I wouldn't get a tattoo of him in case he ended up as a print on some Walmart pyjamas."

"As for my own tattoo collection, I have a few, but I'm horribly indecisive about an overall theme! I've yet to see a really *bad* tattoo of my art; I'm usually holding someone's arm and checking it out for about five minutes before they start getting really embarrassed. I'd love to watch a fan get inked, but I might make the tattooist a bit nervous..."

Camillerosegarcia.com

Heidi's version of 'Pepper' from Camille's *Sleepwalkers* series (original far right)

The Fan Heidi

New York, USA

Tattoo by Stacey Martin at Dovetail Tattoo, Texas, USA

“Camille is, without doubt, my favourite artist. I make dolls, draw, and paint, and looking at her work inspires me to be creative. Because of this, I’ve dedicated a whole sleeve to Camille’s art, which I’m in the process of finishing. It’ll include an octopus, creepy birds, bats, pill bottles and teardrops.

“I get a lot of good responses from people, even from those who aren’t big fans of ink. They’re attracted to the imagery because it’s cute, funny and adorable, if a little offbeat. But I also get negative reactions, including haters telling me I’ll go to hell or regret it when I’m older. I say, ‘I’ll look like a bad-ass grandma!’

“Ultimately, having Camille’s work on my skin makes me feel sexy and beautiful. I like the fact I can decorate myself with work from an amazing artist, and share it with the world. I’m all about self-expression and individuality, and I get that from tattoos.” →



The Artist

Ray Caesar



Working as a medical artist at Toronto's Hospital For Sick Children was all the inspiration 3-D artist Ray needed when it came to creating his unique family of twisted tots. His time creating medical and technical

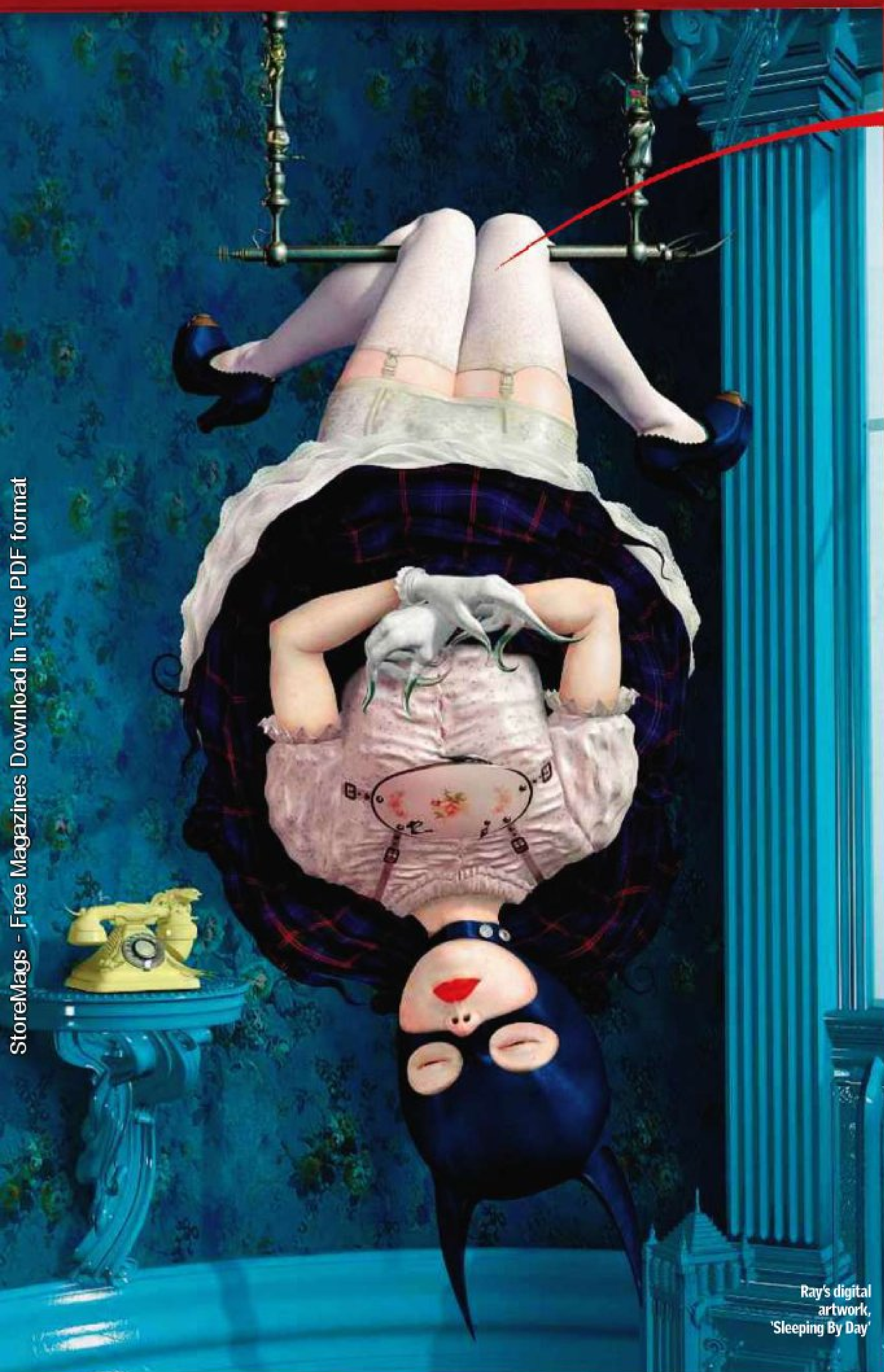
drawings, including documenting animal research and creating visual tools for brain-damaged children, shows strongly in his eerie digital art, and makes for a twisted tattoo design.

Ray says: "I love tattoos, because the art of tattooing has been around since the beginning of our species. We make pictures, diagrams, ideograms and symbols – it's how we communicate. It's incredibly humbling to see a piece of my work tattooed on someone's skin. Several years ago, a girl sent me an image of a tattoo of a piece of my work called 'Kitten Study', which depicts a cat with a visible heart. I was surprised, and I started getting more requests for permission and pictures from people."

"My work portrays a lot of hard and personal emotions, and maybe that's why people want to tattoo my images on themselves. I don't judge any tattoo as 'good' or 'bad'. I like to see them for what they are, and as separate from my own work. There are some amazing tattoo artists out there."

"I don't have tattoos, because I have a need to feel naked without clothes on, and it's a sensual thing I refuse to compromise on. There's also a history of Psychopathic Narcissism – a horrible and dangerous disorder – in my family. As a child, I developed a condition called Dissociative Identity Disorder. It's like having multiple personalities, and it was a good survival method. I'm sensitive to narcissism and much of my work is about looking in mirrors. To wear a tattoo is an expression of something you want people to see, and in some cases the tattoo has a certain narcissistic quality to it. I feel like I must live in the shadows, and never bring attention to myself. But I like the idea of having my dead body tattooed and encased in resin, so I might leave instructions for that."

Raycaesar.com



Ray's digital artwork, 'Sleeping By Day'



Tony's tatt is sometimes mistaken for a tribute to Batman

The Fan

Tony DeStefano

Washington, USA

Tattoo by Angel Garza at Lady Luck Tattoo, Spokane, Washington, USA



Tony says: "The first time I saw Ray's work, I fell in love with it. At times, it's equally horrifying and peacefully serene. Like books and movies, I'm attracted to the pieces that evoke an emotional response. I don't care what

response it is; if I feel it, then I love it. And Ray's work definitely gets a reaction out of me. Some of it makes me feel completely nauseous, but that means it's doing its job!"

"I looked through a lot of Ray's art before settling on a piece called 'Sleeping By Day' to have as a tattoo. It seemed sweet and calm, but with a hint of mystery lurking under that mask. I really related to it."

"Sadly, the first thing people assume is that I'm a Batman or comic fan, which I'm not. So I have to explain, 'It's not a Batman image. It's just a creepy little girl hanging upside down, who happens to be wearing a bat mask.'"

The Artist

Mitch O'Connell



While you may have seen Mitch O'Connell's commercial art popping up on CD covers for the likes of Less Than Jake and the Supersuckers, or his advertising campaigns for McDonalds or

Coca-Cola, he also does a striking line in fine art, and his amazing interpretation of Dracula appeared in *Graphic Classic: Bram Stoker*. The Chicago-born artist now designs tattoo flash.

Mitch says: "For me, the best way to start my day is by sipping my morning coffee, and checking my emails to find tattoos of my work. I love to see how tattooists have put their own spin on a piece, or the personal twist a client has added to an image. If they pick one of my doodles as inspiration, it's a collaboration between three of us. Their thoughts on the final result are just as important as mine."

"I became enamoured with old school tattoo flash about 15 years ago and started incorporating it into own art. The amazing craftsmanship of the founding tattoo fathers was like an artistic kick in the gut. Then people started sending me photos of tattoos based on some of the CD covers and magazine illustrations I'd done, which I'd never thought of as

tattoo fodder. It was a huge rush! I finally slapped my ample forehead and muttered, 'Why not draw up my own tattoo designs?' So I did!"

"I know a tattoo design can be anything from a representation of the 'Mona Lisa' to a bunch of abstract zig-zags, but the whole point of my artworks was to look like they could be only one thing – tattoos. I didn't want them to be a technical pain in the ass to ink, so I got advice from tattooists, and even did some tattooing myself – though not that well – which helped me make the drawings much more clean, lean and mean."

"It's flattering to see that people have my work tattooed on them. You could get sick of having one of my paintings hanging in the living room and throw it in a Salvation Army collection box, but your body parts are a little more difficult to redecorate. What would I say to someone thinking of getting a tattoo of my art? Best friends forever!"

Mitchoconnell.com

Mitch's old school female wrestler



The Fan

Matt Curley

New South Wales, Australia

Tattoo by Geoff at The Illustrated Man Tattoo Studio Of Fine Art, Sydney, Australia



"Mitch has a unique ability to capture retrospective art, sometimes adding a twist of evil to it. I was searching the internet one day, and came across his female masked Lucha Libre wrestler, holding

up her fist and looking seductive. I was blown away by its awesomeness because it encompasses my three favourite things: women, wrestling and tattoos."

"Interestingly, my other 12 tattoos are black and grey, but the colours on this piece really get a positive response from people. I love looking down at my leg and admiring its beauty and its shape."

"I've yet to see another person wearing a Mitch O'Connell tattoo, but I reckon if I lived in San Francisco or Los Angeles, it'd be an absolute MOC-fest. I like being one of a few Aussies sporting his work."



Matt's tatt of Mitch's work is a faithful copy

Ryden's gothic
'Rose'

The Fan

Nikola Cotter

Colchester, Essex

Tattoo by Nick Reid at Skunx Tattoo, London

“Dedicating half your arm to an artist's work is not something to be taken lightly, but when I first clapped eyes on Mark Ryden's design on the cover for the Stephen King novel *Desperation*, I was

instantly intrigued. I wasn't fascinated enough to rush out and get a tattoo there and then, but years later I saw more of his work on the album cover for Jack Off Jill's album *Clear Hearts Grey Flowers*. I realised I was really drawn to Ryden and did some research on him. It was the piece entitled 'Rose' that really resonated with me. Discovering this piece was a turning point, and I decided to take the plunge and have a Ryden half-sleeve.”

“It attracts attention because it's a bold piece in a prominent place, but most people comment on how striking it is and how well it's been done. Even without the positive feedback from people, I'm extremely proud of it.”

“But, I'm nowhere near finished yet! I'm planning on having two of the girls from Mark's piece on the *Clear Hearts Grey Flowers* album cover, to complete my half sleeve, plus some of his quirky little animals to compliment them.

“It's fair to say I've fallen in love with Mark's ability to mix sheer quirkiness with breathtaking beauty. He embraces the weird and the wonderful and makes it eerily adorable. I love my tattoo as much now as the day it was inked, and I feel honoured to carry around a real piece of art on my body every day.”

The Artist

Mark Ryden



Renowned surreal artist and *Bizarre* favourite Mark Ryden is the king of lowbrow. Taking the spirit of Lewis Carroll's literary magic and turning it on its head with illustrations of cutesy-yet-twisted animals, robots, fantasy creatures and serious-looking children, Mark's a master at connecting with the dark side of the soul. He currently lives in LA.

Mark says: “An article on my art appeared in a tattoo magazine in the late 1990s, and since then I've seen more and more of my art as tattoos. I think it's the ultimate homage. I'm flattered by anyone who purchases an original, but a collector who purchases a work can always get rid of it or sell it on. Having a tattoo is a bigger commitment.

“People with tattoos of my work often approach me at book signings, and I enjoy inspecting their ink

up close. Of course, there's a vast range of quality, but it's amazing to see the incredibly subtle shading and detail of some tattoos. I still have trouble understanding how it's accomplished by sticking someone with a needle!

“I imagine somebody would have to feel a strong connection to an image to make it a permanent part of their skin. It's hard to define why someone would have this connection to one of *my* artworks, but I feel honoured that they do.”

“Normally, I don't draw art specifically to be transformed into a tattoo, although I did some preliminary designs for Danny Elfman. He wanted to get something on his arm, but unfortunately it never went to completion.

“I don't have tattoos, because I'd never be able to decide on one image. I'd end up having to cover my body from head to toe to include all the images I like, and I'm just not prepared to do that!”

Markryden.com



Nikola wears
'Rose' on
her sleeve



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OLIVER REED is the...

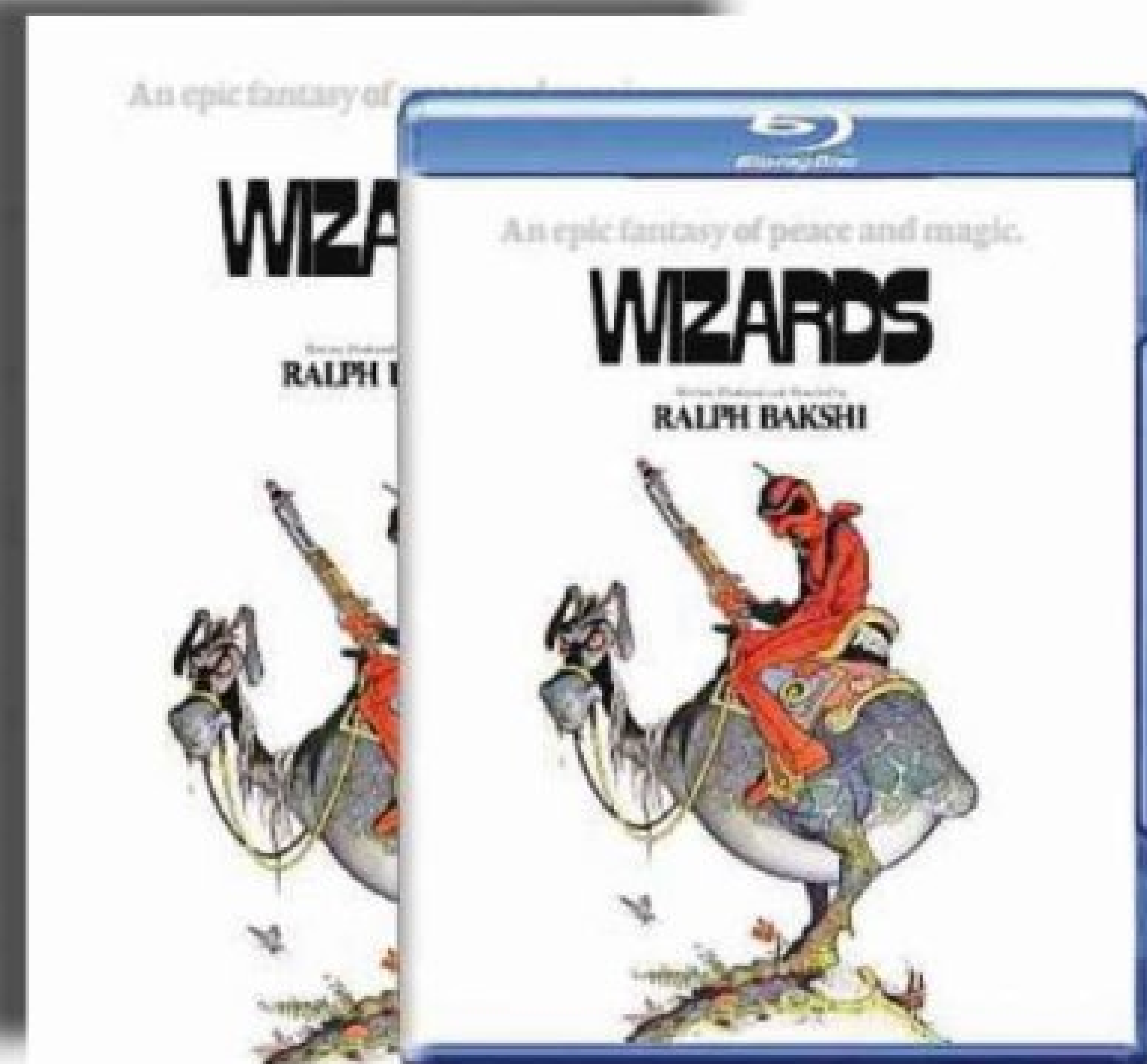
PARANOIAC!



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EUREKA!

Wizards available NOW, Paranoiac released 26th July 2010.

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Release: StoreMags & Fantamag. Magazines for All

I WENT TO
LA TOMATINA...
AND ALL I BROUGHT
BACK WAS THIS
LOUSY, STINKING,
FRUIT-SPLATTERED
T-SHIRT

WORDS ALIX FOX
PHOTOS DARIO RUMBO

Bizarre's **Alix Fox** takes a seedy trip to La Tomatina festival in Spain, for one of the biggest food fights on earth!

FRUIT OF THE

It's nearly Christmas, *Bizarre* readers. The nights are darker than Ted Bundy's diary entries, Jack Frost is nipping at your teats, and the chilly morning air turns your breath into clouds of fetid, Jägermeister-and-vomit-scented smoke. It's the time of year when most people want to do a Spinal Tap on their radiators and turn the heat up to 11, then snuggle up under their spunk-stained blankets with a hardback volume of Toshio Maeda's finest tentacle porn and a bowl of warming tomato soup. Not me, though. Don't get me wrong: I love drawings of women inserting octopi into their orifices, and my duvet's so drenched in baby batter that it looks like I deep-fried an orphanage. But as for the soup - I went to *La Tomatina* tomato-throwing festival this summer, and I never want to eat, drink, smell or see anything tomato-related ever again. A Bloody Mary is now my idea of bloody hell, chutney makes me chuck-ney, and ketchup makes me retch up. If you want to know how to put yourself off fruit for life, read on. →

LOIN

LA TOMATINA

Pip pip puree!

La Tomatina is the biggest tomato battle on the planet. It takes place in the small town of Buñol, Valencia, on the last Wednesday in August every year, and it's been going on since 1945. There are several different accounts of the festival's origins: some say it started off as a school food fight; others claim it began life as a street brawl outside a grocery store; yet more swear blind it's inspired by crowds throwing rotten vegetables at an unpopular politician or musician.

Whatever its roots, the event now attracts over 40,000 people to Buñol's narrow, cobbled streets, where they celebrate Spain's annual tomato harvest by hurling over 125,000kg of ripe toms at each other's faces under the scorching sun, usually while enduring a hangover so bad it feels like Satan's fucking them in the earholes with a pair of concrete bollards. The hangover is the result of the *Noche De La Zurra*, or *Night Of Music* – an all-night wine-and-water-themed street party that takes place the evening before *La Tomatina*. Now, I'm not much of a drinker, but I got so shit-faced during the carnival that I looked and felt like my features were made of excrement – spicy, post-burrito excrement.

A load of bull

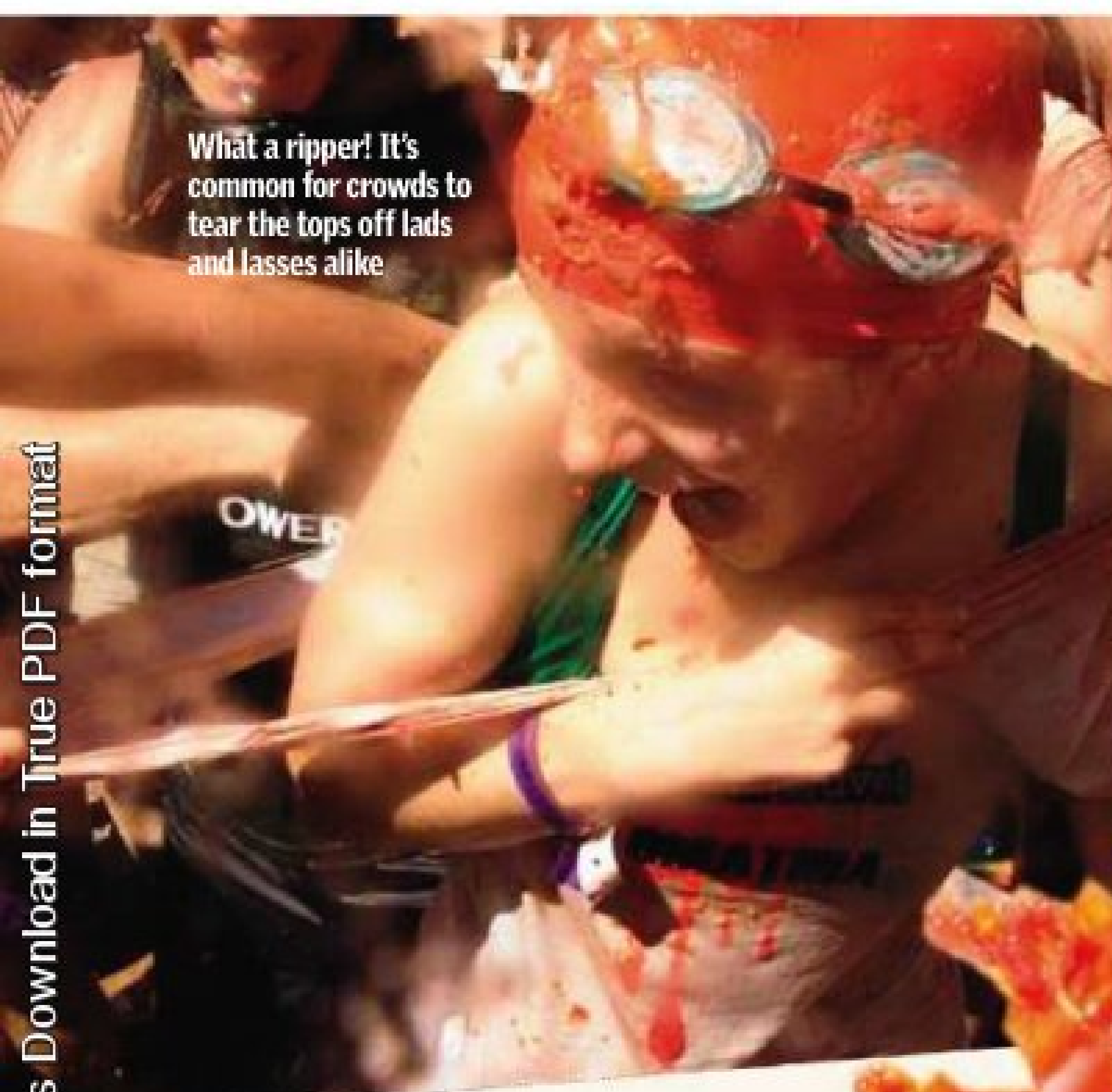
The festivities kick off inside a bull ring. Tourists, locals, and their children jovially share picnics of homemade omelettes and parma ham while singing, shouting, blowing plastic horns, bashing tin drums, thwacking xylophones, and screeching louder than a woman giving birth to triplets made of fire. Along with eight brass bands that take turns at blasting out frenzied tunes, the crowd's job is to be as noisy as possible in order to rile a series of bulls which are released into the arena after an hour of boozing, snacking, and instrument-whacking. Any attendee brave, stupid, or inebriated enough is invited to run into the ring and risk their balls by taunting the bulls.

I find bull fighting despicably cruel, and this 'bull dodging' inhabits a moral grey area. While the animals aren't hurt, they're put under a great deal of stress. However, it's electrifying to watch. Participants are in extreme danger of being gored or trampled, and I was shaking with adrenaline even as an observer. Some well-practiced Spaniards are the very jammiest of dodgers, performing one-armed press-ups and pulling moonies in front of the irate cattle before executing stunning escapist acrobatics at the last second in order to avoid being skewered.

Yet the wildest cheers are reserved for the chancers who overestimate their ability to sprint in flip-flops while pissed-up, and end up getting tossed by 2000lbs of pissed-off beef. Although nothing gets too gory and gore-y, one guy was head-butted unconscious and broke several ribs.

Four hours and scores of drunken-cock-and-bull stories later, the audience are led out on to the streets by the still-trumpeting bands, where carts carrying huge barrels of red wine await them. Any receptacle you care to bring – I saw watering cans, potties, and a kettle complete with a trailing electrical plug – gets filled for free from the warm vats of vino. There's enough plonk to get everyone more pickled than a Damian Hirst sculpture... and to fight with. Within minutes, the parade's as purple as a Ribena berry's penis. If you have a bleached barnet, beware: red wine will stain your hair, and gives contact lenses a puce tinge, too. Local residents assist with the drenching by emptying bowls of water and spraying hoses onto revellers' heads from the balconies above the roads, and chants of "Agua! Agua!" – "Water! Water!" – merge with drumbeats and fireworks. Soaking, swigging, and singing continues until 4.30am.

IT'S LIKE SEX WITH A RUTHLESS DOMINATRIX – YOU'VE GOTTA LIKE IT ROUGH



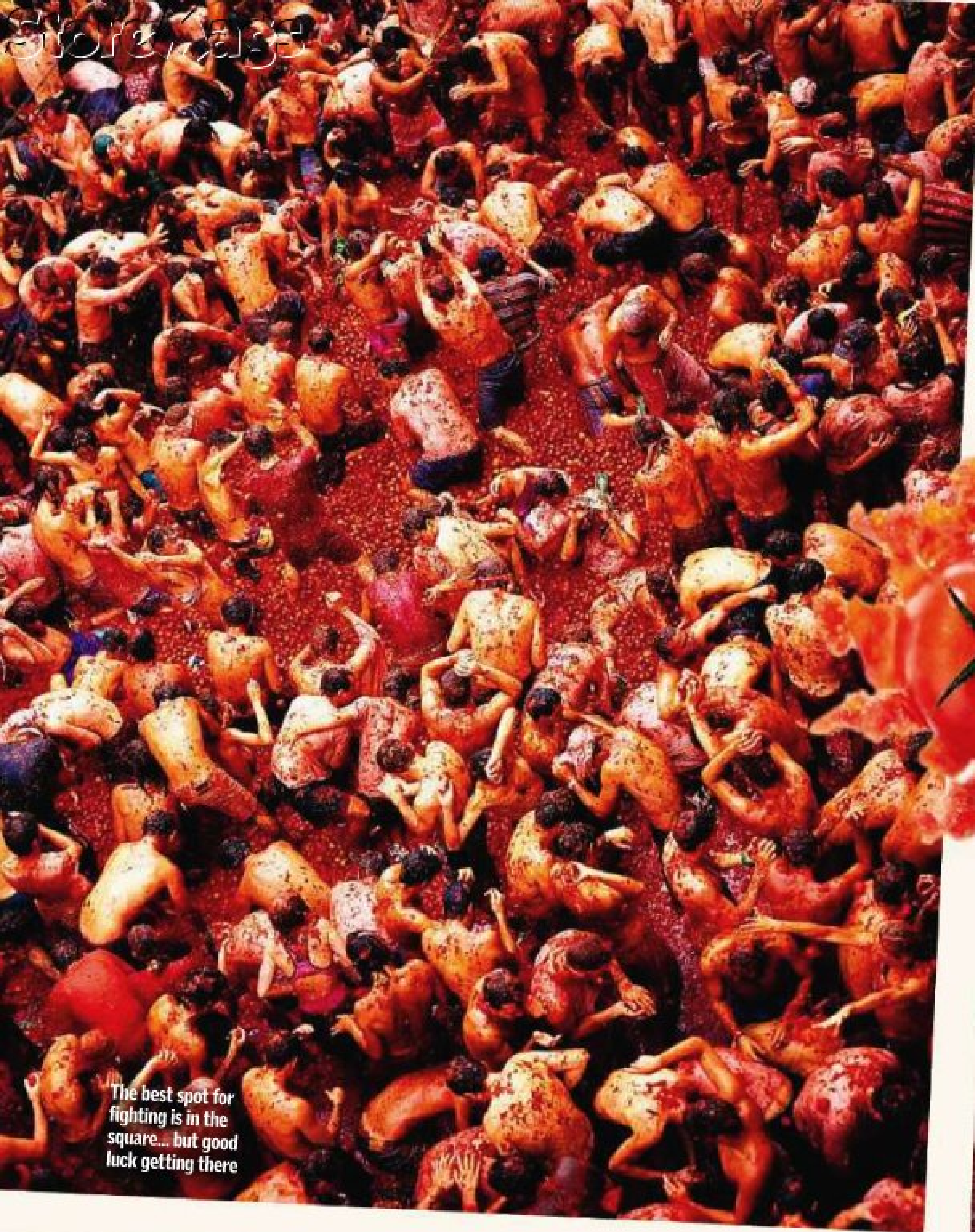
What a ripper! It's common for crowds to tear the tops off lads and lasses alike



Hose + ho: locals help Foxy wash the pulp out of her arse crack



Crazy Frog loved bathtime... (Check out that fruity bogey!)



The best spot for fighting is in the square... but good luck getting there



LA TOMATINA

After the battle, the streets are awash with red slurry and lost shoes



They're upset they don't have a snazzy bum bag like Foxy's



Lapping up a cheese and tomato sandwich

It's be-Heinz you!

Precious few hours later, when your vision still has an impressionistic effect, it's *La Tomatina* time. By 11am, Buñol's main street is heaving with people – several of them heaving their Rioja-riddled guts out. Some wear goggles and shower caps to protect themselves from the imminent onslaught of fruit; others improvise with helmets made from hollowed-out watermelons.

I'd been warned that *La Tomatina* isn't recommended for anyone with claustrophobia, but, as I've bombed around a fair few mosh pits, I didn't anticipate I'd have any problems coping with the crowds. I was wrong. We're talking a crush more intense than a teenager's infatuation with Justin Bieber. More squash than Robinsons. More cramp than the worst period in history.

I spent over half an hour standing on one leg because there wasn't enough space to put both feet down. I had to mentally coach myself through it, telling myself that everything was going to be OK and tilting my chin up to try and catch a bit of breeze; the closer the clock crept to noon, the hotter the Spanish sun beat down, and the more nauseating the stench of BO and post-piss-up bad breath became. This time, when locals again sprayed cold water from above, they were greeted with sighs of relief rather than squeals of glee. A large lady fainted in the heat, and had to be awkwardly crowd-surfed out of the jam. God bless the nutter who thought it'd be funny to wear a fur coat, and rubber swimming hats off to the chap in the wheelchair.

Pipped to the post

In the town square at the end of the street, as is tradition, a tall pole had been erected, a slab of ham had been hung at the top of it, and the

whole thing had been slathered with a thick coating of grease and soap – much like the average *Bizarre* reader's cock. Fighting doesn't commence until someone manages to clamber up the slippery post and grab the gammon. Official rules state that it's illegal to throw any projectile other than a squashed, ripe tomato during *La Tomatina*, but the crowds grew restless waiting for the pork to get pulled off (don't we all...), and backpacks, sunglasses, and even an inflatable dingy were chucked around. A group of lads began slapping folk with rolled-up wet T-shirts and, although the mood was good-natured, it was also boisterous, and one fella's nose accidentally got broken. As a hobbit-sized lil' lady, I felt a wee bit vulnerable.

Want to get out of the throng? Tough titty.

La Tomatina is like sex with a ruthless dominatrix: if you're not prepared to enjoy it rough, don't go.

Finally, a cannon blasted to signal that the ham had been snaffled and the fruit fight was about to start. Or, more accurately, six trucks that had already deposited most of their load of tomatoes in the square were about to trundle down an already full-to-bursting road, pinning gasping people to the walls like preserved butterflies, while tipping the dregs of their pulpy ammo on to the floor.

You say 'tomato', I say 'ooowww!'

The helpfully frank travel company I arranged my trip through had already warned me that unless I managed to elbow my way through to one of the coveted pole-side spots at the top of the street, I'd only get to fling a dozen missiles, while getting fucking covered in the second-hand slurry that sloshed its way down the street. They were spot on: I succeeded in punting just one tomato slap-bang into the left eye of a laughing chap

across the road from me, but I also got hit *hard* in the forehead by a juice-soaked plimsoll, got tomato seeds down my earholes, and was glad that I'd preserved my modesty with a bathing costume after my vest was torn off.

An hour passed before the second cannon fired to signal the end of the battle, although it felt like only 10 minutes had passed before it was time to clamber out of the pavement passata, step over piles of lost shoes and shredded clothes, and go get the putrid pulp hosed out of my crevices by Buñol's helpful firemen.

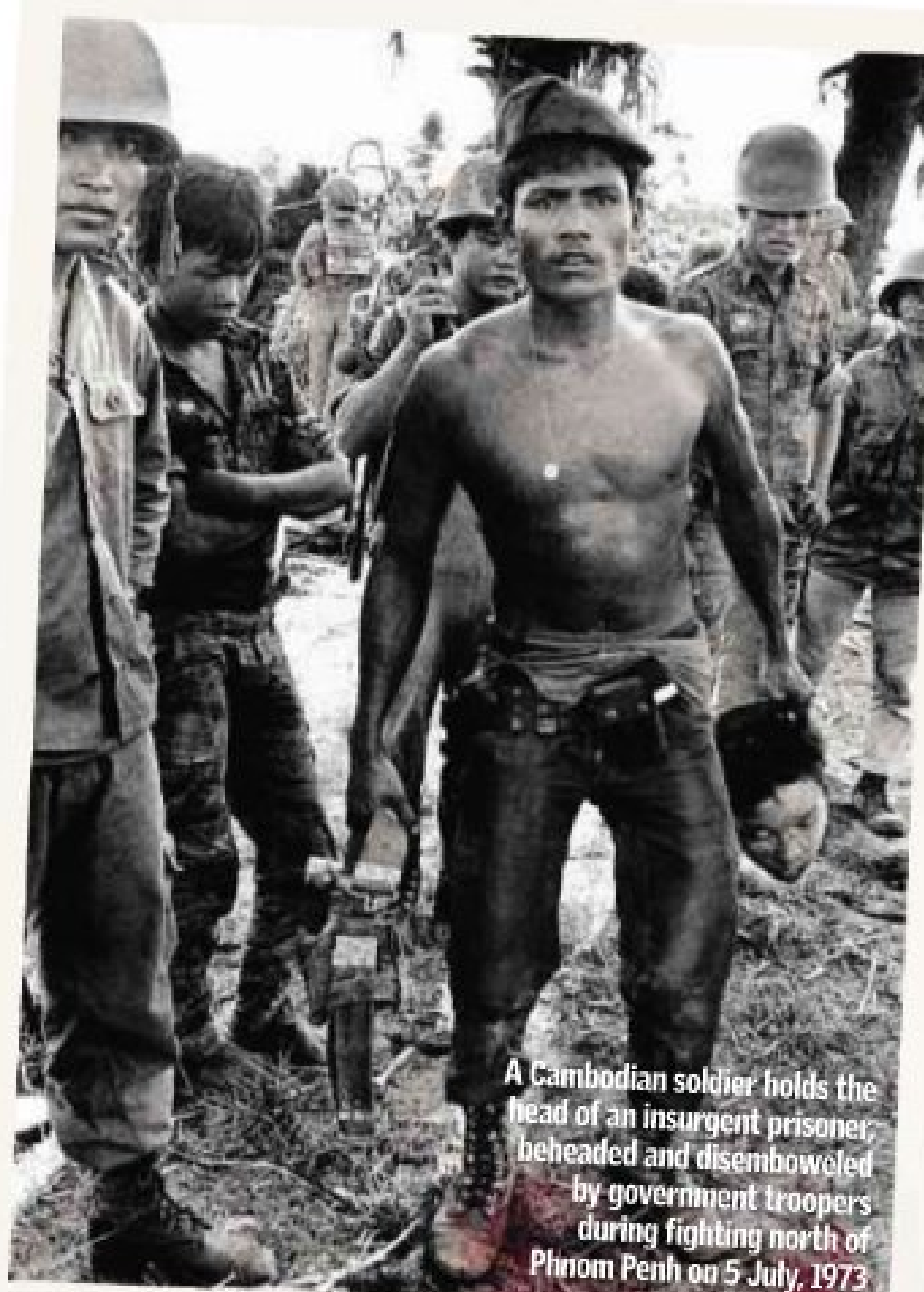
While Noche de la Zurra is a wine-filled barrel of laughs, *La Tomatina* itself can be damn challenging. I'd certainly describe it as 'worthwhile', but I'd hesitate to use the word 'fun' too quickly. That said, given the choice between sitting on your backside in Blighty versus going out and tasting the ridiculousness the world has to offer, go, go, go. *La Tomatina* may not be the most comfortable way to get your five-a-day, but it's certainly a once-in-a-lifetime experience. **B**

PICTURES: CORBIS

YOUR TURN!

Squashed tomatoes and st-you!

My *La Tomatina* trip was organised by First Festival Travel – a fantastically friendly, down-to-earth bunch of mostly Aussie and Kiwi guides. They're realistic about what you can expect from the tomato battle and have great advice on getting the best out of it. Wanna try the fruit fight for yourself? *Bizarre* readers get £10 off ANY First Festival tour – just mention the mag when you phone. Firstfestivaltravel.com



In the last century, people ate the flesh of others for survival, revenge or power, and today there are still...

CANNIBALS

WORDS **SORREL NEUSS**

In 1920s Russia, some women strangled, boiled, and ate their babies during a famine caused by drought and collective farming (right and p112). And when former president and US airman George Bush Senior was shot down near the Island of Chichi Jima in 1944, he would've been gobbled by Japanese officers – as eight of his comrades were – had he not swum out to sea instead of heading ashore. Meanwhile, members of the Khmer Rouge wolfed down the seared livers of their prisoners in Cambodia in the 1970s (above), and survivors of the Uruguayan rugby team who crashed in the Andes in 1972 (p110) battled with their consciences for weeks before realising they had no choice but to eat their dead friends.

Yes, cannibalism was rife in the 20th century, but things haven't changed as much as you might think. Today, It isn't just nut-job serial killers like Jeffrey Dahmer or Issei Sagawa who boil up human brains on their stoves and then gobble down the creamy meat with a side salad, and not *all* indigenous tribes who ritually carved up their neighbours' knackers, then chomped down on spit-roasted testicle surprise during the 19th century, have stopped doing it. From the forests of Papua and battlegrounds in Africa to people's homes in Germany and Russia, dining in on human hams certainly isn't dying out. →

FLESH-EATERS

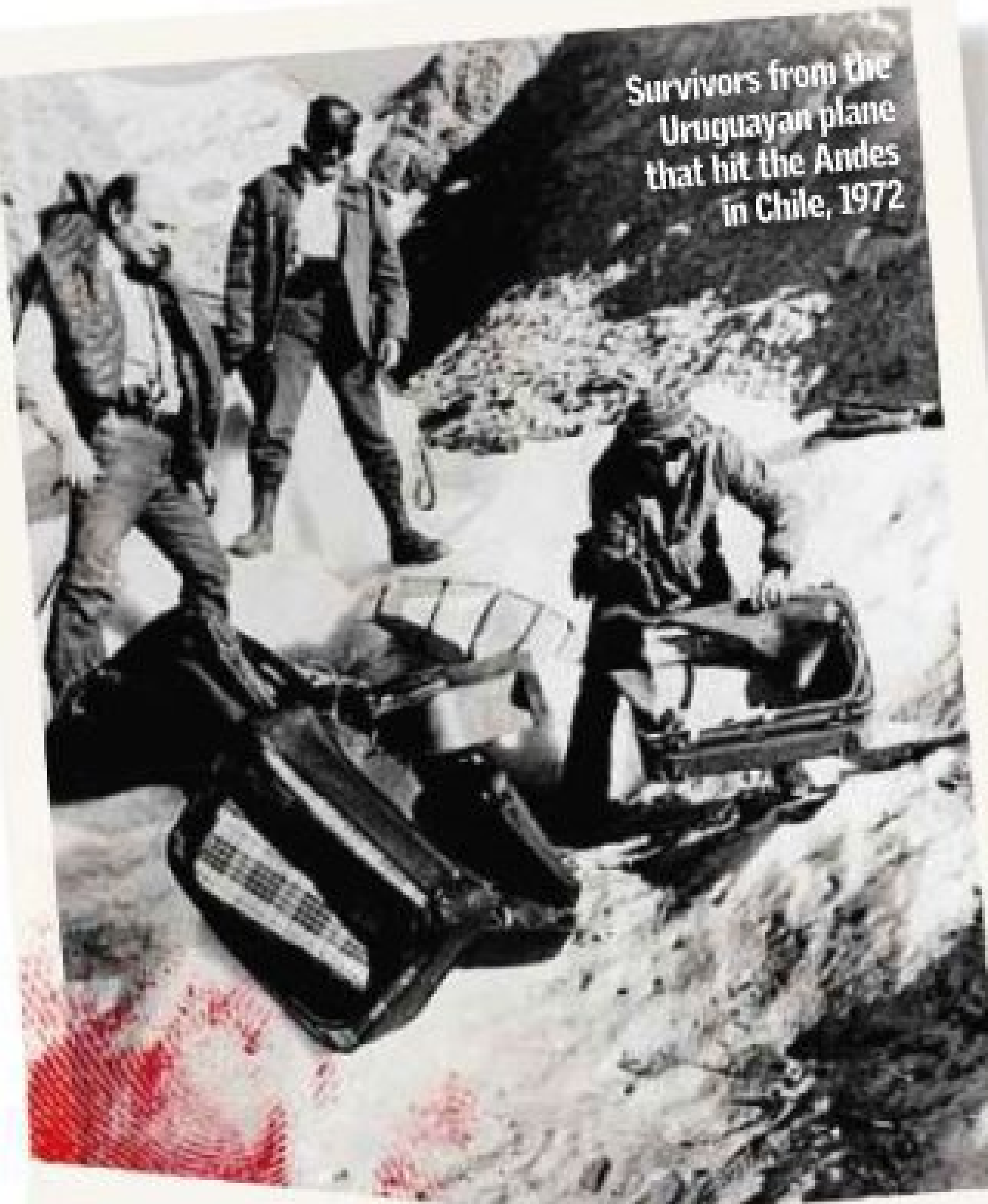
During famine in the Volga, Russia (then the Soviet Union), 1921-1922, a peasant couple killed and cooked their own children

FLESH-EATERS

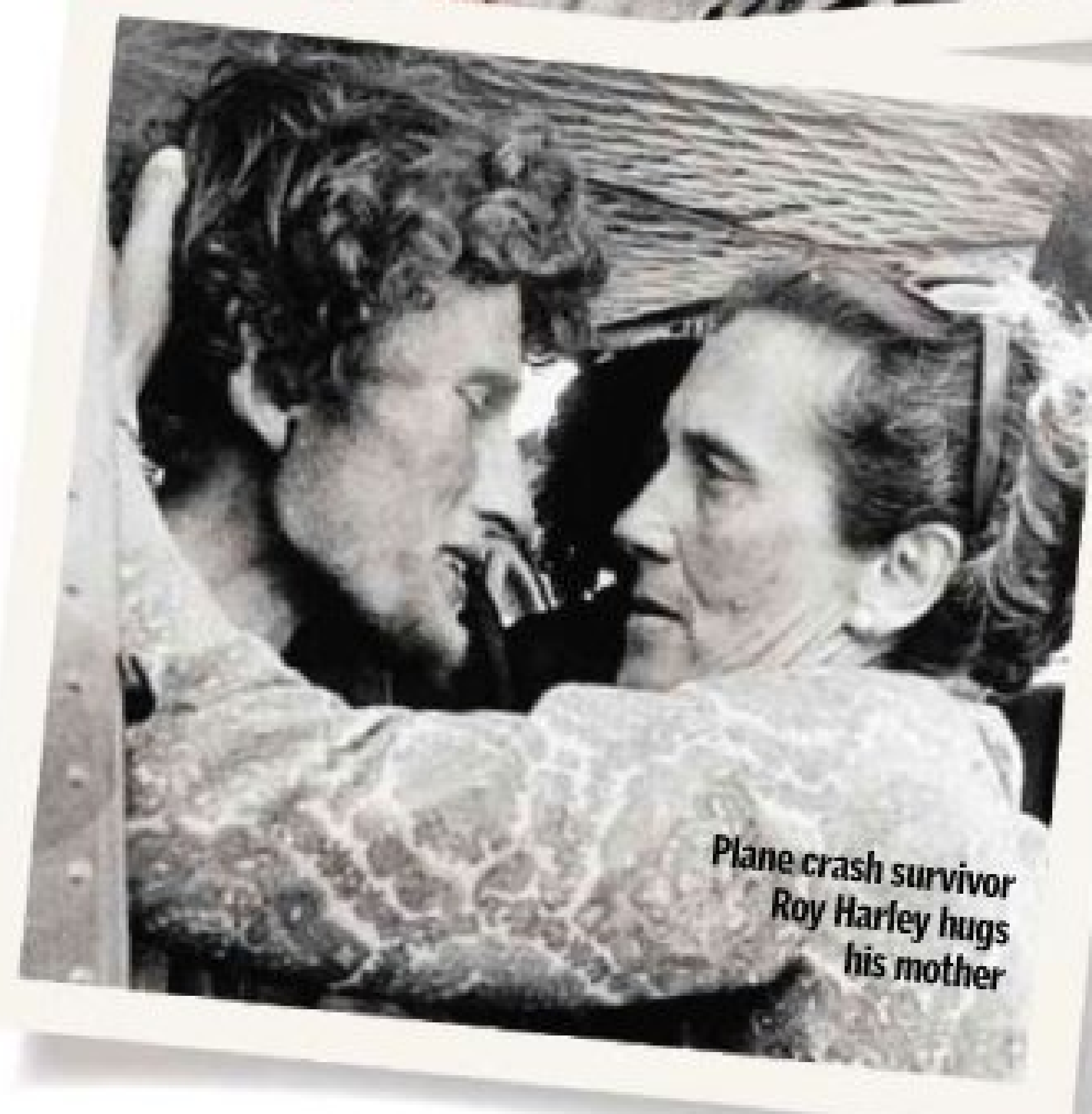
Exclusive diners

Starvation is one of the main reasons for cannibalism, but there have not been many situations recently where people have been forced to eat one another – although the miners who were trapped underground in Chile from August-October joked about it. However, internet forums are sizzling with chat from curious carnivores in the West who are chomping at the bit to try cock-au-vin, braised long pig, or roasted breast. After Armin Meiwes, from Germany, killed and ate a willing volunteer he'd advertised for on the internet in 2001, criminologist Rudolf Egg, who testified at his trial, said, "There are several hundred people with cannibalistic tendencies in Germany, and many thousands around the world. The internet reinforces the phenomenon – you can be in contact with the whole world, anonymously."

But many don't need the net for encouragement. In 2008, two German air force sergeants were court-martialed for trying to mass-produce sausages made from human blood. From their base in Fürstenfeldbruck, near Munich, the 25- and 29-year-olds cooked up rounds of black puddings made from onions, bacon, spices, breadcrumbs and their own blood. The recipe they followed – which came from one of their grandmothers – read, "Make sure the blood is fresh and the bacon cubes diced finely with a nice proportion of fat to lean. If the blood



Survivors from the Uruguayan plane that hit the Andes in Chile, 1972



Plane crash survivor Roy Harley hugs his mother

starts to curdle, stir in a teaspoon of wine vinegar." But before the pair could perfect their culinary creation they were caught asking other squaddies to help by donating their red stuff to the pot, and were hurriedly ejected from the air force.

Even though Russia hasn't suffered chronic starvation since Stalin was in power, pork-like mystery meat is still frequently found in the country, and at least one cannibal who ate his foes for revenge – or because he was mentally disturbed or out of it on vodka – is prosecuted every year. Last November, three homeless men in Perm decided to off a man they'd had a longstanding beef with and, after bludgeoning him to death with a hammer in the woods, ate part of his flesh then sold some of the rest to a pie and kebab shop. A few months earlier, in the same town, an ex-con who'd been grassed up by his brother for murder and had just spent 10 years in jail, got his revenge by killing his sibling with the help of his other brother Marat, then slowly devoured the body. "I didn't want to go back behind bars," said Timur, "so we cut off his head and buried it, then cut the body into parts and kept them in a refrigerator. We'd been cooking and eating his meat for six months."

Feasts of war

Even more alarmingly, cannibal feasts have been served up *en masse* within the past 15 years in

"They even sprinkled salt on the flesh as they ate, as if cannibalism was natural to them"

A demonstration against violence in the Congo



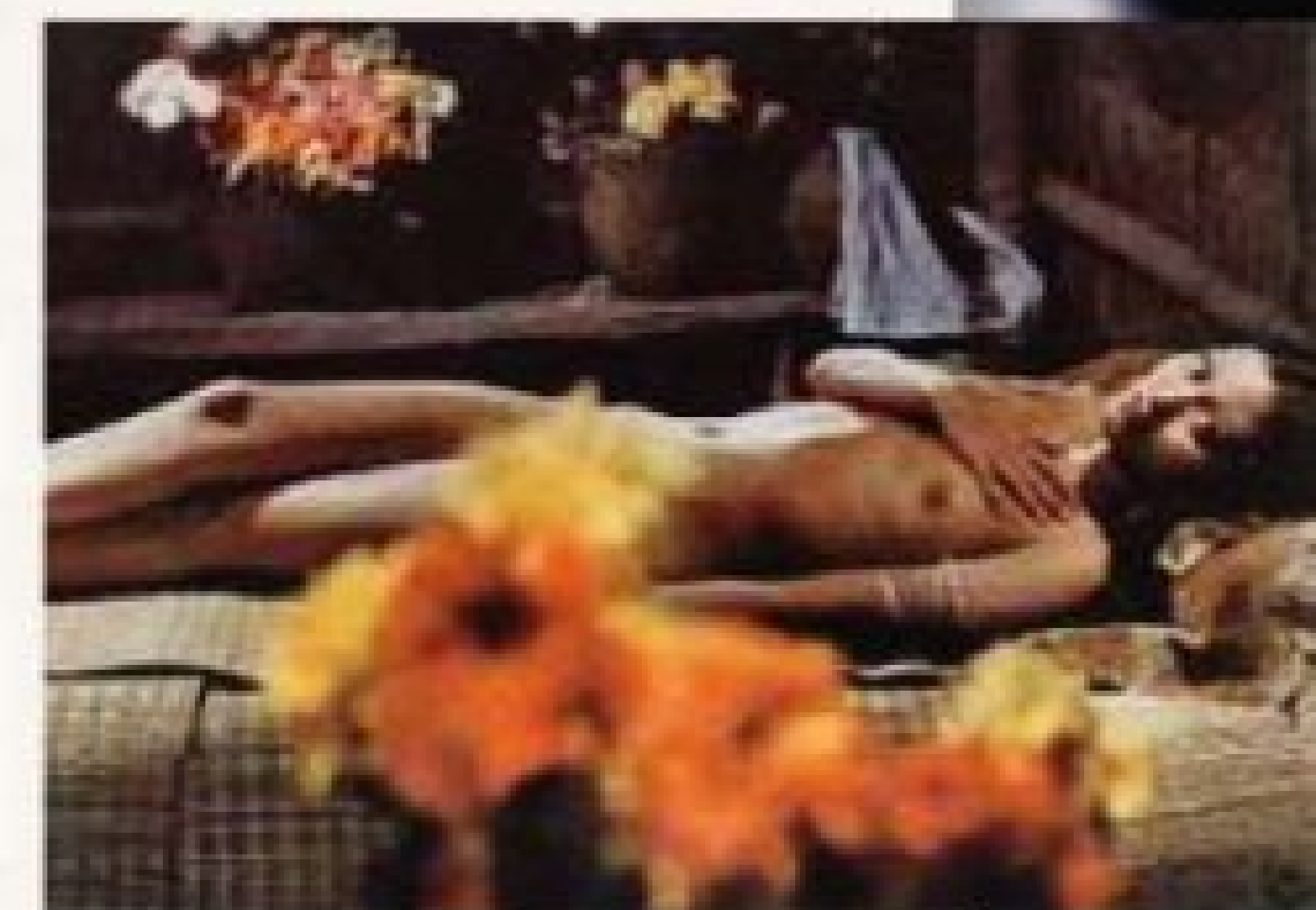
Cannibal Carnage

Italian cinema's snuff sensations

During the 1970s and 80s, Italian film directors made a spate of gore-fests about Europeans running for their lives from cannibals in remote jungles, because their country was in a spin over government corruption and a series of murders committed by the Marxist Red Brigades. Although these exploitation flicks – pioneered by directors Umberto Lenzi and Ruggero Deodato – were allegories of the times, they pushed apocalyptic visions of man's inhumanity to the limit and featured real animal torture. Most of these fake snuff movies were banned worldwide until recently, but now you can get the lot on DVD.

THE MAN FROM DEEP RIVER (1972)

This cannibal flick from Umberto Lenzi is more of a Mondo movie. But even though it only has one 35-second flesh-munching scene, it sets the gore bar high and contains unthinkable animal torture, including a monkey scalping.



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE CANNIBAL GOD (1978)

Bond beauty Ursula Andress' tasty, well-oiled flesh helped make this more reserved forest romp from Sergio Martini the most successful Grindhouse flick in the genre. Monkeys suffer here, too, and one is gobbled by a snake.



CANNIBAL HOLOCAUST (1980)

The Blair Witch Project owes a huge debt to this gutsy flick from Ruggero Deodato, about a documentary crew who disappear while filming in the Amazon. It's the goriest flick, but decries its sensationalism.



CANNIBAL FEROX (1981)

Cannibal Ferox is the genre's low point. Gaping plot holes and outrageous continuity errors aside, what offends most is the film's rampant misogyny, where brutally hanging a woman by hooks skewered through her breasts becomes a key moment in the god-awful tale.

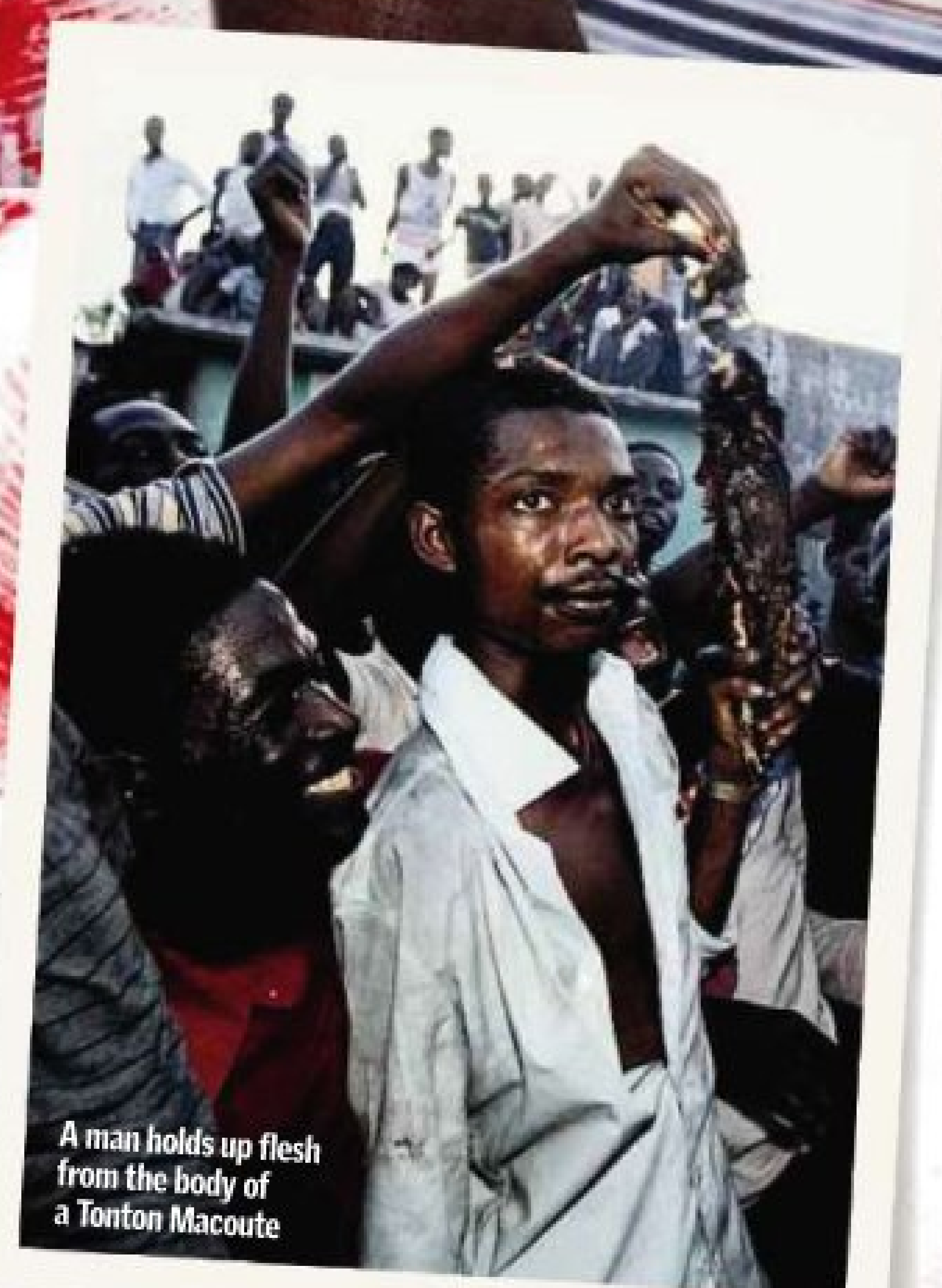


Young Haitian men eat pieces of flesh from the charred body of a Tonton Macoute, a member of a private Haitian death squad, who they burned in a public square

the civil wars in Congo (1997-present) and Liberia (1991-2002), where soldiers as young as 10 have killed and eaten people – cooked or raw – as part of apocalyptic campaigns of terror in which cannibalism is a weapon of fear. In August 2002, two rebel groups in Congo swept through the Ituri forest murdering ethnic pygmies (left). As a reward, their commanders granted the soldiers four days of unbridled looting and rape. Pigmy Amuzati Nzoli watched the fighters – who were high on violence – butcher, cook and eat his mother, sister, brother and six-year-old nephew. “They were cutting them the way they cut meat,” he said. “They even sprinkled salt on the flesh as they ate, as if cannibalism was natural to them.”

International peacekeeping forces weren't spared either, and a year later two United Nations observers, Major Safwat al Oran from Jordan and Captain Siddon Davis Banda from Malawi, realised that their remote outpost near Bunia had been surrounded by drunken, red-eyed teenagers and kids high on weed from the Lendu militia. As the children began to wield their knives and weapons, the pair locked themselves in and called for help, but when the UN finally arrived six days later, al Oran and Banda were rotting in a ditch. Their skin had been burned with cigarettes and their brains, hearts, livers and testicles cut out and eaten.

Cannibalism was just as prevalent in the Liberian civil war, where Charles Taylor's National Patriotic Front of Liberia (NPFL) ate parts of their enemies to scare the opposition and prove their prowess. Although Taylor, who's now on trial at The Hague accused of crimes against humanity, denies ordering his soldiers to scoff



A man holds up flesh from the body of a Tonton Macoute

their enemies, a 1996 Journeyman Pictures documentary called *The Cannibal's War* shows NPFL soldiers, including teenagers, standing around two dead, naked bodies that have been slashed open at the stomach. Wearing *Top Gun* mirrored shades and a camouflage shirt unbuttoned to the navel, the group's leader, Major Bamu explains that he captured the men alive as they tried to loot his compound, so that his soldiers could remove their hearts and livers to eat later. Behind him a young lad starts tugging playfully with a long knife at the loose intestines spilling out of one of the corpses as Bamu says, “Anyone who wants to kill me, I can eat him. I will grab him and I will eat him raw.” →



Bailom and Kilikili hold the skull of Bunop, who they killed and ate because they believed he was a sorcerer called a *khakhua*. The six-year-old boy, Wawa, escaped from a nearby town after locals accused him of being a witch

"Every morsel is devoured with pleasure, especially the scrumptious brain"

Most of the fighting factions in Liberia at that time were munching on their foes, too, and a local doctor explains: "Eating rivals shows that you are the strongest person. The fighters also believe that by killing an enemy and eating their heart, they are overcoming an old power that lies in the enemy and it is now in them."

Wheedling out witches

That belief lies at the heart of Voodoo or Juju, an animist religion practiced in these parts of Africa and the Caribbean, which teaches that spirits lie in everything. Voodoo is also strong in Haiti, and during an attempted coup led by Roger Lafontant in 1991, wild-eyed men captured members of the secret police – the Tonton Macoute – who'd terrorised the population since the 1950s. Then they burned them, and ate the charred flesh in a public square (p111).

Such an event is reminiscent of the scenes Christopher Columbus saw when he coined the term 'cannibal' after seeing the Cariba – the name of a tribe in the West Indies that the Spanish conquistadors couldn't pronounce, so called it 'Caniba' – chowing down on human remains as a victory rite in much the same way as the soldiers in Congo and Liberia. Colonists from the 15th to the early 20th century came across countless cannibals in the Americas, China, Africa and the Pacific – and a fair few

missionaries were gobbled up – but most tribes were banned from continuing their customs by the 1960s. However, a few have carried on, including the tree house dwelling Korowai in southeastern Papua. They kill and eat anyone they suspect of being a *khakhua* – a sorcerer they believe offs his victims by eating their guts and replacing it with ash.

Australian photographer Paul Raffaele reported on the tribe for the *Smithsonian Magazine* in



This mother ate her dead daughter during the famine in the Urals, 1921-1922

2006, and found that when Korowai tribesmen are dying from an unexplained illness, they believe that a sorcerer disguised as one of their friends or relatives is trying to kill them. To rid the group of the offending *khakhua*, the rest of the tribesmen hunt him down and eat him.

A Korowai called Bailom told Paul that his dying cousin believed his friend Bunop was a *khakhua*. Bailom and his mates grabbed Bunop, tied him up and took him to a stream where they showered him with arrows while he screamed for mercy. Bailom then decapitated Bunop with a stone axe while the rest dismembered his torso. "We cut out his intestines and broke open the rib cage, chopped off the right arm attached to the right rib cage, the left arm and left rib cage, and then both legs," Bunop said.

In accordance with tradition, the body parts were individually wrapped in banana leaves and handed out to clan members; but the head went to Bailom's family. They cooked the flesh like pork, "placing palm leaves over the wrapped meat together with burning hot river rocks," Paul said. "Every morsel is devoured with pleasure, especially the scrumptious brain."

But while it's commonly thought that human flesh tastes like pork, Bunop says it's more like cassowary, an ostrich-like bird. Do you think that eating the placenta after childbirth sounds even less appealing now, or is that just us? **B**

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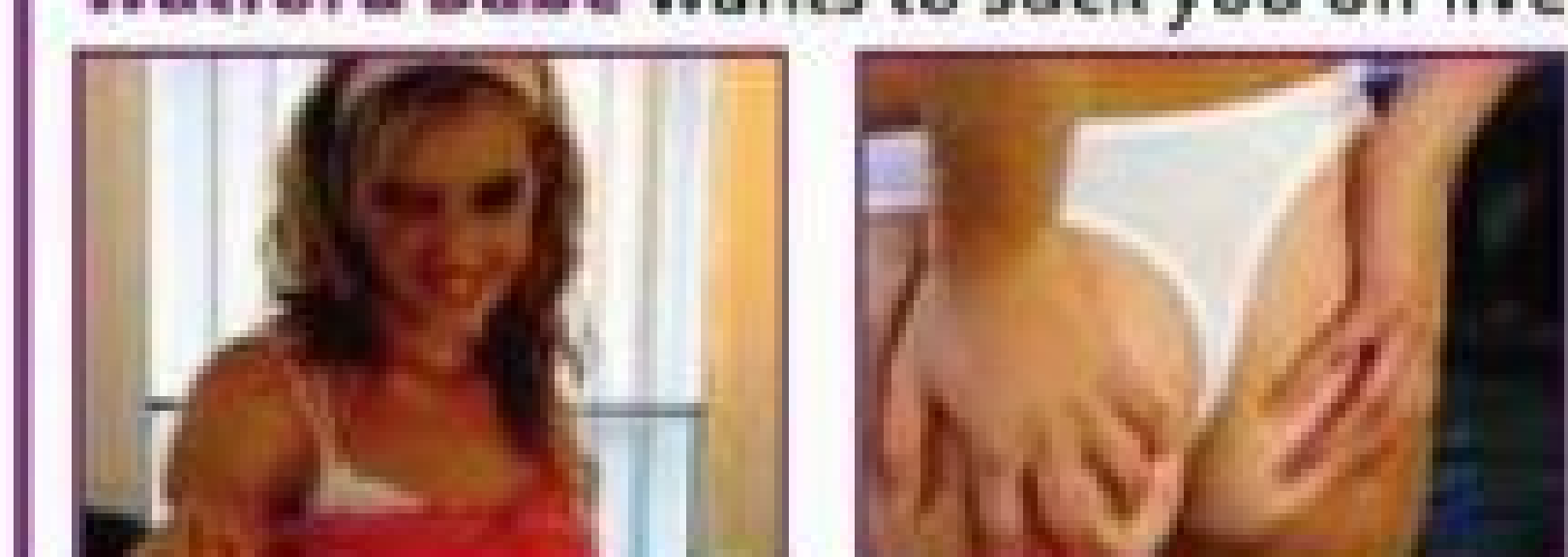
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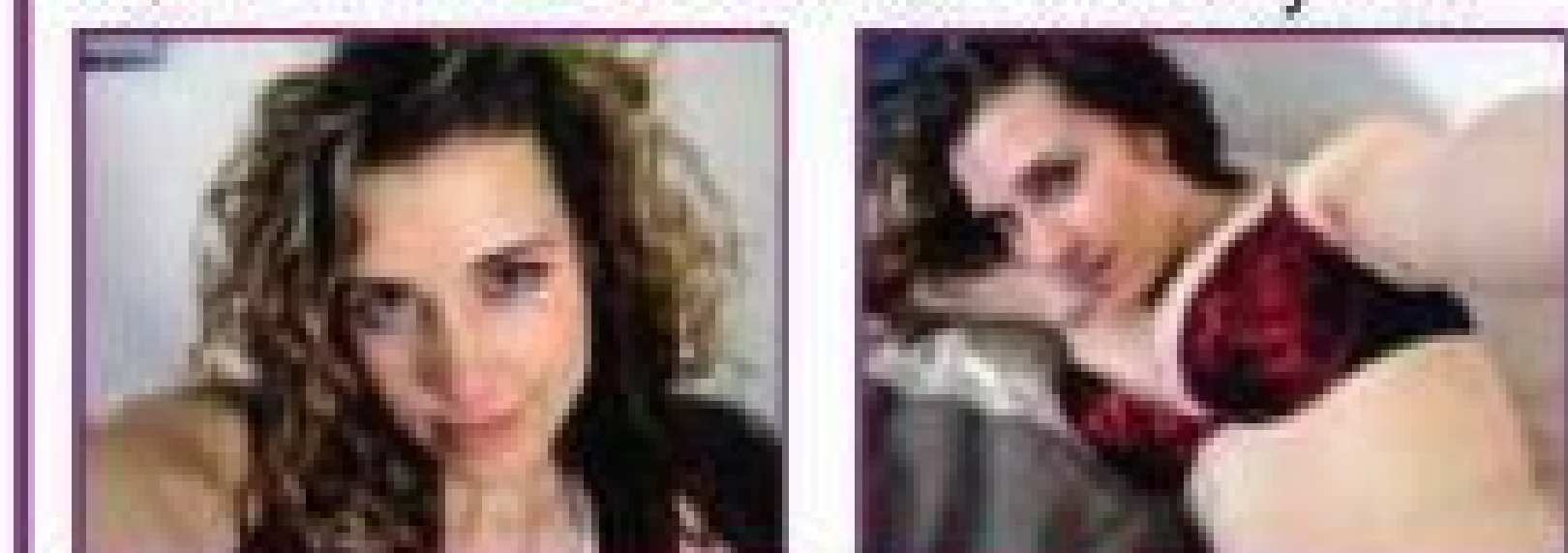
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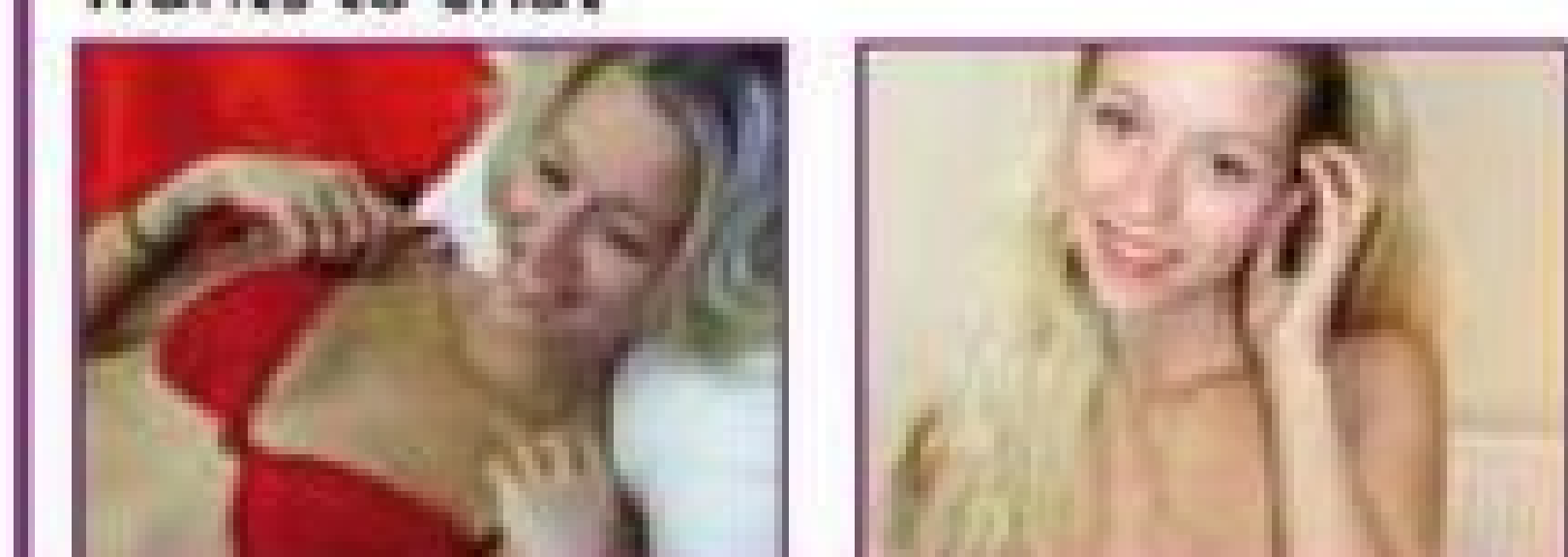
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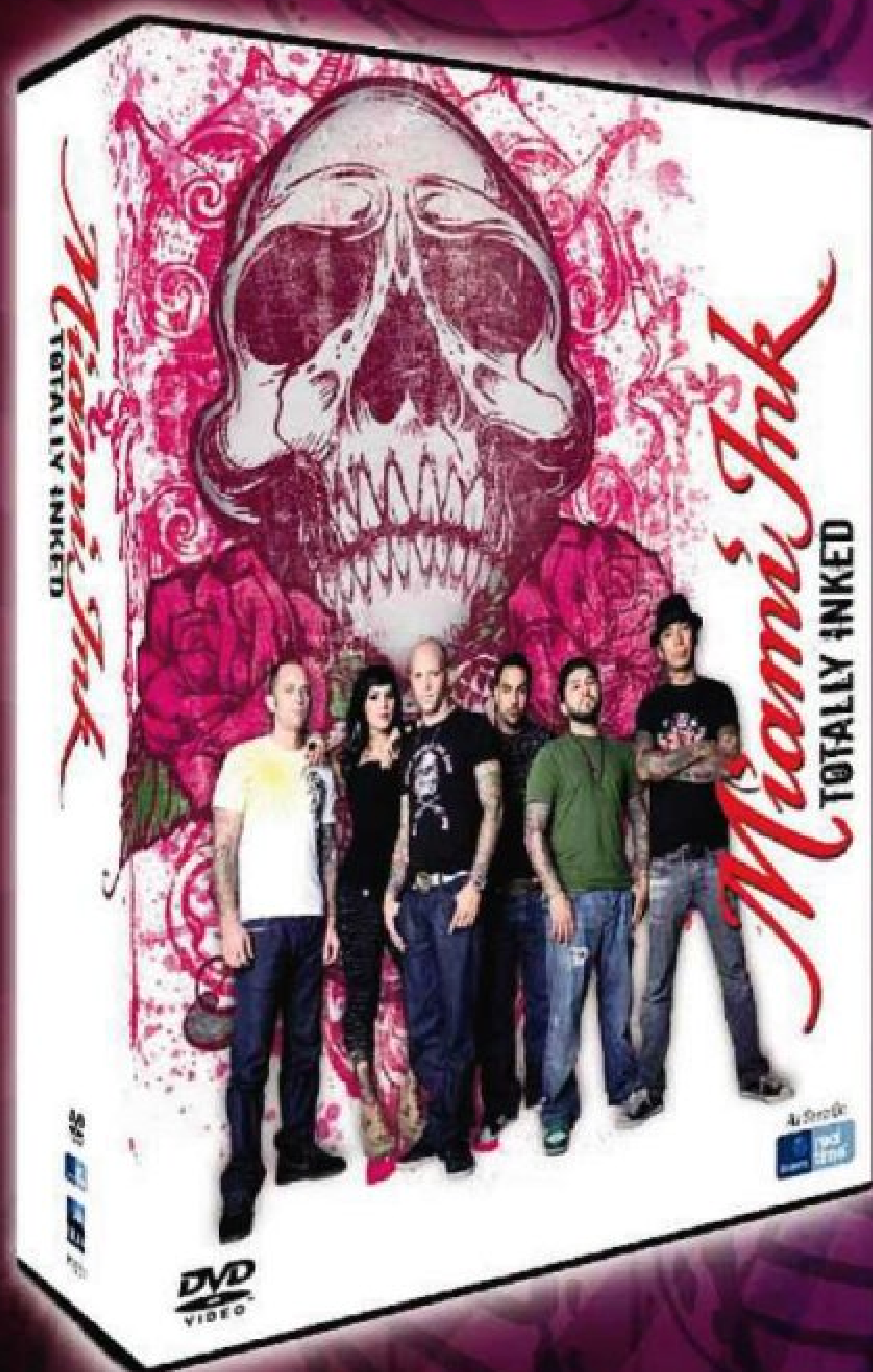


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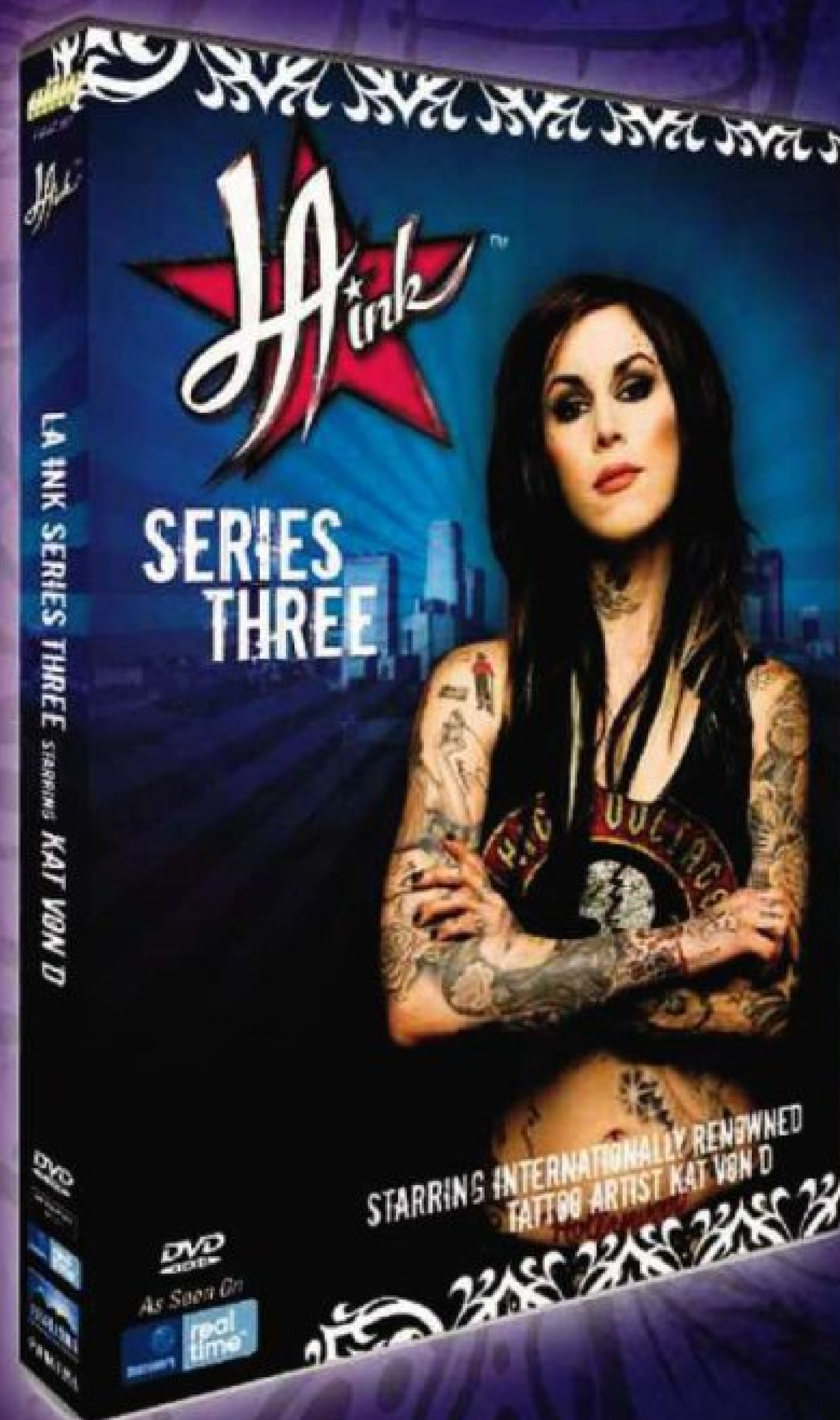
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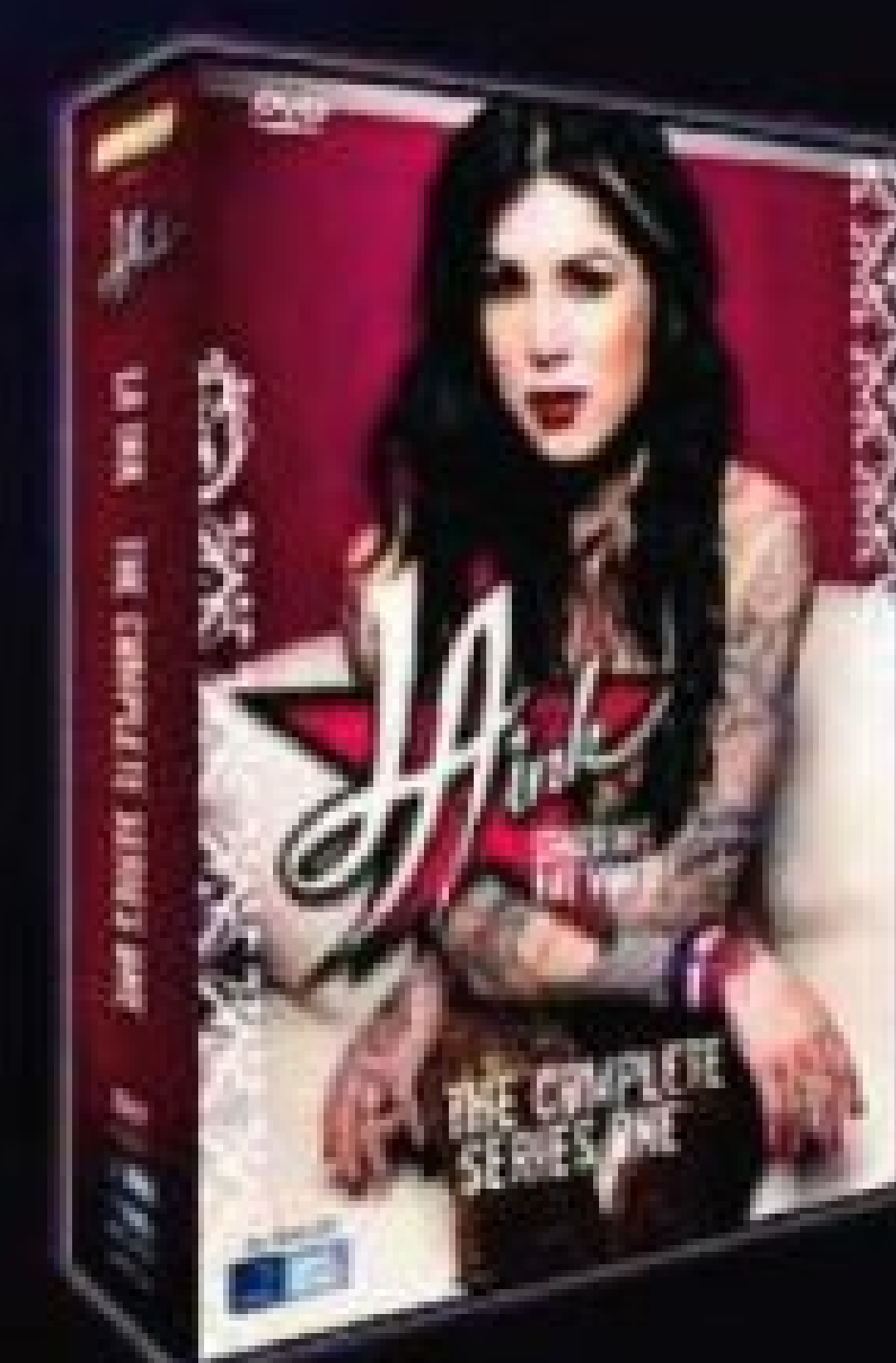
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OUTCAST

It doesn't get much more frightening than 1960s council housing in Scotland

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It kicks off with a woman and her teenage son, on the run, looking for sanctuary in a Scottish tower block. The pair harbour a dark secret and they're threatened by a traveller who's hell-bent on catching and killing them using magic. Meanwhile, a mysterious creature is slaughtering the locals – preying first on a chick played by *Doctor Who*'s assistant, Karen Gillan.

Director Colm McCarthy and his co-writer brother, Tom, deliver excellent shudders, fusing social drama, Celtic folklore and the occult to deliver a startlingly realistic sense of dread. The film's gritty look, nightmarish sound and bleak,

inner-city setting also enhance the menacing tone, and the final showdown with the monster is gut-churningly horrifying.

The cast are excellent, too, especially *Red Road*'s Kate Dickie – who bares more than her soul as the threatened mum – and James Nesbitt, in his most evil role to date.

But the biggest triumph of this film is the way in which the facts are teasingly drip-fed throughout the ambiguous plot, allowing the imagination to run riot and giving the end a hefty punch. It all adds up to one hell of a calling card for first-timer McCarthy. **Billy Chainsaw**

Scariest and grittier than a beach babe with a sandy vagina dentata ★★★★★



"Stabbing bad?"



Q+A

Colm McCarthy
Co-Writer/Director

What inspired the story?

My brother, Tom, and I lived on the estate featured in the film for a few years, and we've always liked the idea of doing something set in that world. It's a threatening place, but it's interesting, too. We were also inspired by my father's storytelling. He grew up with Ireland's folklore tradition and he read many tales to us while when we were children.

What's the monster based on?

The 'sidhe' from Irish mythology, which are changeling faerie people. 'Sidhe' means 'faerie' in Irish, and they're evil shapeshifters who are against us, but hide among us.

Is *Outcast* a typical horror film?

Not exactly. I like to think of it as a Celtic/Irish/Scottish horror movie, because not many of them have been made.

Did anything weird happen during the shoot?

Not in terms of supernatural things, but there were some odd moments; for instance, when we were shooting Kate Dickie performing a magic ritual. For that scene she was naked and chanting, but it was unscripted, so she had to find her own way of speaking in tongues. Her performance created a really unusual energy in the room and, afterwards, the crew and I all felt that something really weird had happened. While Kate was acting out the ritual, it felt real.

AMER

Psycho thriller, qu'est-ce que c'est?

THIS EROTICALLY CHARGED

thriller is a spellbinding homage to the twisted treats of 1970s Italian giallo cinema. Borrowing visual and plot devices from directors such as *Tenebrae*'s Dario Argento and *Black Sunday*'s Mario Bava, it follows a woman through three key stages in her life: as a haunted youngster, a desirable teen, and a potentially unhinged adult under threat from a knife-wielding psycho.

The plot develops like a fever-induced hallucination and delivers a tense, dazzling shock to the senses that's so captivating you'll be scared to blink in case you miss anything.

Filmmakers Hélène Cattet and Bruno Forzani drive the non-linear plot from the protagonist's point of view

A TENSE, DAZZLING, CAPTIVATING SHOCK TO THE SENSES

and there's hardly any dialogue. This unconventional approach makes *Amer* impenetrable at times, but because this film works on atmosphere rather than understanding, it doesn't matter. From the supernatural opening scene to the sun-drenched, traumatic finale, every frame drips with menace and dread.

Billy Chainsaw

An experimental trip through cinema that'll make David Lynch fans cum ★★★★★



LOOSE CANNONS

Sex, alcoholism, suicide and the supernatural fuel this dark Italian comedy, in which a budding gay author's plan to quit the family pasta business goes unexpectedly awry. The oddball characters' dysfunctional behaviour is captivating, and this bittersweet tale of acceptance and living life to the max from director Ferzan Ozpetek is a riot.

BC ★★★★★

THE GIRL WHO KICKED THE HORNET'S NEST

After a lifeless second installment, the big-screen adaptation of author Steig Larsson's bestselling trilogy concludes on a high. Left for dead with a bullet in her skull, Lisbeth Salander (Noomi Rapace) returns seeking justice. Equally adept with a laptop or a nail-gun, she's the captivating linchpin of this densely plotted thriller. BC ★★★★★



LEAP YEAR

In this dark, claustrophobic Mexican drama, a suicidal journalist finds that her prayers for death might be answered when she unexpectedly enters into a sadomasochistic relationship. Even though this film starts off slowly, it becomes compelling and shocking as it progresses. But amidst the horror in this exploitation-style flick, there's a surprising, haunting tenderness.

BC ★★★★★



Redrum!

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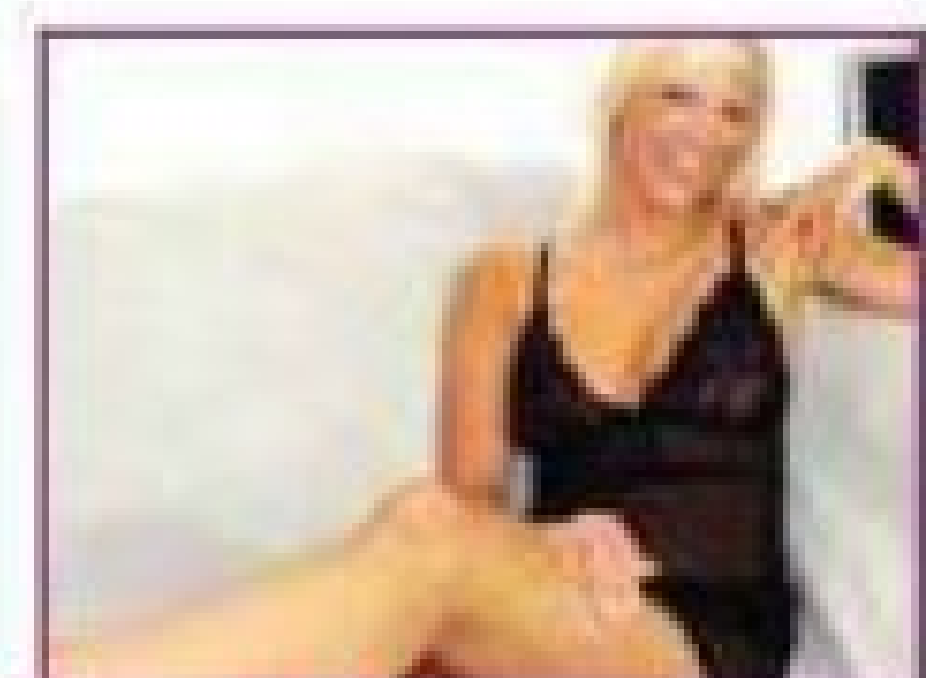
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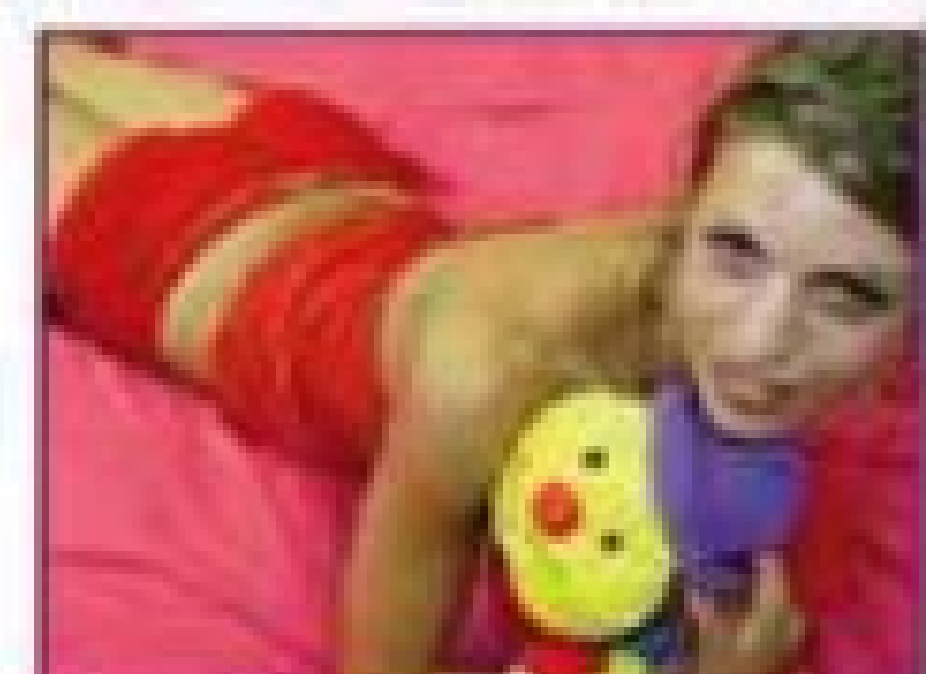
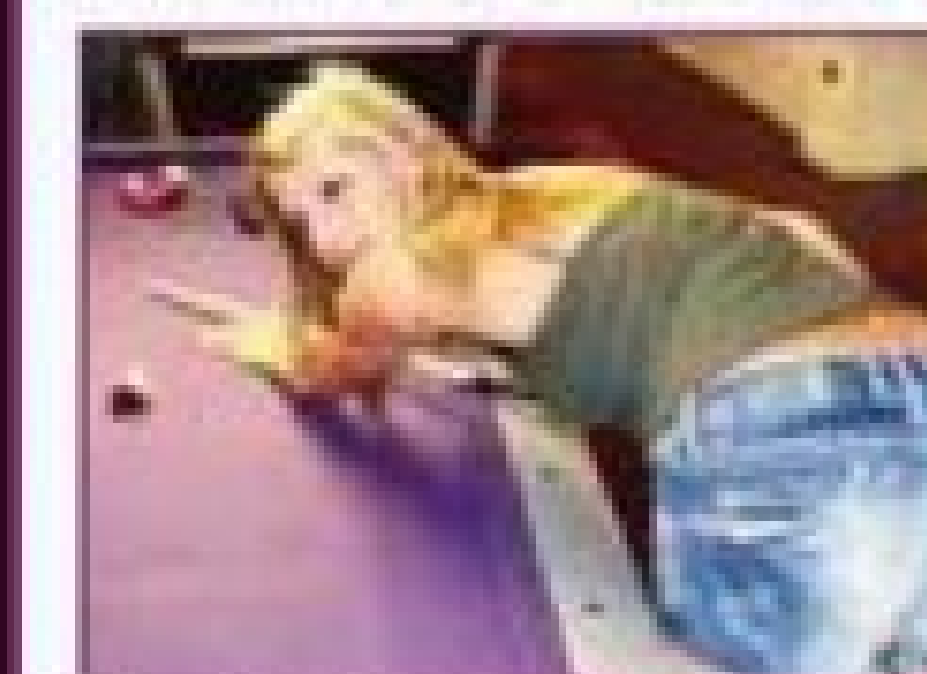


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HARD & LIVE

SISSY

SISSY



ELI

WORDS CALUM WADDELL

ROTH

THE BIG INTERVIEW



The director of *Hostel* and *Cabin Fever* exorcises his demons

THESE DAYS, DIRECTOR/PRODUCER

Eli Roth is most often seen slobbering over his girlfriend Peaches Geldof, but the killer hunk still prefers to walk on the dark side. After directing the carking creepers *Cabin Fever* (2002), *Hostel* (2005), and the super-sick sequel *Hostel II* (2007), he garnered thesp cred by appearing in *Death Proof* (2007), and playing Brad Pitt's wing-man in *Inglourious Basterds* (2009). Last year, Eli slid back behind the scenes, helping to produce the supernatural shocker *The Last Exorcism*. To celebrate the flick's release on DVD, we caught up with him for a chat about possession and torture porn.

***The Last Exorcism* features a priest who doesn't believe in God until it's too late.**

Are you religious?

I'm spiritual rather than deeply religious. My father is a psychiatrist, psychoanalyst and a professor at Harvard, so while I was growing up, my family approached anything to do with demons and possession from a scientific point of view. My dad would probably tell you that possession is just an illness. That's also what our guy in *The Last Exorcism* believes. He only

accepts God once the demons have revealed themselves, but that's not true faith. It's easy to believe when the Devil is in front of you.

It sounds as though you're still wrestling with religion...

When I saw *The Exorcist*, aged six, I thought, "What the fuck is this?" I asked my dad and he said, "Oh,

"FOR YEARS, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO BE POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL"

don't worry, son, we're Jewish so we don't have to believe in any of that."

I'd just seen Linda Blair possessed, so I sure as hell believed in it, and for years I thought I was going to be the Jewish test case for the devil.

It gave you a bad case of the willies, then?

The Exorcist really freaked me out and the idea of possession still terrifies me. The idea that something can take over the body is really fucked up. All of my films have been about possession to some extent: *Cabin Fever* is about a disease taking over the body and

Hostel is about someone using the body as a tool for their own amusement.

Do you think *The Last Exorcism* is the sequel to *The Exorcist* that everyone wanted, but never got?

No way, man – this movie is totally its own thing. *The Exorcist* is about a priest and Catholicism, and the relationship between a mother and her daughter. My film isn't about heads spinning around and vomiting out pea soup and stuff. It's about the clash between science and religion, and whether someone is mad or possessed.

How do you feel when critics call you the 'godfather of torture porn'?

My films have a reputation for being much worse than they actually are, and any critic who says 'Eli Roth' and 'torture porn' in the same sentence doesn't know what the fuck they're talking about. My movies have a lot of humour in them. *Hostel* and *Cabin Fever* are pretty funny.

Are you pleased that *The Last Exorcism* was given a '15' certificate in UK cinemas and a 'PG13' in America?

I remember when Britain gave *Cabin Fever* a '15' certificate. That totally helped us to →



Eli and Brad are *Inglourious Basterds*



Eli gets hungry
on the set of
Hostel II



The Last Exorcism of James Herriot's ghosts

win a bigger audience. Man, I'd be happy if all of my movies got 'PG' certificates over here. We should start people on horror movies young! **Are you involved in the making of *Hostel III*?**

No way! I walked away from the *Hostel* series right after I finished the second one. I'd said all I wanted to say about people torturing each other. I never thought there would be a third one, but the next thing I knew, they'd announced they were making it.

Is it true that *Hostel* was based on a website that you came across, which offered human game hunting?

Yeah, it was a website in Thailand aimed at Americans, so the people doing it were from my country. I don't know what happened to the site – it was taken offline the next day. I hope it was a hoax, but it seemed sick, yet believable, on so many levels. I think this is where things are headed, though. You can already get snuff content on the

internet: executions and stuff. It's all horrible. Recently, I read an article in *The New York Times* about human sex trafficking, which said that slavery is the world's number one black market trade – bigger than drugs. People don't realise that girls from Odessa and the Ukraine are being shipped over to brothels in the Middle East, and if they complain or go to the police, they're killed – publicly decapitated and thrown off buildings in the middle of the town square.

Do you see yourself as a champion of horror?

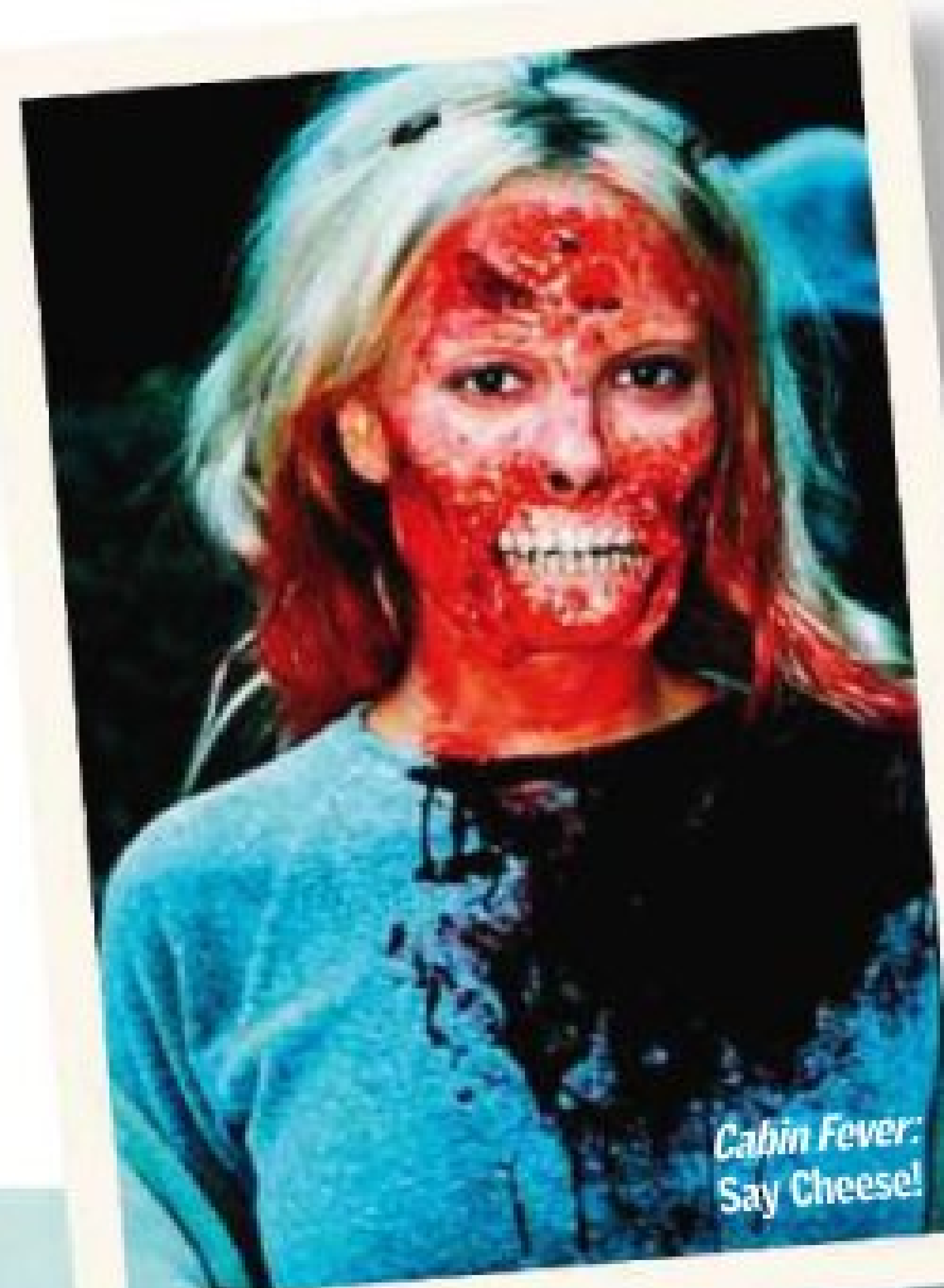
I'd love to take credit for giving the genre a boost, but it was Tarantino. Horror wasn't respected by anyone before he began talking in interviews about the old movies he loves. Before he did that, horror was like the bastard, red-haired stepchild of the industry – something that no-one wanted to

admit was being made. I think the sight of blood blinds critics. They're so shocked by it, at least initially, that they don't get the films. That happened with *Hostel*.

So, you prefer to let the audience decide?

Yeah, exactly – and I love watching stuff like *The Last Exorcism* and *Hostel* make millions in their opening weekends while big studio 'respectable' films struggle to break into seven figures. *The Last Exorcism* had a bigger opening than

"HORROR USED TO BE THE BASTARD, RED-HAIRED STEPCHILD OF THE INDUSTRY"



Cabin Fever: Say Cheese!

the last Tom Cruise film, and we don't even have any big name stars in our picture. It's a little \$2m (£1.3m) horror movie.

What's your next film?

Well, I get offered new scripts all the time but I only want to do something I've written – but the big problem is, I hate writing! Plus, I keep getting sidetracked. *The Last Exorcism* was a great diversion, and *Inglourious Basterds* was another. That was a wave I rode with Tarantino all the way to the Oscars but that sort of party stops you getting stuff done.

Aren't you working on a remake of Tobe Hooper's *The Funhouse*?

Yeah, the guys behind *The Last Exorcism* are writing it now. A lot of horror fans don't like remakes, I get that, but I think *The Funhouse* can be improved upon. I like the first 30-40 minutes, but because *The Funhouse* isn't a great movie, a remake will work. It's a great title, a great setting and people know what they're going to get – kids being killed in horrible ways at a carnival. What's not to love about that?

Have you got any horror recommendations?

I love so many, but the bad-ass slasher movie, *Pieces* (1982), and the Spanish film *Who Can Kill a Child?* (1976), are totally essential. Every horror fan has gotta see those, and the 1971 film *Punishment Park* – that's the most disturbing pseudo-documentary of all time. It cost \$50,000 (£30,000) to make and it's a fake record of the US army harassing hippies in the middle of the desert. It was so incendiary that Hollywood studios refused to distribute it, and if that isn't a recommendation, I don't know what is. **B**

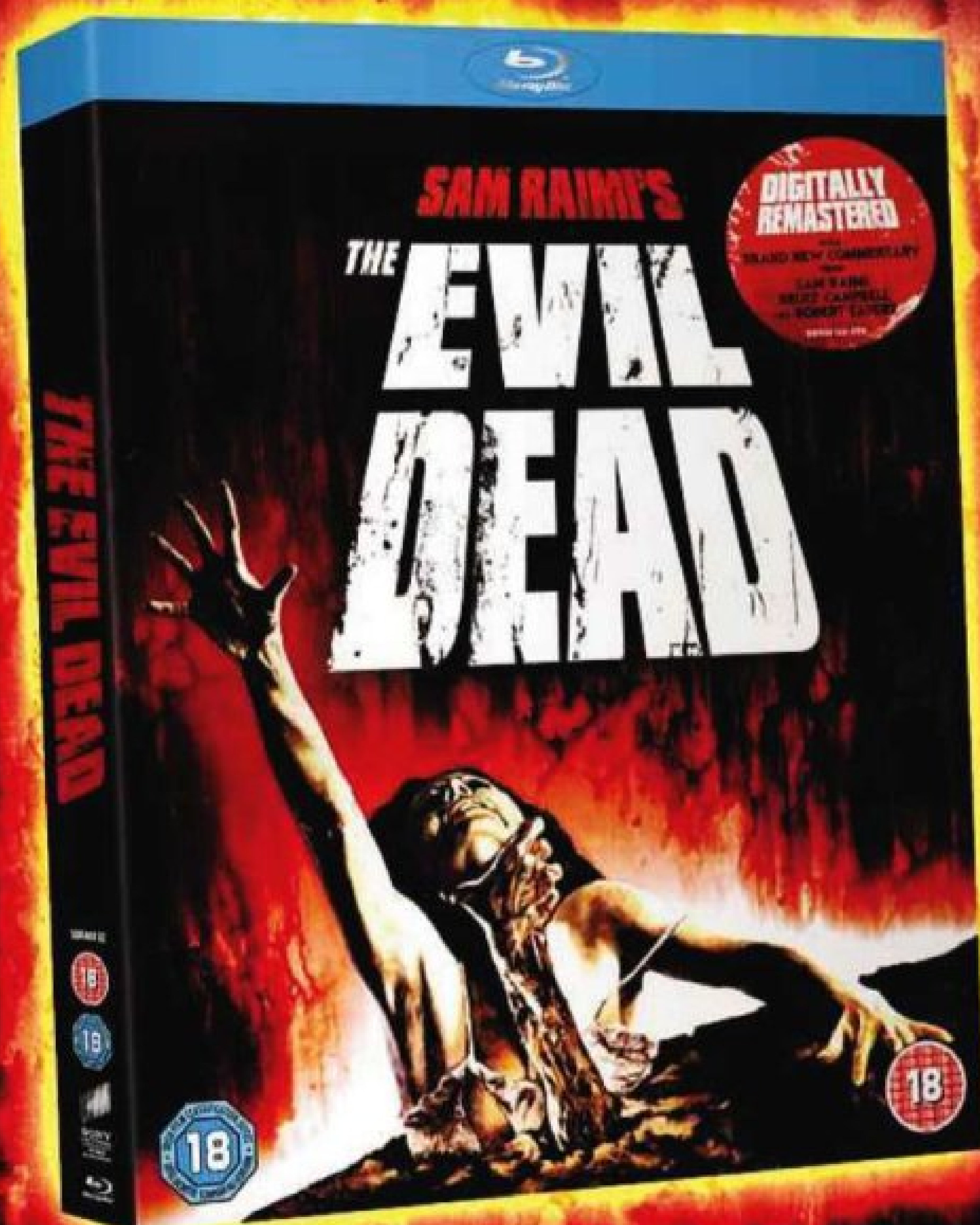
The Last Exorcism is out now on DVD

Eli goes for the money shot on *Piranha 3-D*



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HORROR"**
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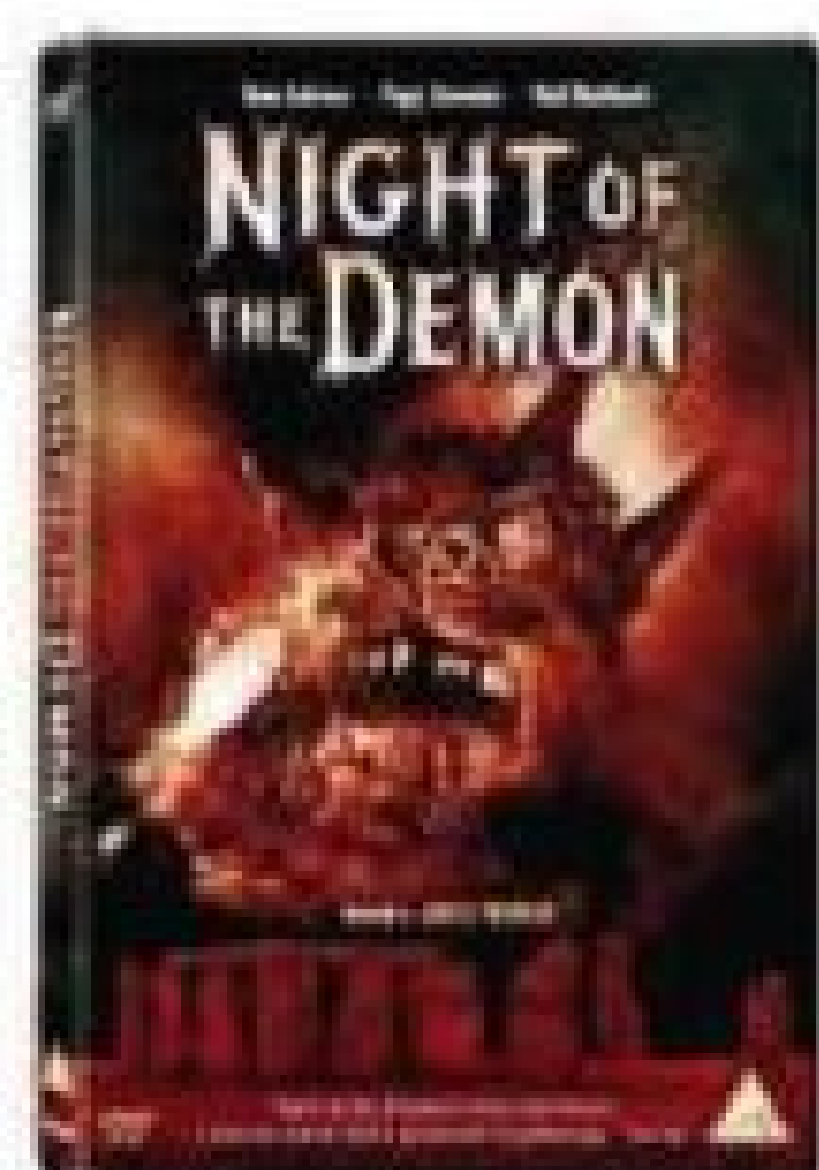
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NIGHT OF THE DEMON

Trilby terror from the vaults of horror



THIS IS ONE OF the most frightening British horror films of the 1950s. From the opening scene – where a man is chased through a spooky wood by an invisible thing – to the brutal finale, every moment oozes creepy dread.

A sceptical American psychologist (Hollywood tough guy Dana Andrews) visits the UK to debunk the alleged supernatural activities of a satanic cult. But the sudden death of a colleague forces the expert to reconsider his beliefs, casting him into a maelstrom of mystery and malevolence after he ends up on a demon's hit list.

This understated, spellbinding movie marked director Jacques Tourneur's return to the dark visual poetry that made his earlier works, *Cat People* and *I Walked With A Zombie*, classics. Although the film's title is nightmarish, Tourneur uses atmosphere, rather than shocking visual effects, to suggest the presence of a lurking terror. As a result, this

FROM BEGINNING TO END, EVERY MOMENT OOZES CREEPY DREAD

DVD OF THE MONTH BIZARRE



film is more unsettling than standard fright flicks.

Previously unavailable on DVD in the UK, this release comes in its original version and the US 'cut', which was re-titled *Curse Of The Demon*. It also has a lavishly illustrated, informative collectors' booklet to pore over.

Billy Chainsaw

Shit yourself in style, like granny used to ★★★★★

SPOOKY NOISES

Screen to scream

The line in the movie, "It's in the trees! It's coming!" was sampled by singer Kate Bush on her 1986 single, 'The Hounds Of Love', and was used by the band Coil on 'Queens Of The Circulating Library'.



Our pet vole put his tail in the wall socket again



The telegram read, "Stoned in Penge. Stop."



BLACK CHRISTMAS

Often mimicked but rarely bettered, this nerve-shredding tale of sorority girls terrorised by a phone-calling psycho is regarded by critics as the first 'slasher' flick. Although it's not a total bloodbath, Bob Clark's 1974 classic effectively racks up the tension with creepy camerawork and violent kills. It's a true master-class in shock, and the only thing about it that's dated is the awful 1970s clobber worn by the cast. **BC ★★★★★**



FRANK SIDEBOTTOM'S FANTASTIC SHED SHOW

Chris Sievey, the man beneath Frank Sidebottom's bulbous head, may be dead, but his playful spirit lives on in these episodes of his delightfully naive TV show. Shot in Frank's shed and featuring a host of Z-list celebrity guests, the humour is homely and surreal; and while it may mean little to anyone who never saw Frank live, for those in the know it's *really* fantastic. **DMcC ★★★★★**

TEMPTATION

Hot girls in tightly laced corsets make out in this vampire horror film, which is dripping with decadent sets. But you'll be disappointed if you think about it with your brain rather than your penis. All the male characters are sleazy and/or violent, and the women are only strong after they become vampires – which in the main character's case involves being raped. It feels like a feminist cash-in on the vampire trend, gone wrong. **EG ★★**



(REC) 2

This carnage-filled slice of Spanish terror is the sequel to the zombie flick we described as "the scariest film ever made". In it, a SWAT team unwittingly discovers what's causing the inhabitants of a quarantined apartment block to transform into slaving flesh-munchers. Dispensing with weighty exposition, this horror is packed with violent set-pieces that'll keep you hooked 'til its spine-tingling finale. **BC ★★★★★**



VIDEO NASTIES: THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE

We're all serial killers and cannibals in disguise!



IN THE EARLY 1980s, the UK allegedly came under threat from an evil so great, anyone exposed to it – man, child or parrot – ran

the risk of being severely corrupted or transformed into a depraved sociopath. Amazingly, this bringer of moral Armageddon wasn't some kind of house-calling satanic cult, but

a bunch of dodgily-titled horror flicks, such as *SS Experiment Camp* and *Cannibal Holocaust*. Branded 'video nasties', these VHS shockers caused a media frenzy that rattled politicians and activists so much they were banned.

This comprehensive triple-disc DVD from *Doghouse* director Jake West and horror historian Marc Morris offers a razor-sharp dissection of all the controversial releases that appeared on the Director Of Public Prosecutions list – the 'Final 39' and the 33 that

were later dropped. Along the way, experts, including Alan Jones and Kim Newman, enrich the filmmakers' knowledge with their wisdom and colourful reminiscences.

It's a fascinating package, made even more appealing by the inclusion of West and Morris's blistering documentary, *Video Nasties: Moral Panic, Censorship and Videotape*. A compilation of archive footage and exclusive interviews with all the key players, it completely blows the lid off the deranged, scandalous phenomenon.

Billy Chainsaw

Feel morally outraged at the prudes who banned these horror flicks ★★★★★

Q+A Jake West *Director*



Hair today,
West tomorrow

Did video nasties influence you?

Definitely! I was a teenager in the 1980s and I went out of my way to see everything on the Director Of Public Prosecution's list. I was one of the video-generation who grew up loving horror. My second film, *Evil Aliens* (2005), is like a love letter to my favourite movies of the 1970s and 1980s, including video nasties. The film that influenced me most, though, is *The Evil Dead*: it's my all-time favourite nasty, even though it was one of the titles that was eventually dropped from the list because it wasn't deemed obscene.

Which video nasties got a particularly rough deal?

I'm still shocked that a film like *Nightmares In A Damaged Brain* was prosecuted, and the distributor – although not the writer, producer or director – was imprisoned for 18 months, for a cut that was just a few seconds longer than the BBFC X-Certificated cinema version.

What's your favourite video nasty?

My favourite from the 'Final 39' would be a bloody fight between Dario Argento's *Tenebrae* – which features the most beautiful arm trauma in cinema – and Lucio Fulci's *Zombie Flesh Eaters*, which features an elongated eye-gouging scene, and a zombie attacking a shark.

THE MOVIE MOLE

Digging up the best film gossip



"Stop! In the name of love..."



"Is someone following us?"

Mole is pleased to report that Christopher Nolan has come up with an innuendo-packed title for the next *Batman* film – **The Dark Knight Rises**. Fnar, Fnar: The villain is not – as had been rumoured – going to be The Riddler, and the current hot favourite is Catwoman. Now that's more like it.

The long journey back to Middle Earth is finally set to begin, now that the two films of **The Hobbit** have been given the green light. Peter Jackson is definitely directing them, Martin Freeman is playing Bilbo Baggins, and they've even squeezed in a role for ex-*Doctor Who* Sylvester McCoy. Mole likes.

Back in the land of superheroes, Mole has learned that **Iron Man 3** will be released in 2013. Meanwhile, the planned movie of **The Flash** is gathering steam, too. Ryan Reynolds has predictably been mooted for the lead role.

Little tattle from George Lucas suggests he might make even more **Star Wars** movies. The bearded one is currently converting his six films to 3-D, and it's been suggested that he might direct another three instalments. Mole hopes so.

The box office success of *Paranormal Activity* has been repeated by its sequel, virtually guaranteeing that we'll see **Paranormal Activity 3** this time next year. However, don't expect the release of *Saw 8* then. It was previously announced that *Saw 3-D* would be the last in the franchise, although few people believe that.

Finally, Mole has unearthed staggering rumours about the proposed prequel to **Alien**. Apparently, it's going to involve sexual activity via mind control, Lance Henriksen, and a plot that takes place 35 years before the first film. It sounds as though the plot was thought up using fridge magnets.

WORDS: DEN OF GEEK

DEN OF GEEK!

The square-eyed experts at Denofgeek.com look at the rest of this month's DVD releases



The Inbetweeners.
Surprise wood

The final series of Brit teen-comedy **The Inbetweeners** (★★★★) delivered the goods to its audience. It had sex jokes, sick jokes, toilet jokes, swearing, and was off the screen before it outstayed its welcome. This run is the programme's swan song – although a movie is currently in the works – and the closest Britain has come to the charm and crudity of *American Pie*.

There's no contest for the finest Blu-ray release this month. The **Alien Anthology** (★★★★★) is an exhaustive collection of the four proper films in the *Alien* saga, and it's a superb box set, even if only two of the films are flawless. The high definition upgrade has done each of them proud, and the extra features will eat up days of your life.

This year's run of **Doctor Who** (★★★★) is out on DVD and Blu-ray too. This fifth series showcases the immense talents of writer Steven Moffat, and even though you can't fully appreciate how well the run has been plotted until the final episode, the hit rate of belting installments is still high, and Matt Smith makes for a terrific Doctor.

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Who tried for
make-up sex



Alien Res-erection

One of the darkest family films ever made, Disney's **A Christmas Carol** (★★★) is more greatly influenced by Charles Dickens than the Mouse House. As such, its got a sinister tone and director Robert Zemeckis has shaped a genuinely creepy version of the story. It's not for young kids, though, no matter how pretty the box may look.

Finally, the makers of **Iron Man 2** (★★★) failed to learn the lessons of having too many characters doing too little. This film occasionally captures the strength of the original, but gets bogged down with dull nonsense. And Mickey Rourke mumbles. Again.

To find out what's going on in TV and movieland, and for plenty of nerdy ranting, go to Denofgeek.com

DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS

There's no use wanking over spilled blood



LESBIAN LUST

and lashings of blood drive this chic 1970s Euro-horror inspired by Elizabeth Bathory, the 16th-century Hungarian aristocrat who bathed in virgins' blood.

The 'Blood Countess' is now an alluring, centuries-old predator who hides her monstrous inclinations behind a veil of Hollywood glamour. Gliding into an opulent, off-season hotel – all scarlet lips and peroxide locks – she sets her sapphic sights on a young newlywed, then uses her sultry, Louise Brooks-style assistant, Ilona, to distract the abusive husband.

The dance of deadly deception that follows is charged with erotic tension,

building up to powerful brutality. It's hot. The delicious Andrea Rau is frequently naked as the pouty Ilona, and director Harry Kümel keeps a steady pace, maintaining the flick's sensuality with surreal, almost fetishistic visuals.

As in George A Romero's *Martin*, the trappings of vampire tradition are avoided. Instead, symbolic flashes of red suggest blood and death. But even though this film is shot and acted like an arty thriller, it's creepily atmospheric rather than pretentious, and the mood is emphasised by moments of unmitigated weirdness and unsettling scenes involving a razor and broken glass. **Billy Chainsaw**

A messy party in your pants

★★★★



The ad Wella
didn't release

FANBOYS

The story of a group of *Star Wars* obsessives travelling to Skywalker Ranch in 1998 to steal a pre-release copy of *The Phantom Menace* for their friend who's dying of cancer, *Fanboys* is a geeky romp that *Bizarre* wanted to love. But even with ace cameos from Kevin Smith, William Shatner and – gasp! – Carrie Fisher, it isn't long until the film descends into predictable road trip set-pieces and comedy clichés. **DMcC** ★★



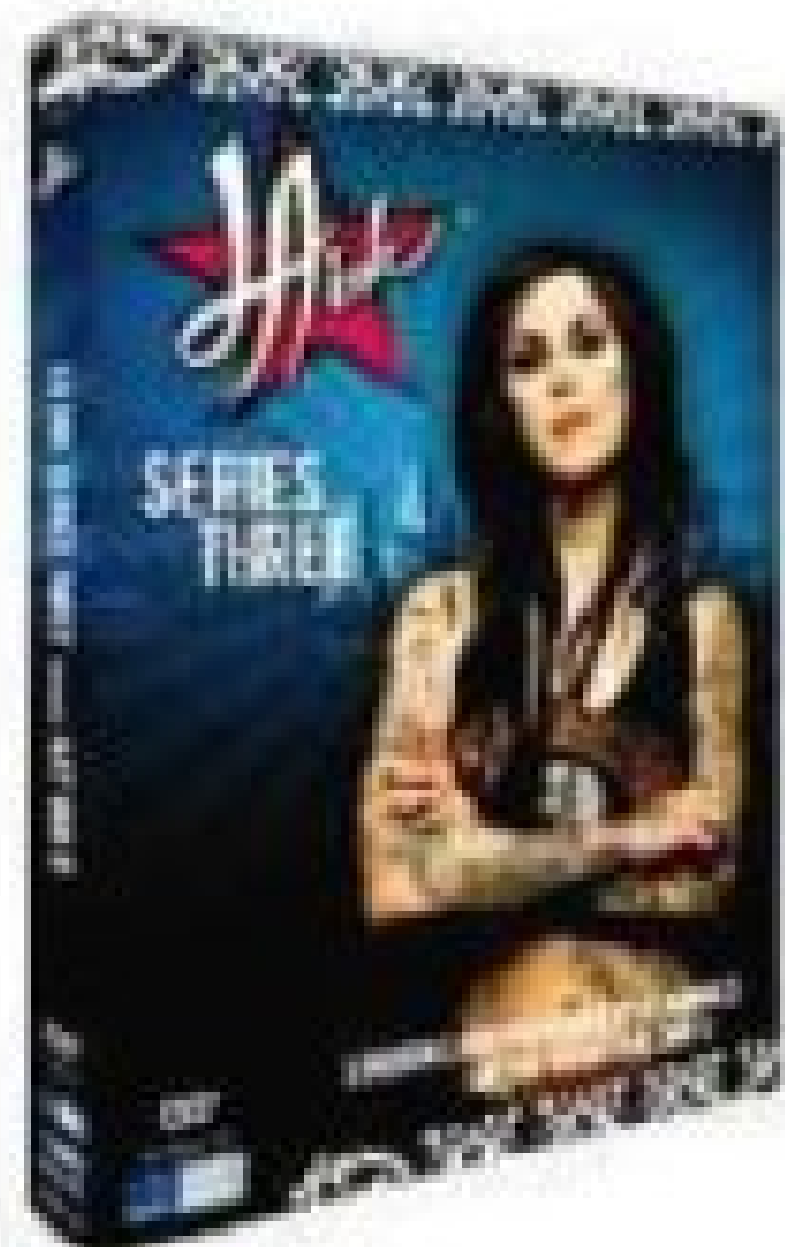
ODDSAC

Eclectic electro-poppers Animal Collective and video artist Danny Perez collaborate on this trippy, narrative-free whirlwind of mind-bending images. *Oddsac* is like the missing link between experimental films such as *Inauguration Of The Pleasure Dome* (1954) and *The Cremaster Cycle*, and it's an unsettling audio-visual extravaganza best experienced in the dark while wearing headphones. **BC** ★★★★★



LA INK: SERIES THREE

We love Kat, Hannah, Kim,
watching Corrie instead



THE LAST SERIES

of ink-slinging babe
Kat Von D's reality
show was so great
we couldn't get
enough of it here at
Bizarre. Imagine our
disappointment then,

when we watched this latest five-disc
DVD and found that the programme
had taken an unexpected nosedive.

Likeable talents Hannah Aitchison
and Kim Saigh have gone, and the rest
of the team at LA's hippest tattoo
emporium seem to have lost their
zing. Instead of work that inspires
envy, the crew trot out a production
line of commemorative dogs, dads and
dead relatives. OK, there are some
moments of gob-smacking brilliance,
especially from regular Corey Miller
and guest artist Nikko, but there just
aren't enough of them. Likewise, Kat
and co.'s entertaining out-of-shop
shenanigans have been fatally cut back,
and the customer focus has shifted
from interesting members of the alt.
community to Mr and Mrs Mainstream.

But *LA Ink's* biggest crime is its
misguided focus on two useless new
shop managers. Sure, the resulting
personality clashes make episodes
watchable, but by allowing contrived
sniping to take precedence over inking,
the programme loses its way.

Billy Chainsaw

**Stinking ink and lax foreplay
that'll sour your sessions ★★**



The tatt Kat who
got the dream



For full details of the strangeness in store email Cut@dennis.co.uk

LISTEN UP, FILM FREAKS!

Wanna get your retinas assaulted by
slavering zombies, vengeful parents,
and knife-wielding psychos? Then
rock up to *Bizarre's* FREE film
club, CUT! Hosted by our infamous
film editor Billy Chainsaw, it's an
exclusive event that happens every
third Thursday of the month at
London's Horse Hospital.

Since CUT! launched in August
2010, we've made it our mission to
give readers advance previews of
some of the most horrific, arty and
downright weird movies around – all
accompanied by free beer. We're
taking a break at Christmas, though,
to get bombed on sherry-laced trifle,
but we'll be back with a bang on
20 January. Be there or be sorry!

Gary: Lost
among rubble in
the urban jungle

ARTIST
OF THE
MONTH
BIZARRE

Q+A GARY NUMAN

Where's the synth god's head at?

SEE HIM LIVE

Gary Numan headlines *Back To The Phuture* at Manchester Academy 1 on 2 December and The Troxy, London, on 3 December.

At the *Back To The Phuture* gigs, you're on a bill with people you played with in the 1980s (John Foxx, and Alan Wilder of Recoil), and newer groups influenced by you (Motor and The Whip). Are you excited by the prospect?

I'm really looking forward to it. It should be interesting to see how Alan and John have evolved over the years – I'm familiar with Alan's

Recoil albums and I'm a big fan. Strangely enough, though, I'm always concerned I'll be a disappointment for new bands that have been influenced by me. While I'm proud to have an influence on people musically, it's always made me uncomfortable. I still feel as though I'm stumbling along, learning as I go. I'm a long way from being a well-rounded musician. **But, during your most successful periods, didn't you feel as though your music was ahead of the curve?** God no. I've gone through some very painful and upsetting periods where I felt I had nothing new to offer. In the early 1990s I was empty; I thought my career was over. Creatively, I was lost,

self-obsessed and frightened, and I thought I was finished. I had to pull myself together to get through that. It took an almost total reinvention from the toes up.

Which covers of your songs do you like?

The Nine Inch Nails cover of 'Metal' is really good. I also liked 'Where's Your Head At' by Basement Jaxx – it's based around a sample from 'M.E.'. I get asked to clear cover versions or samples of my music every week, so a lot of bands are influenced by my music to some degree. But it works both ways – listening to cover versions gives me new ideas.

In 2001, you revealed that you'd been diagnosed with Asperger's Syndrome. Did finding out about your condition improve your life?

It hasn't made much of a difference. It's been comforting to know that

I'm not weird, just a little different. Asperger's brings as many things as it takes away. I have poor interaction skills but phenomenal concentration and focus. If I was given the choice, I'd stay the same and hang on to my Asperger's. I believe it helps me in ways that far outweigh the awkward moments that I experience.

Do people ever shout at you on the street or sing you a full rendition of 'Cars'?

Yes, but it's more friendly these days. I had to put up with a lot of hostility from strangers when I first became successful, but I don't anymore. The most embarrassing thing I get these days is from my own children, who like to shout 'Gary Numan!' at the top of their voices, or sing 'Cars' in busy places and then watch me squirm. Children can be cruel.

Claran McCauley

BLACK SPIDERS

Q+A Pete Spibey *Singer*

Big, hairy, creepy, and crawly

SEE THEM LIVE

Black Spiders tour the UK, 24 November – 9 December Check Theblackspiders.com for details.

Apart from playing the *Bizarre* Bohemia stage at Sonisphere, what's been your weirdest gig?

We were once booked to play a Halloween show at a decent-sized hall in Worcester. When we got there, the only other people at the venue were the band who'd booked it for us. We like Halloween, so we'd gone the whole hog; I went as a zombie vicar, and we stopped playing during 'Stay Down' and started walking round like the undead. It was odd – we put a lot of effort into it, but we were only doing it for another band.

Your new album is called *Sons Of The North*. Is it going to have a Viking theme?

Most of the songs are based on the kind of adventures boys would like

to go on, and being on a longship, is definitely one of them.

Have you ever been on one?

I haven't, but I was involved in a Viking burial. My ex-flatmate's pet hamster, Susie Cream Cheese, died suddenly, so we gave her a little Viking send-off. We put her in a shoe box, which we attached toilet roll tubes to so that it'd float, then set fire to it and pushed it into the middle of a lake.

Is it true you're a big fan of Thor?

Yes, that's one of the inspirations for the album. We're hoping we can get *Sons Of The North* on the new Marvel comics *Thor* movie. Thor is the son of Odin and he's one of the superheroes who harks back to a different time, like a character from sailors' tales from the sea.

Does the album have other themes?

The song 'Kiss Tried To Kill Me' is loosely based on a strange nightmare about being followed around America by Kiss. It was like an episode of *Columbo*, where you thought Gene Simmons was the evil one, but it

was Peter Criss. Another of the tracks, 'Man's Ruin', is loosely based on someone dying, whose soul is leaving their body, starting to regret the life they'd led. That idea came from talking about who'd come to our funerals, what people would say about us, and whether we'd care.

What conclusion did you draw?

That I probably wouldn't care.

Maybe we should give you a Viking send-off, like Susie Cream Cheese.

I've asked Ozzy and my mate James to stand on my coffin while it's going into the fire, playing the solo to 'Freebird'.

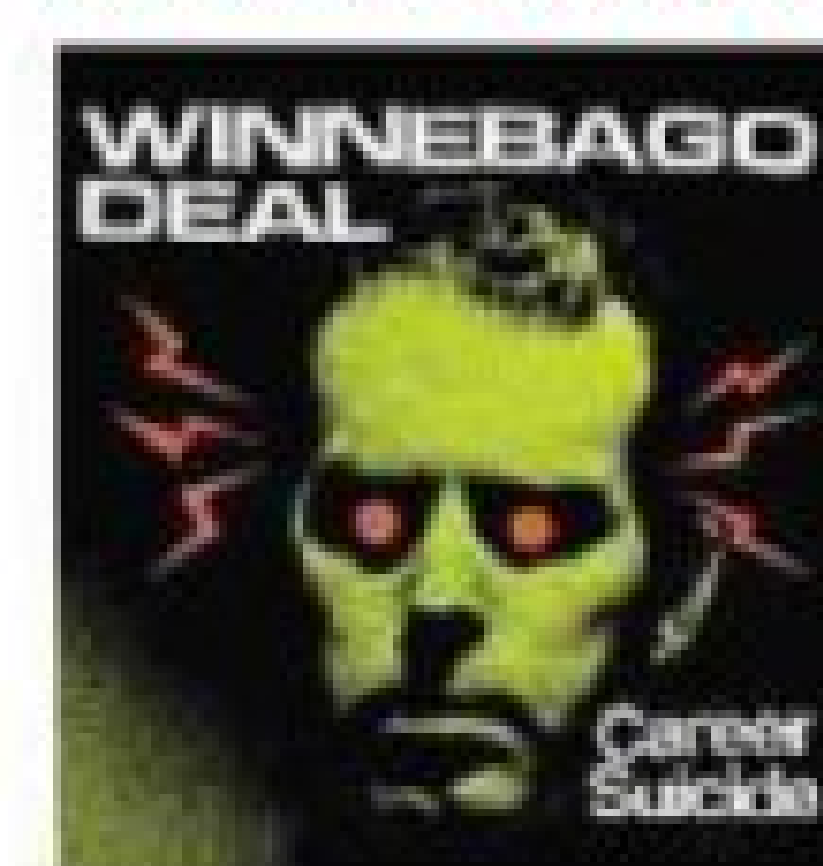
It'd be funny to see who could stay on the coffin the longest as it was going towards the flames, because it's a long solo. It'd lighten the mood.

Your catchphrase is, 'Eat Thunder, Shit Lightening'. What's the worst shit you've ever done?

Probably those ones after a night of drinking too many Jägermeisters and not eating much, or eating curry, when it comes out of both ends at the same time. Shitting can be a topic of conversation, which is quite weird. When I've talked about shit with my friends or the band, it's always spoken about in a joking way, because I think they're slightly horrified about discussing it... *Eleanor Goodman*

WINNEBAGO DEAL

CAREER SUICIDE



They may have some famous pals, including nudey former QOTSA bassist Nick Oliveri, but this Oxfordshire

two-piece sound like a squillion other bands playing 9:50pm slots in squalid North London venues. This, their third album of sleaze-infused cartoon rage, is speedy and competent enough, but lacks an edge. It's uninspiring. **SD ★★**

KREEPS

DEAD SOUNDS



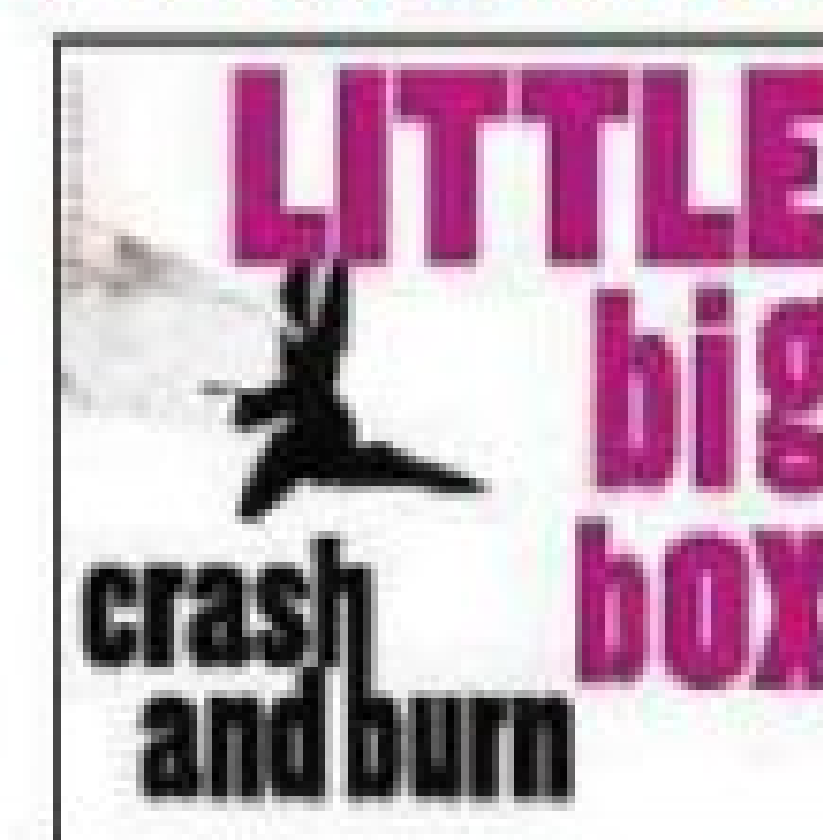
Sometimes bluesy, sometimes surfy and sometimes fuzzy, these electro-punks are influenced by indie

rockers The Horrors, but sound more varied. Second album *Dead Sounds* is the dark, secret noise of the things that might be under your bed, in your wardrobe, or coming up the stairs...

EG ★★★★★

LITTLE BIG BOX

CRASH AND BURN



Little Big Box's debut album is an alt.rock whitewater ride. A powerful, organic sound belies their

minimal three-piece line-up, and pivots round principal songwriter Lisa-Marie Lyle's distinctive vocals and heartfelt lyrics. It's a thrilling slap in the face with a velvet glove: tough love. **DMCC ★★★★★**

GWAR

BLOODY PIT OF HORROR



Sharing its name with an Italian gothic horror film, Gwar's unlucky 13th album is reassuring obscene.

There's a song about the celebs the band has 'killed', zombie scenes, and, um, an ode to the joy of ticks sucking on tits. Forget pantomimes – stick this on, drench yourself in fake blood and sing along. **EG ★★★★★**

WEEZER

DEATH TO FALSE METAL



Weezer's last album, *Hurley*, was so disappointing that some fans have tried to raise \$10m (£6.2m) for them

to disband. Astonishingly, not so for this bastard collection of songs, left over from their seven previous albums. Despite an inevitable lack of cohesion, it's bubbling with goofy hooks that make it a satisfying reprieve. **SD ★★ ★**



A BAND CALLED QUINN

Robo-vampsters from the future

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA



ORIGINALLY performed as part of a futuristic update of John Gay's classic Augustan drama,

the second album proper from this Glasgow four-piece has a tough job replicating the delights – i.e. the leather-clad sex robots – of the

touring show. But it isn't trying to – this is sparkly, shiny and, at times, slightly anodyne indie-electro pop.

Fortunately, vampy-voiced leading light, Louise Quinn, carries some of the weaker tracks, and steals the show on stand-outs, such as 'We Are The Scum' and 'He's A Dog'. **Claran McCauley**

A glam night out minus sex to polish it off ★★★



Quinn: Delicious creature of the night

Q+A Louise Quinn *singer*

According to MySpace, your band has a wacky back story...

We all come from different places. Before we got together, our drummer, Bal Cooke, was busking on the streets of Toulouse. I studied at a convent school before turning to the dark side and deciding to focus on music. Robert Henderson (trumpet) is the heir to a well-known Scottish confectionary company that I can't name, and Steven Westwater on bass was a professional footballer who injured his knee.

The new record came from performing a futuristic version of *The Beggar's Opera*. How did you get involved with the show?

We were performing a set at a club night, which involved badgers playing jazz and psychic burlesque puppeteers.

When Matt Lenton, the musical director of *The Beggar's Opera*, saw us playing, he decided he wanted us for his show. It's set 30 years in the future and the anti-hero Macheath is a sex addict who visits futuristic robot prostitutes. All the rich people live above the 'underworld',

"MOST OF THE 90-YEAR-OLDS IN THE AUDIENCE HAD THEIR FINGERS IN THEIR EARS"

which is a huge sandpit where the thieves and beggars live.

What was touring it like?

It was great. Originally I wanted actors to sing the songs, but

because the band is onstage for the whole show, I just ended up singing them. Touring it was quite mad, though. The Lyceum in London wanted us to perform there because their mailing list is dying off, but many of their subscribers are over 90 years old;

you can imagine how it went down with them. Most of the audience had their fingers in their ears, wearing horrified expressions on their faces because the people on stage were dressed in black latex and screaming. But a lot of people enjoyed it as well. Folk either loved it or hated it, and we prefer it that way.

Ian Rankin wrote the sleevenotes for the album. How did that come about?

He Tweeted about us after seeing *The Beggar's Opera*, saying he loved it. Then he came to one of our gigs and Tweeted that we were brilliant, so I got in touch with him. I thought he'd be perfect for the album.

He pins down the dark side of what *The Beggar's Opera* is about.

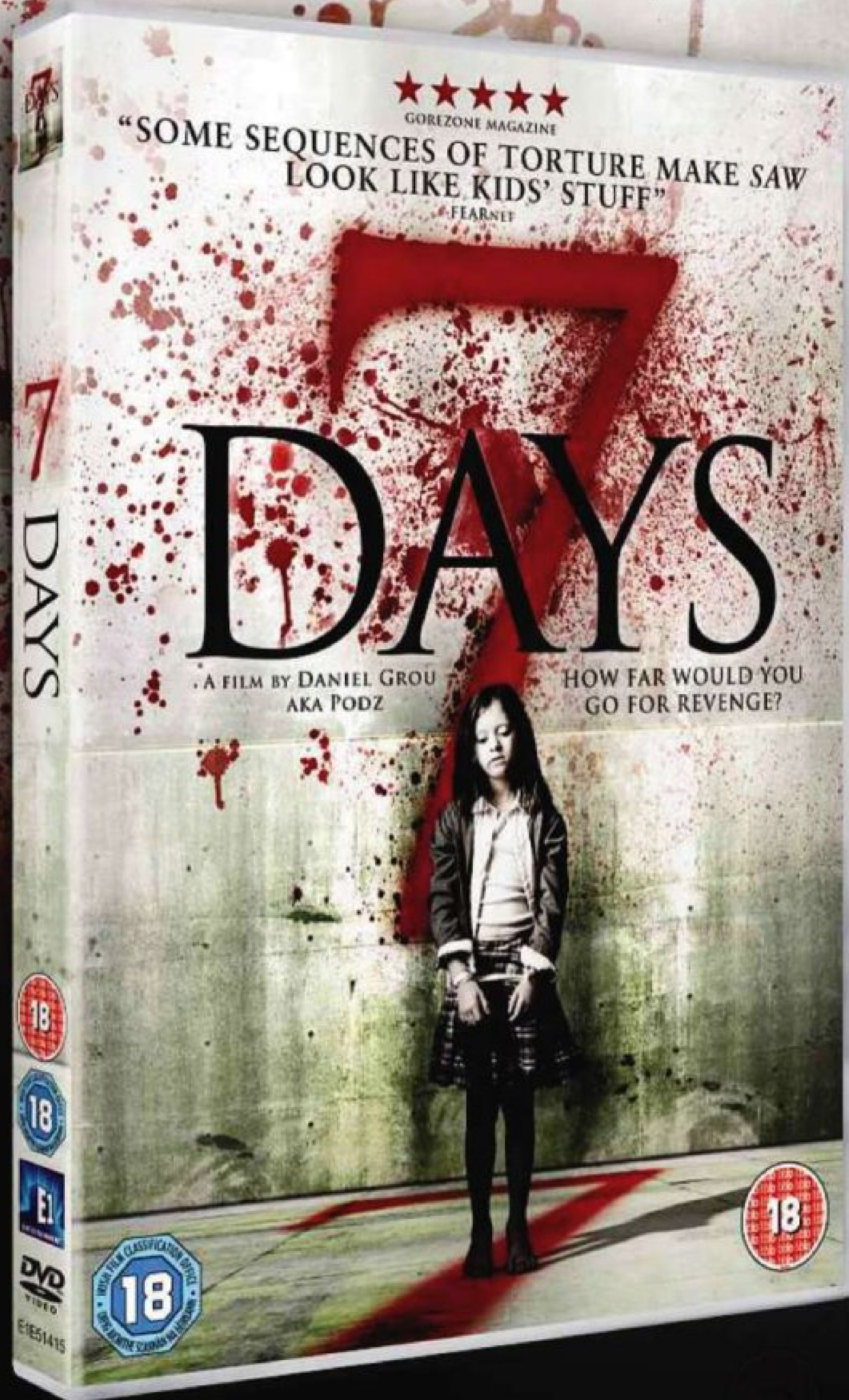


**"SOME SEQUENCES OF TORTURE MAKE
SAW LOOK LIKE KIDS' STUFF"**

FEARNET



GOREZONE MAGAZINE



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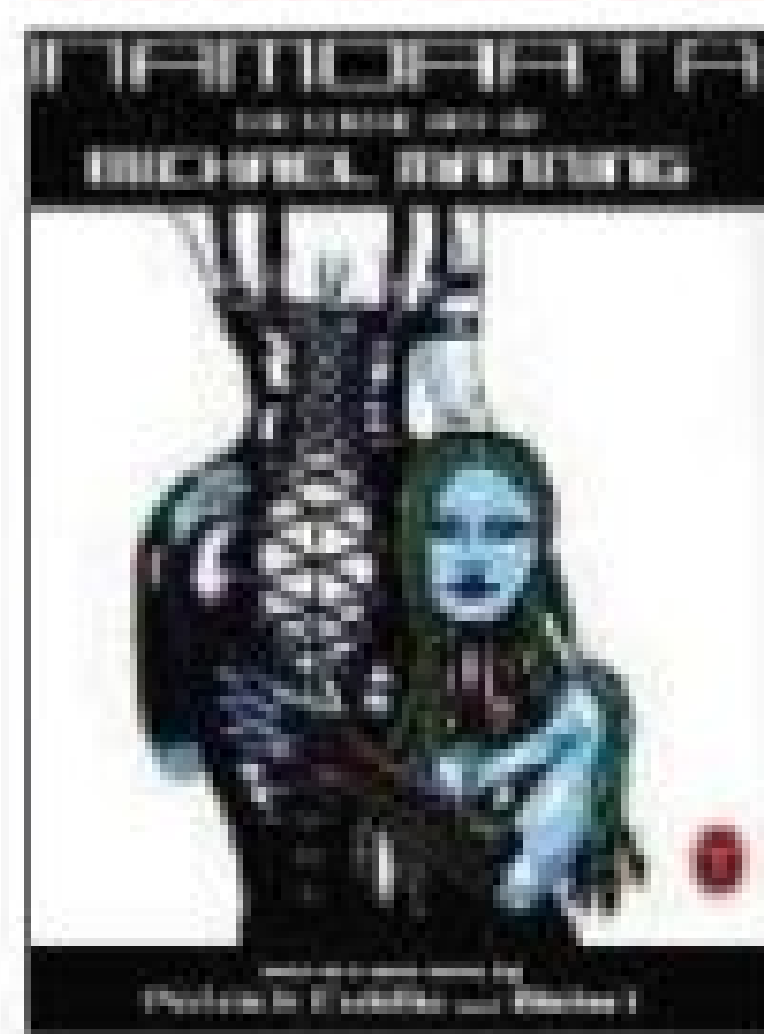


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INAMORATA

Monochrome ink and kink for the seriously twisted

MICHAEL MANNING



GIRLS WRAPPED IN

shiny rubber, fucking each other up the ass with monstrous dildos. Cuffed submissives fighting to hold back their tears,

as voluptuous mistresses force a strap-on down their throats. Bound and gagged women paddling furiously in a black sea, as a twitching octopus violates them beneath the foaming waves. Chains, bondage, whips, leather, slobber, knives, power... and blindfolded slaves lashed together and turned upside down to make a throne for their mistress, who straddles them with her spike-heels biting into their faces.

Welcome to the decadent world of Michael Manning; a dark place of sin and punishment, where the most twisted fantasies come screaming to life.

Featuring the S&M artist's best work from 1987 onwards, *Inamorata* is a lavishly-presented collection that's as sinister as it is sexual, and as disturbing as it is arousing. And while most of the images are seriously shocking and will live with you long

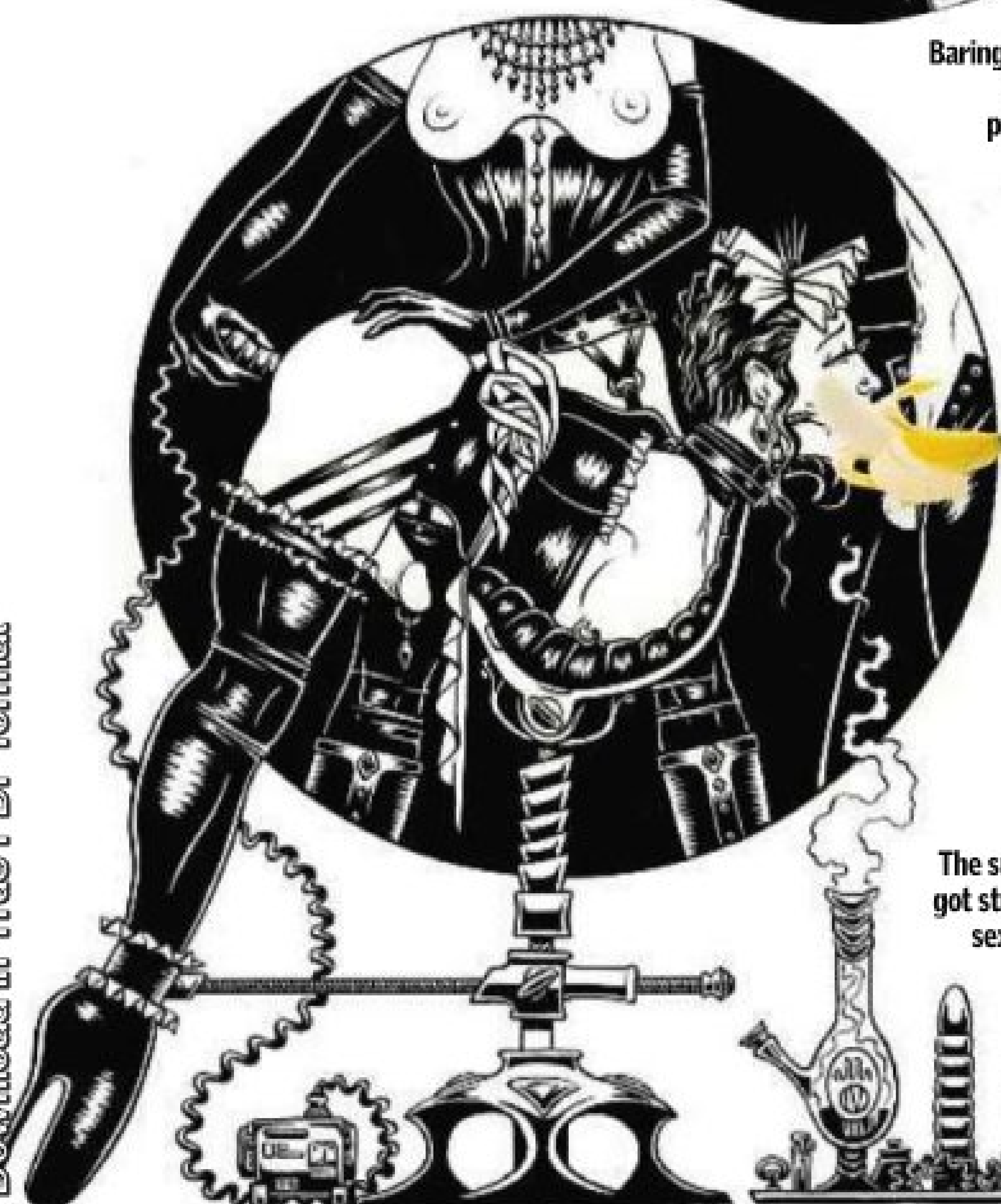
after you've closed the book, what's most striking is Manning's stark economy of pen strokes, where only a few bold lines weave tales of freaky fetishism that'll shock the most permissive, and take you to a place where pain, suffering and degradation are infinitely more delicious than pleasure.

This is a fabulous retrospective of genuinely shocking work, which never comes across as gratuitous. The only disappointment is that it's only available in paperback, because it'd make a gorgeous, hard-backed coffee-table book to spark conversation between perverts and deviants for years to come.

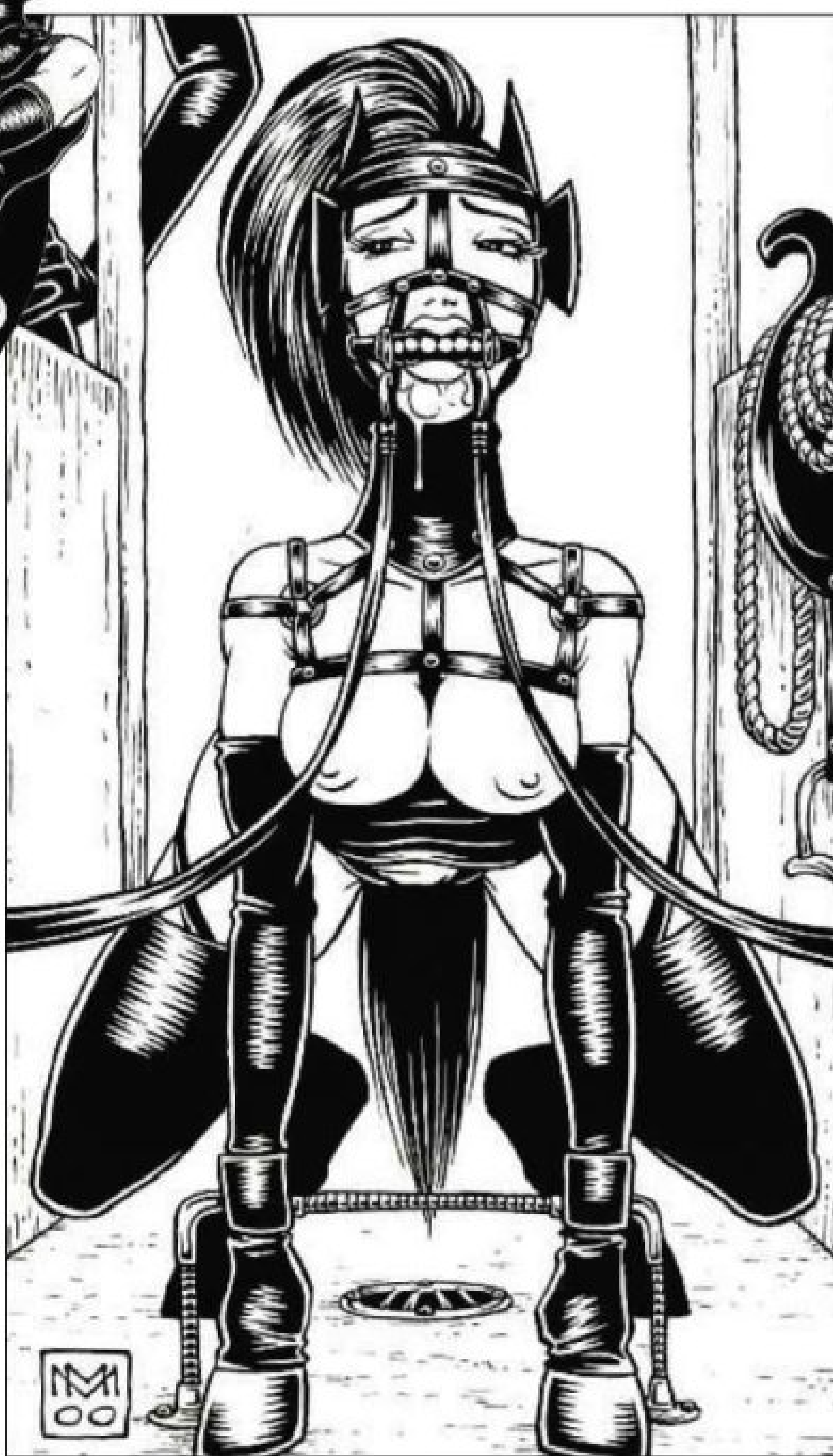
Johnny Marks ★★★★★



Baring buttocks (top) and ponying up (right)

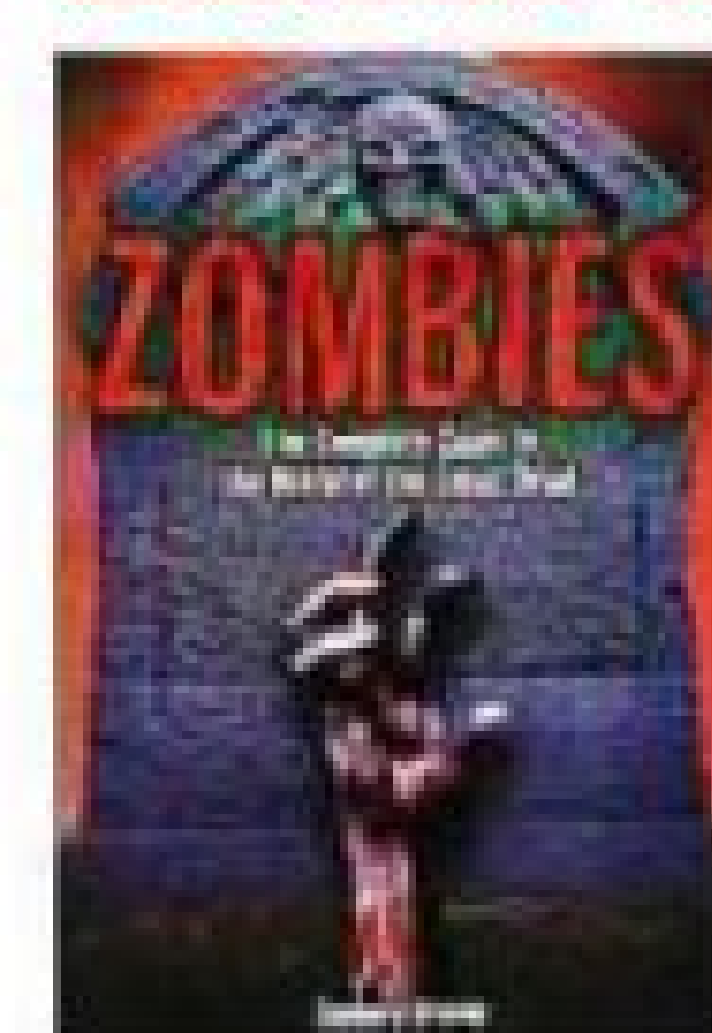


The submissive got stuck in the sex machine



ZOMBIES

ZACHARY GRAVES



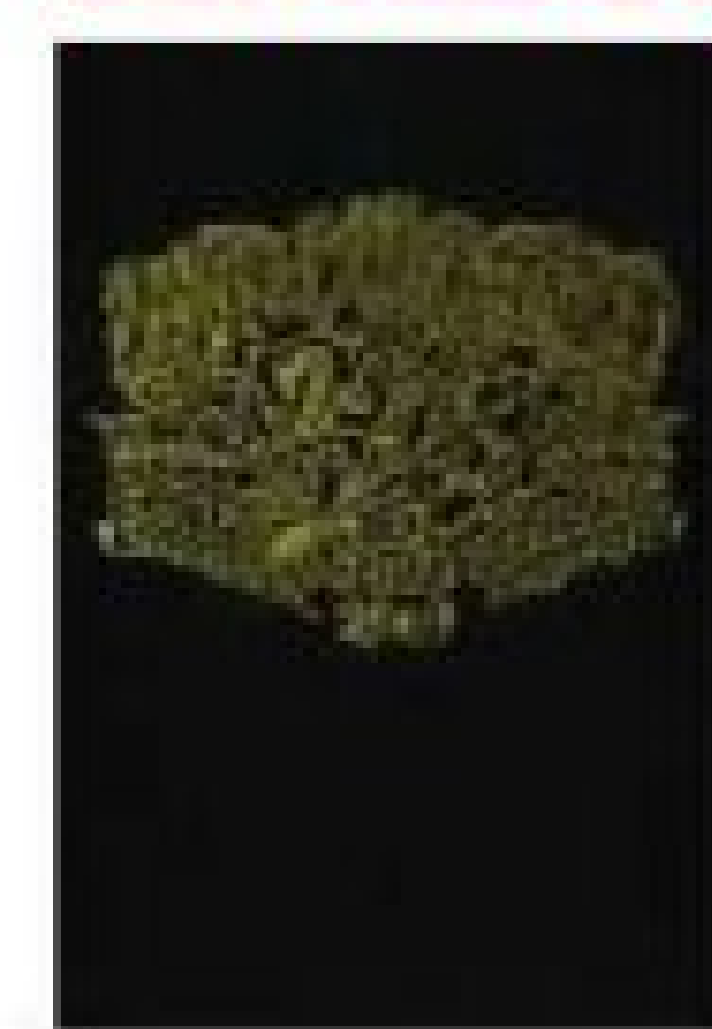
Taking a studious approach to a horror trend that refuses to die, occult specialist Zachary Graves examines the modern zombie phenomenon

and attempts to put it in context. But while his easily-digestible study of Haitian voodoo, real-life zombie stories and their recent silver-screen outings is passionate and informed, the lazy book design and layout makes it a bore to read.

JK ★★

UNPLUGGED 2

GENTLEMANS PUBLISHING



When the world's finest tattooists were asked to submit artwork for an exhibition called *Unplugged 2*, the response was phenomenal. *London Ink*

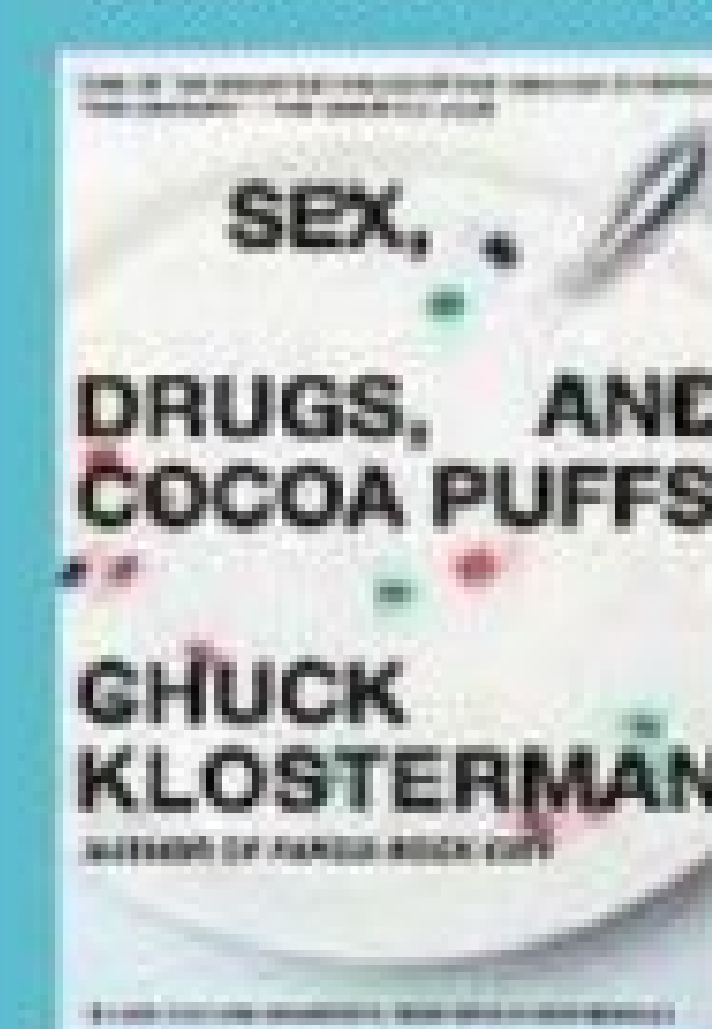
Star Phil Kyle hosted the show at his Brighton studio, Magnum Opus, in 2009, and helped compile all the incredible submissions into this hefty volume. Not only does it make an impressive coffee-table book, it shows how a fusion of fine art, graphic design, and illustration is evident in the mind-blowing tattoo art we see today. DS ★★

My favourite book

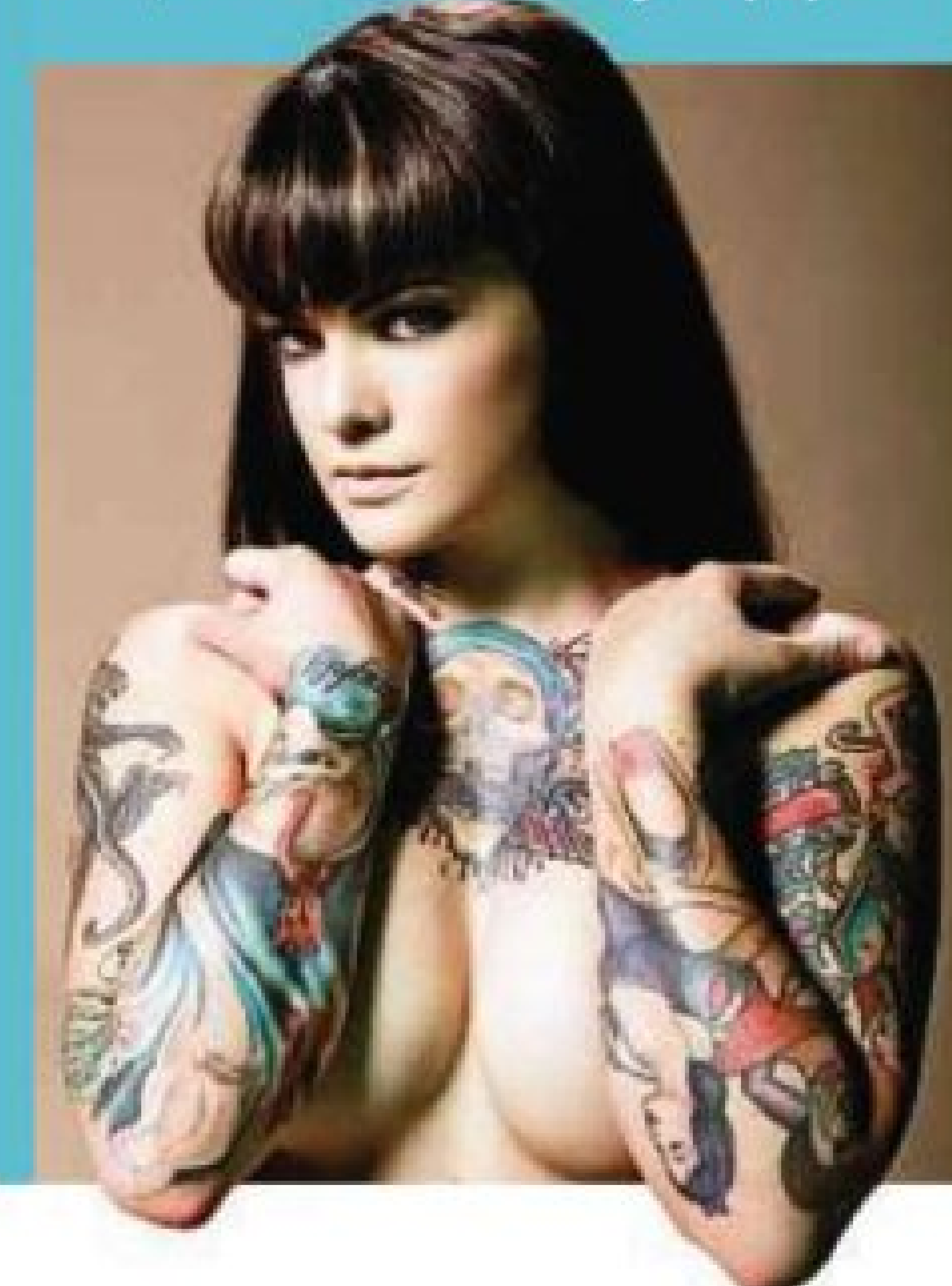
By Amina Munster

Tattooed alt.girl superstar

SEX, DRUGS AND COCOA PUFFS:
A LOW CULTURE MANIFESTO
CHUCK KLOSTERMAN



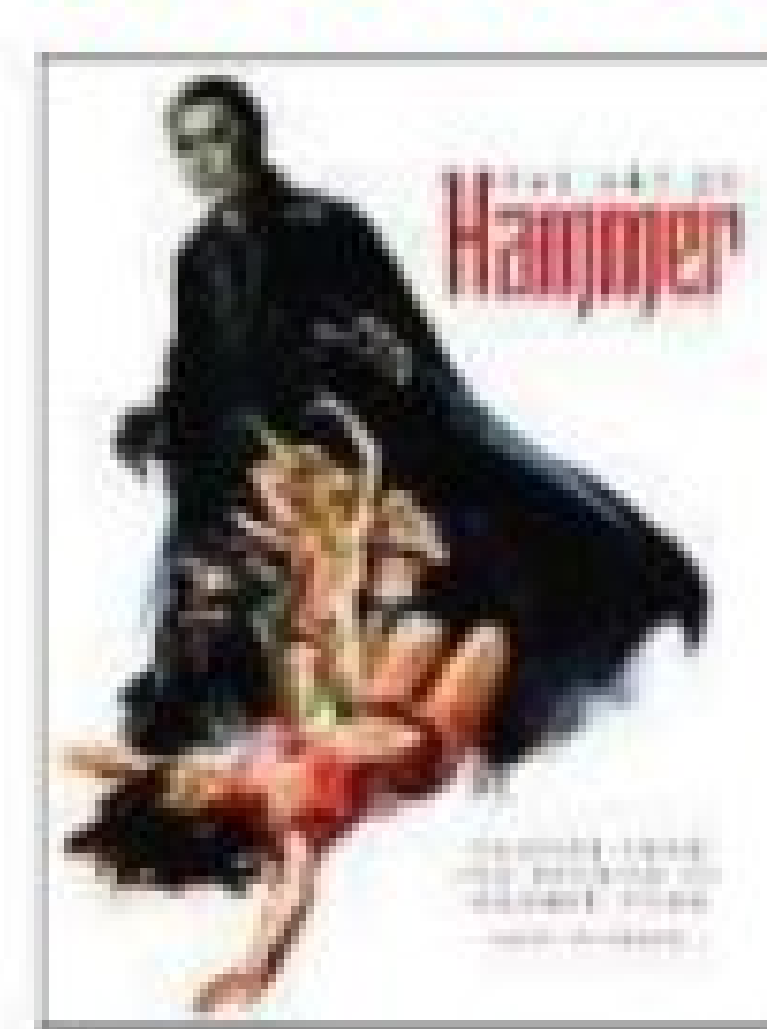
"I tend to read newspapers rather than books, but I like anything by Chuck Klosterman. He writes short stories and essays about pop culture and rock'n'roll, and is such a funny, witty, smart guy. He used to be a senior writer at music magazine *Spin*. His books read like collections of ideas in his head, transferred directly to paper."



THE ART OF HAMMER

An indispensable archive of horror

MARCUS HEARN



Soon after it began unleashing fright flicks in the mid-1950s, Hammer became as notorious for the tactics it used to promote its wares as it was for its lurid tales of horror.

Whereas other studios, such as Universal, traded on classic stories, studio stars or clever titles to sell scares, Hammer never shied away from sex and gore in cinema foyers, stacking its

posters with blood, boobs and grisly imagery that became more melodramatic as the years rolled on.

The Art Of Hammer is a beautiful collection of the finest Hammer posters, many of which are unspeakably rare and the Holy Grail for horror collectors. And while some posters from Hammer's pre-1970s period are laughably tame by today's standards, many of the later ads can still raise a shiver, and are often more frightening than the camp movies they were designed to sell.

Rachel Price ★★★★★





PREVIEW!

SPLATTERHOUSE

Gore galore in this return to the classic hack 'em up

PS3, Xbox 360

DURING THE LATE 1980S – WHEN geeks were still pumping 10p pieces into arcade machines to get their gaming kicks – *Splatterhouse* was a notorious favourite with horror fans. Starring a muscle-bound meathead wearing an ice hockey mask like Jason in *Friday The 13th*, and with outrageous action that mirrored the gruesome bloodletting in *The Evil Dead*, *Splatterhouse* was the gorehound's game of choice.

Sadly, however, the game's place in the pantheon of coin-op classics was cruelly denied, partly as it was banned in many arcades for being too gruesome, but mostly because it was *so... fucking... hard* that few people ever lasted more than five minutes. But now, after years lurking in the shadows, *Splatterhouse* is back – and it's brasher, bolder and bloodier than ever.

With a traditional horror yarn of boy-meets-girl, boy takes girl to creepy

house, and girl gets snatched by undead fiends in the basement, *Splatterhouse* on the Xbox 360 and PS3 may look different to its two-dimensional forbears, but it still has the same core principles at its dark heart: brutal combat, mutilation and evisceration.

Picking up shortly after the hero dons a demonic mask that gives him super-strength and the power to rip zombies limb-from-limb with his bare hands, *Splatterhouse* shirks any sense of good taste and rewards players who spill the most blood, challenging you to come up with the most imaginative ways to slaughter the shuffling, snarling and

shrieking enemies, in turn drenching the mansion floorboards in gallons of vibrant gore and splashing your TV screen with sickening streaks of the red stuff.

As inveterate horror fans at *Bizarre*, we're hoping *Splatterhouse's* grisly thrills will match the standard set by horror games in the years since the series first rocked arcades, and that the combat won't become repetitive after a few hours spent hammering the buttons. But with bonus versions of the original 2-D *Splatterhouse* adventures hidden in the game, you can be sure this horrific romp is sitting pretty at the top of *Bizarre's* 'must play' list. **Jonathan Kline**

COMING SOON to a console near you...

Out in **December**



SUPER MARIO ALL-STARS: 25TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Wii

As two *Bizarre* staffers worked on the official Nintendo magazine when it was good, we spunk our pants every time a new Mario game is announced. Splok!

Out in **January**



DEAD SPACE 2

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

Weirdly, we didn't like the original *Dead Space* when it was released two years ago. But having revisited the game again recently when bored one weekend, we've realised it's an atmospheric and ghastly sci-fi shocker. Bring on the sequel!

Out in **February**



BULLETSTORM

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

Like in *Splatterhouse* (see above), *Bulletstorm* players will be rewarded for dreaming up the most inventive kills possible. And with an arsenal of futuristic weapons to get to grips with, including what the developers call "outrageously large guns", it sounds like a blast.

Out in **March**



CRYSIS 2

PS3, Xbox 360, PC

The original *Crysis*, which was released three years ago, was an unsung classic, offering players frantic gunplay, spookily intelligent enemies, and a digital world that was a thrill to explore. Next year, the sequel is sure to earn *Crysis* the attention it deserves.

ASSASSIN'S CREED: BROTHERHOOD

Medieval hijinks that thrill and bore at the same time...

PS3, Xbox 360

THERE'S A HELL OF A LOT TO LOVE about *Assassin's Creed: Brotherhood*. Whether it's nimbly scampering across the rooftops of medieval Rome, or silently assassinating enemies in streets bustling with human traffic, the game is stuffed with genuinely thrilling action sequences and memorable set-pieces, its gloriously simple free-running system giving you acrobatic mastery of the city and making every daring jaunt a joy.

There's also great scope in the variety of challenges players face, with the hero riding horses, firing cannons and swordfighting with enemy troops before the main story's even begun. And the new stuff in this ambitious sequel includes friendly assassins who'll come to your aid, and a swashbuckling multiplayer mode that'll extend the lifespan of the game



long after you've cracked the epic one-player adventure.

But while *Brotherhood* has everything in place to earn a five-star score, there's something *annoying* about it. Perhaps it's the dour, convoluted medieval story, which never makes you feel pumped-up like the heroic tales woven by *Halo: Reach* or *Modern Warfare 2*. Or maybe it's the cod-Italian accents, which-a makes-a the whole-a thing feel-a like a Mario game with a swarthy Chuck-a Norris in the lead role. But mostly it's the annoying characters – especially your wisecracking mate who looks just like that cunt Danny Wallace. **David McComb**

An epic swashbuckler that's only let down by an awkward plot and irksome characters
★★★★

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NEED FOR SPEED: HOT PURSUIT

A mental game of cops and robbers

PS3, Xbox 360, PC, Wii

IT MAY BE THE BIGGEST-SELLING racing game of all time, but *Need For Speed* has become increasingly predictable of late; always delivering intense racing thrills and a monster selection of rides, but lacking that magical spark that makes it truly indispensable. But with *Hot Pursuit*, the familiar franchise has been revamped, and now leaves the competition spluttering on the starting line.

With ace developers Criterion at the wheel – the speed freaks who unleashed the outrageous *Burnout* series – the action is more thrilling than ever, with

cars smashing through roadblocks, skidding around impossible bends and using speed-boosts so terrifyingly fast it feels as though your car is about to travel through time. New energy also comes in the long arm of the law, with gamers able to play as law-flaunting petrol-heads trying to escape the fuzz, or cops using every dirty trick in the book to bring them grinding to a halt. But best of all, as the cars in your digital garage are among the fastest, sleekest and sexiest in the world – both for the cops and lawbreakers – *Hot Pursuit* is high velocity heaven and delicious escapism for anyone tired of realistic racers.

Uniquely, *Hot Pursuit* also works hard to refine the multiplayer experience, its Autolog feature keeping track of your performance in the single-player game and recording your stats online, in turn alerting your friends to your records and challenging them to do better; allowing you to thrash your mates even when you're not around for a live session. And when you finally get a group of players together for a proper race, the intuitive way you can drop road spikes and other traps adds an extra layer of strategy to the breakneck experience, making *Hot Pursuit* the most thrilling racer of 2010.

David McComb

Supercharged beyond belief, *Hot Pursuit* is thrilling, addictive, and downright fun ★★★★★

Broadbent's got an iPhone!

HELLO, READERS! I'VE STOPPED PLAYING SHITTY FLASH GAMES ON MY PC, BECAUSE MY MISSUS FINALLY ALLOWED ME TO GET MYSELF AN AWESOME IPHONE 4. HERE ARE THE GAMES I'VE BEEN WASTING MY TIME ON THIS MONTH. TWANG!



GANGSTAR: MIAMI VINDICATION

There's a mobile version of *Grand Theft Auto* available, but I've heard it's shite compared to this little beauty. Killing cops? Check! Beating anyone you like to death? Check! Not playing the game and just blowing shit up and wasting your time? A blood-encrusted check!

★★★★★



CALL OF DUTY: ZOMBIES

I love, love, love pretending to kill real people – especially Nazis. Coming from the *Call Of Duty* canon you'd expect something special from *Zombies*, and it doesn't even disappoint a bedwetting, horror film-avoider like me. It's tense, with loads of explosions and gore.

★★★★★

CLASSIC CINEMA

Download your favourite old, out of copyright movies, such as *Reefer Madness*, which is a *Bizarre* classic. I watched it on the train home from work, as my thumbs were sore from executing gangbangers in *Gangstar* (see above). It's a great little service, and each film only costs 59p.

★★★★★

PREDATORS

An adaptation of the slaughter flick by Roberto Rodriguez. Playing as the Predator, you run around, going invisible and stuff, and chopping people in half; pulling out their spinal columns, slicing them down the middle with your whip and getting awesome upgrades. And collecting skulls and shit.

★★★★★



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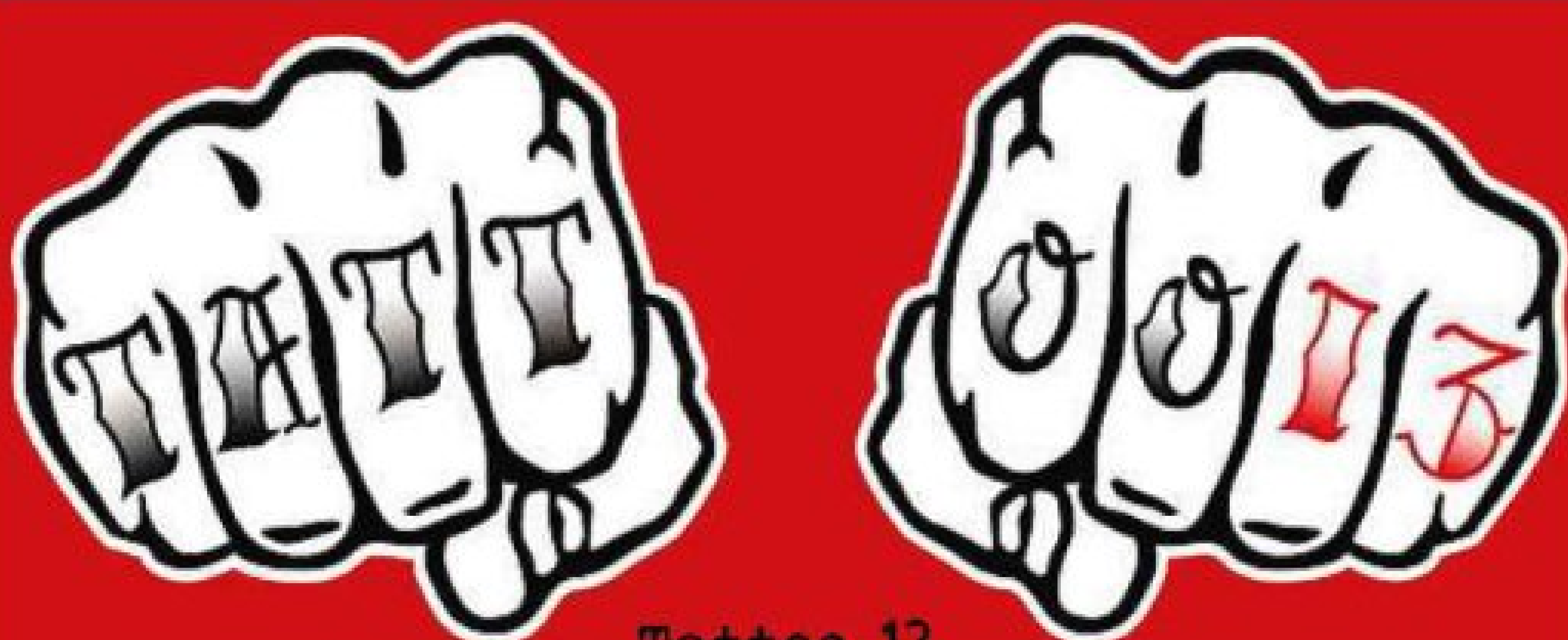
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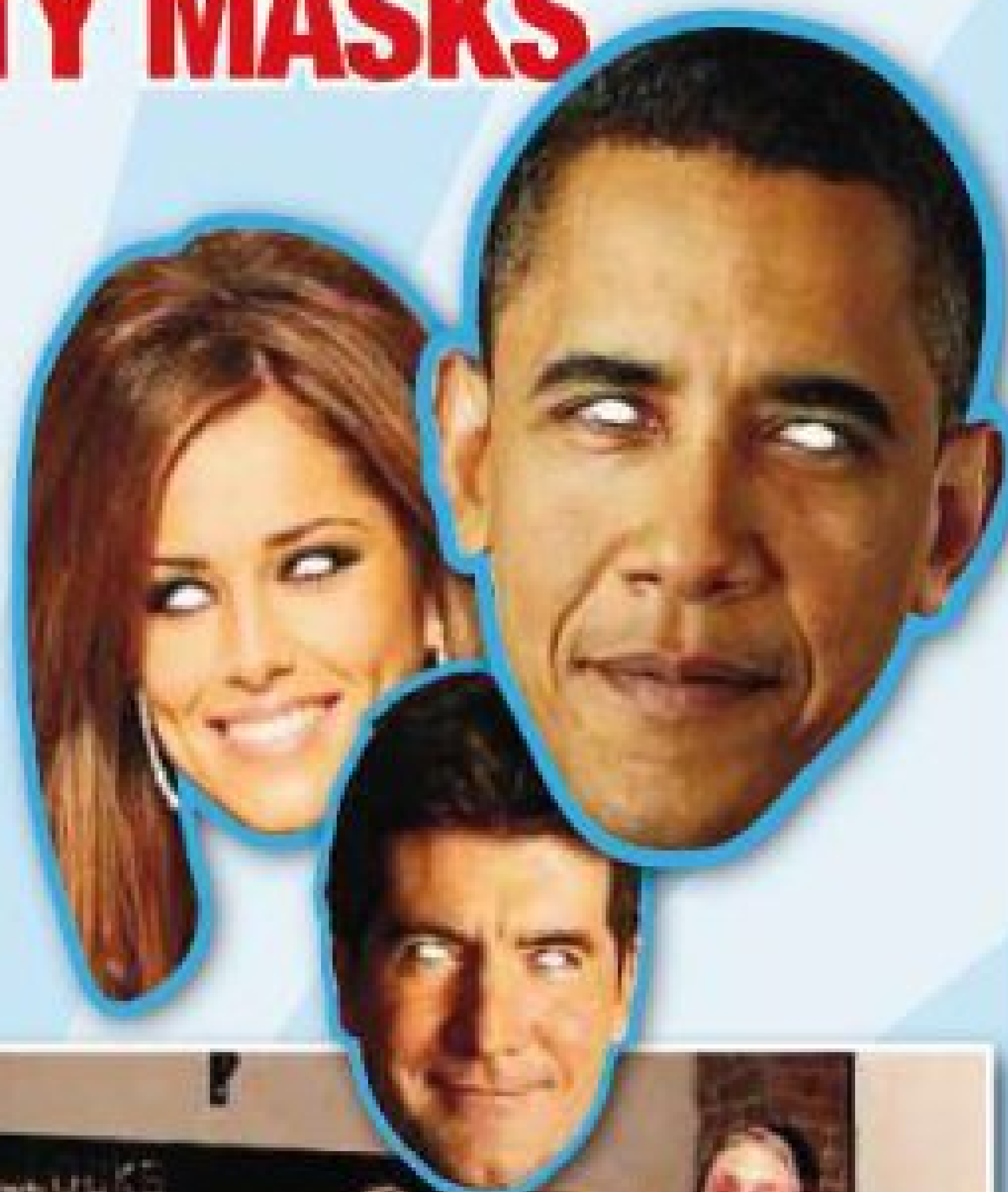


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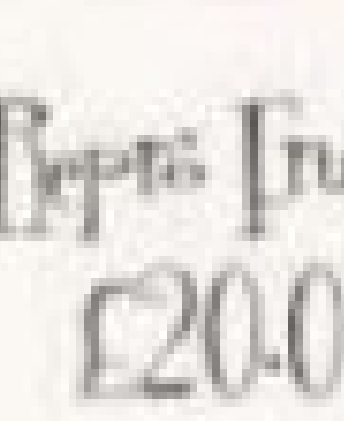
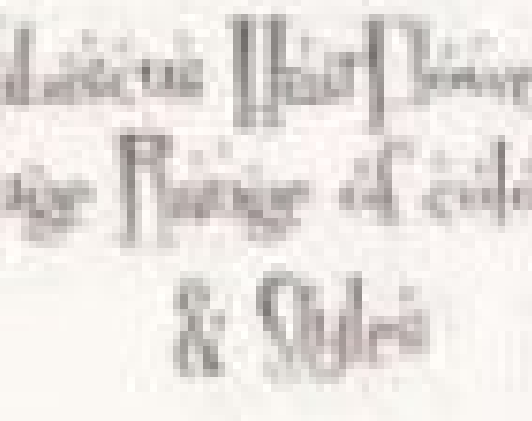
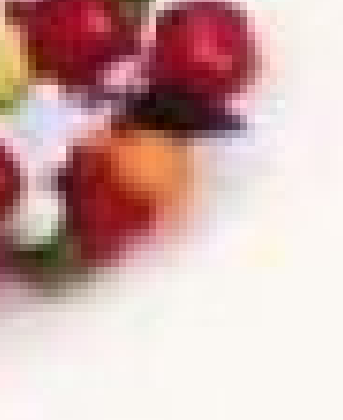
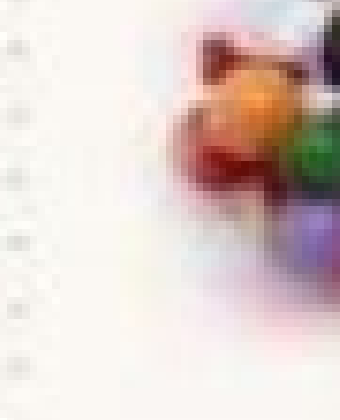
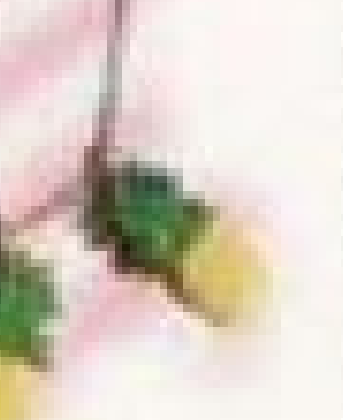
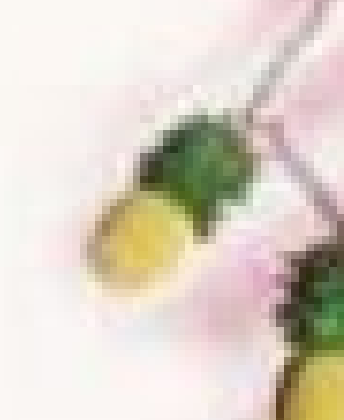
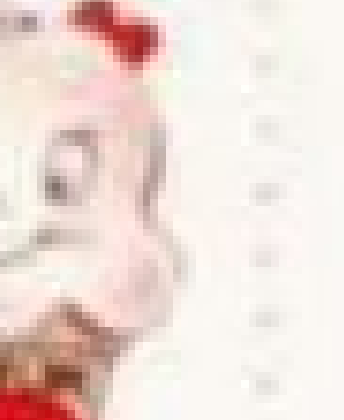
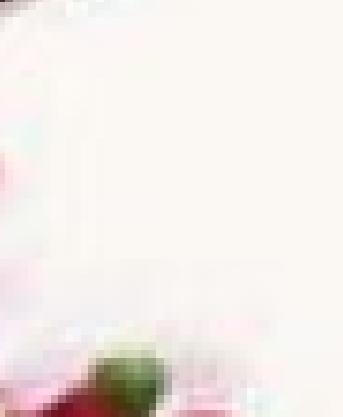
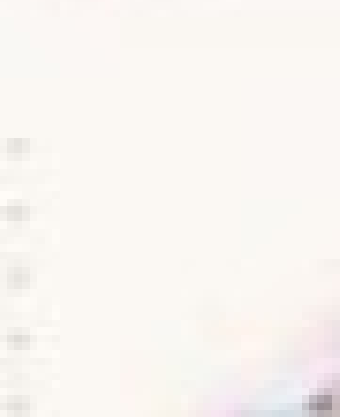
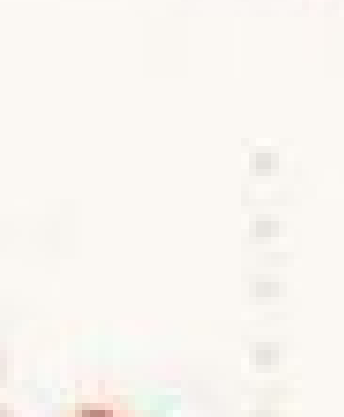
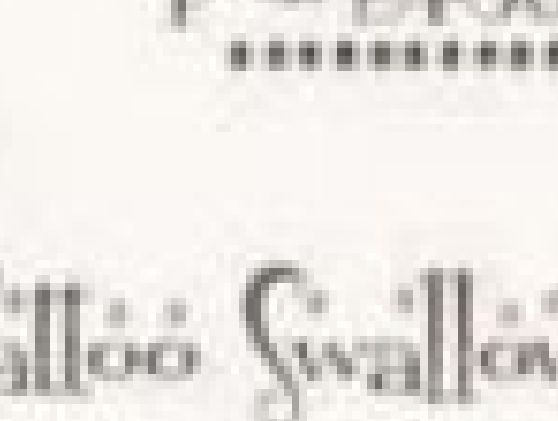
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0909 534 6839

LET ME PISS IN YOUR MOUTH
I WANT TO WET MY PANTIES BEFORE YOU FUCK ME!
 £1/min
0909 534 6931
 LIVE GOLDEN SHOWERS

£1/min
LISTEN TO 18+ TEENAGE DIRTBAG
GAGGING FOR C***
0909 934 4427

SUCKED AND SPANKED!
 THEY DEGRADED ME NOW I WILL DO IT TO YOU!
 £1/min
0909 534 6808

GIRLS MASKED, GAGGED AND ABUSED!
 THEN F***D! TELL THEM WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO TO THEM THEY CAN'T MOVE!
0908 141 1934
 45p/min

BDSM RUBBER BI*CHES
 WORKING THE NIGHT SHIFT AT THE RUB CLUB HELP ME GET THESE RUBBER PANTS ON
0908 141 1933
 45p/min

DOMINATION COUNCIL
 CALL FOR NURTURING, HARSH, STRICT, DEGRADING AND SADISTIC SERVICES
0908 141 1943
 45p/min

STRAPPED TO THE SUSPENSION FRAME AND SPANKED
 YOU WILL OBEY WHAT I SAY! LIVE DOM 1-2-1
0909 534 1512
 60p/min

SISSIFICATION LIVE
LIVE FEMINIZATION TRAINING
0908 141 1946
 45p/min

INTRODUCE YOURSELF
 THE FIRST STEPS FOR NEW SISSIES!
 CALL NOW! SISSY MAIDS & CROSS DRESSING ALL WELCOME
0909 102 9017
 £1/min

MADAM WILL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU NEED TO GO
 EXPLAIN THEN SHUT UP. NOVICE AND EXPERIENCED SUBMISSIVES WELCOME
0909 102 9015
 £1/min

PANTY BOY SISSIES
 JOIN THE SISSY SLUTS FOR LIVE ACTION! WE OFFER SISSY TRAINING! STRAP ON MADAM ALSO AVAILABLE
0908 141 1950
 45p/min

The Live Lounge, PO Box 679, CB22 5WN, www.livechat.co.uk - Helpline 08445616410. 18+ only, 09081 calls cost 45p per minute, 09095 calls cost 60p/min, 09091 calls cost £1/min, promo mgs may be sent. THE LIVE LOUNGE - NOTHING BUT QUICK XXX

60p/min
WORSHIP MY FEET SUCK MY TOES
0909 534 0999

DIRTY MILFS LIVE
60p/min
0909 534 6846

FETISH ZONE
CALL FOR HUMILIATION
0909 534 6759
 60p/min

JERK OFF IN MY MOUTH
0909 534 6861
 60p/min

The Live Lounge, PO Box 679, CB22 5WN - Helpline 08445616410. 18+ only, 09095 calls cost 60p per minute, promo mgs may be sent.

TELL ME YOUR FAVOURITE PART OF THE FOOT?
 TOE? SOLES? ANKLES? HEEL? I'M SAT HERE WAITING FOR A FOOT SPANK
0909 534 0992
FOOT FETISH TARTS
 ALL FOOT FANTASIES LIVE 1-2-1
0909 534 0993
 60p/min

The Live Lounge, PO Box 679, CB22 5WN, Helpline 08445616410. 18+ only, 09095 calls cost 60p per minute, promo mgs may be sent.

Chatbook

Chatbook helps you chat to hot xxx babes in your area!

Northern Special

Top news

Horny Milf needs your c*m in Leeds.



Call · Live · **0909 534 9032** 60p/min

Mature Wife wants to do the dirty in Darlington



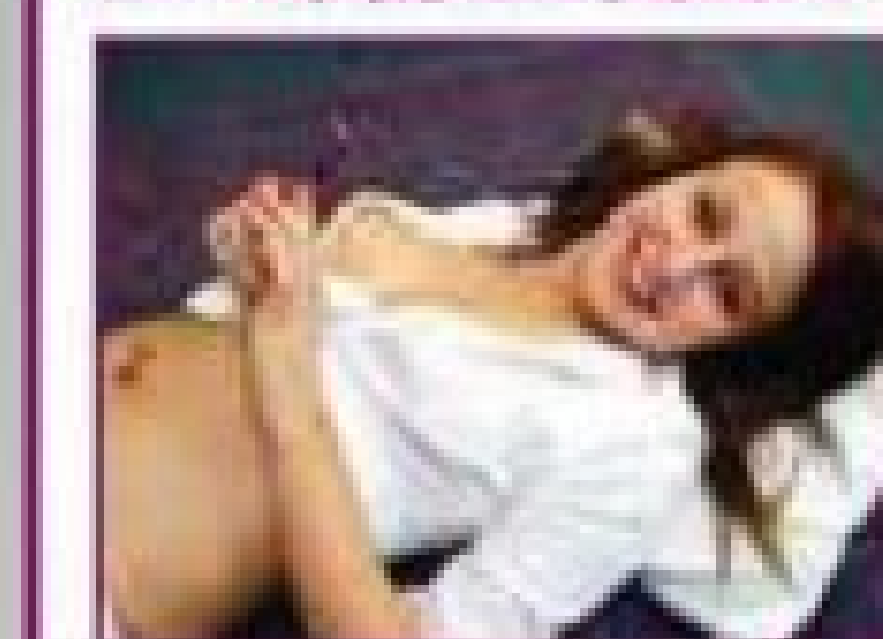
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18+ Teen in Bolton gagging for your c*ck



Call · Live · **0909 534 9034** 60p/min

Local Liverpool babe wants **Serious Lesbian** xxx chat



Call · Live · **0909 534 9035** 60p/min

Kinky Newcastle Fetish Fanatic wants to dominate



Call · Live · **0909 534 9036** 60p/min

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BONUS SERVICES from 50p/min
SPANKED AND SLAPPED
0845 601 9855
LIVE GRANNY SEX
01223 554 180

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Spanking! Flogging! Whipping! Cheerleaders! Sissy Sluts! Rubberists! (60p/min)

GENDER ROLE REVERSAL **0909 534 6754**
 SISSY SCHOOL CHAT ROOM **0909 534 6750**
 HITCH HIKER TEENAGER SEX 18+ **0909 534 1674**
 NOVICE SUBMISSIVE JUST LEGAL **0909 534 1671**
 ENTER THE RUBBER NEST **0909 534 1594**
 RUBBERIST LIVE HARDCORE **0909 534 6776**
 USA CHEERLEADERS - LEGAL & WAITING **0909 534 0983**
 CUM AND PLAY AT THE RUBBER PLAYGROUND **0909 534 0982**

P****D IN MY TIGHT WHITE SPORTS KNICKERS **0909 534 0984**
 I'M SLIPPING MY FEET INTO STRAPPY SANDALS **0909 534 0985**
 CHEATING WIVES IN PANTYHOSES AND HEELS **0909 534 0986**
 SMOKING DOMINATION COMMANDS YOU CALL **0909 534 0987**
 GRANNY CALLS YOU A SISSY AND WILL W*** YOU OFF .. **0909 534 0988**
 HOVER OVER MY FACE AND START P*****G **0909 534 0989**
 DEGRADING COSTUME ROLE PLAY **0909 534 0994**
 DUNGEON OF ROLE PLAY IN UNIFORMS **0909 534 0995**

OR LISTEN IN AT DUNGEON ESK WITH MISTRESS KANNA DO NOT TALK - JUST LISTEN TO THE PAIN DISHED OUT **0909 934 4515** (£1/min)

The Live Lounge, PO Box 679, CB22 5WN, www.livechat.co.uk - Helpline 08445616410. 18+ only, 09095 calls cost 60p per minute, 09091 calls cost £1/min, promo mgs may be sent. THE LIVE LOUNGE - NOTHING BUT QUICK XXX

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